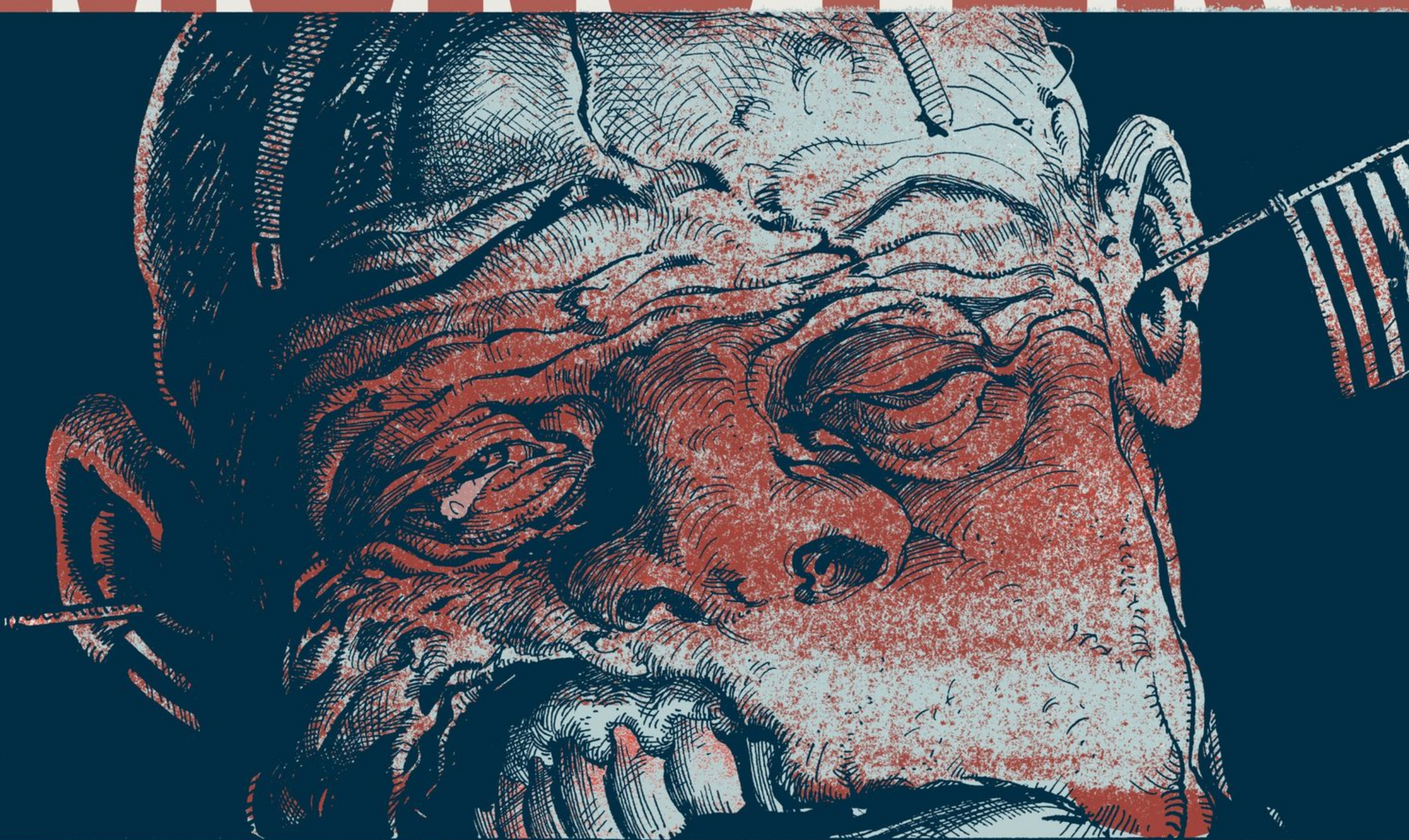


BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH

MONSTERS



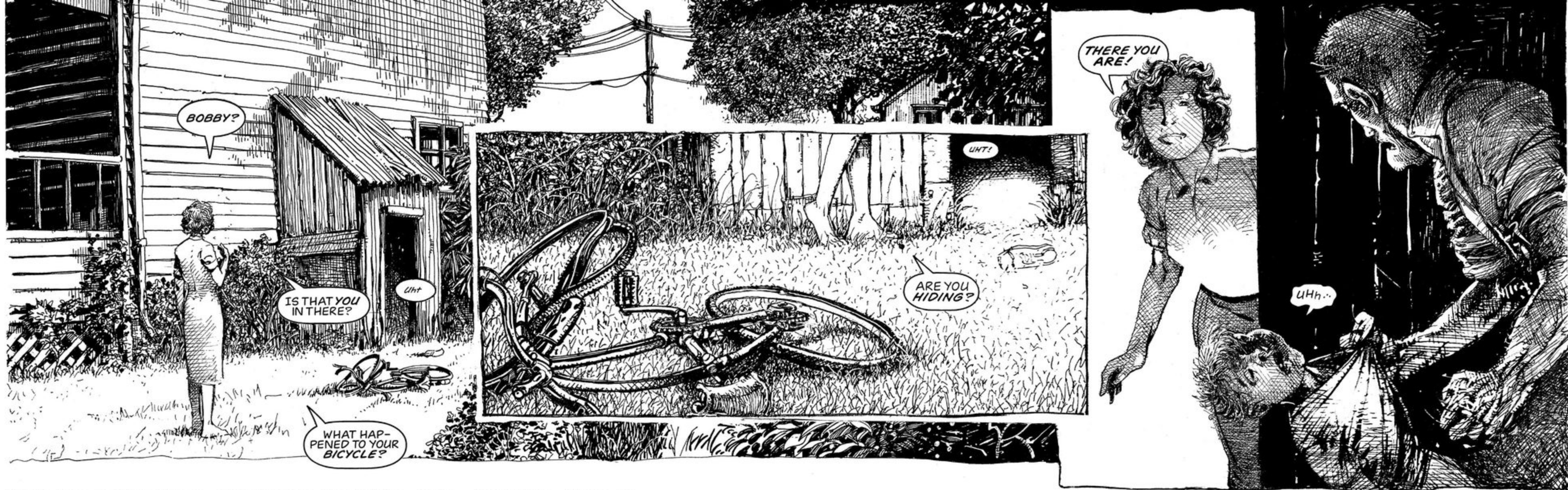
MONSTERS

BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH

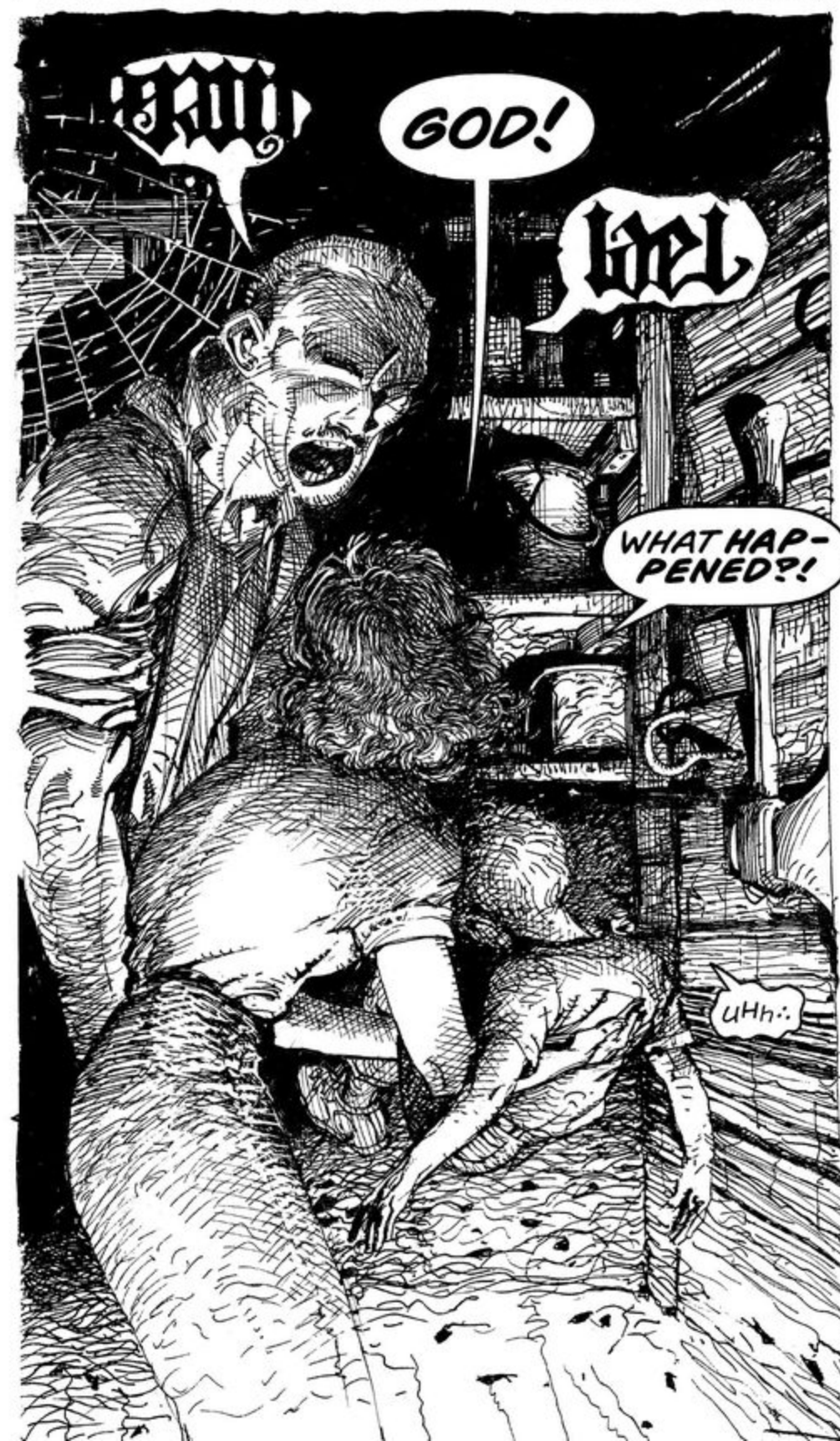
MONSTERS





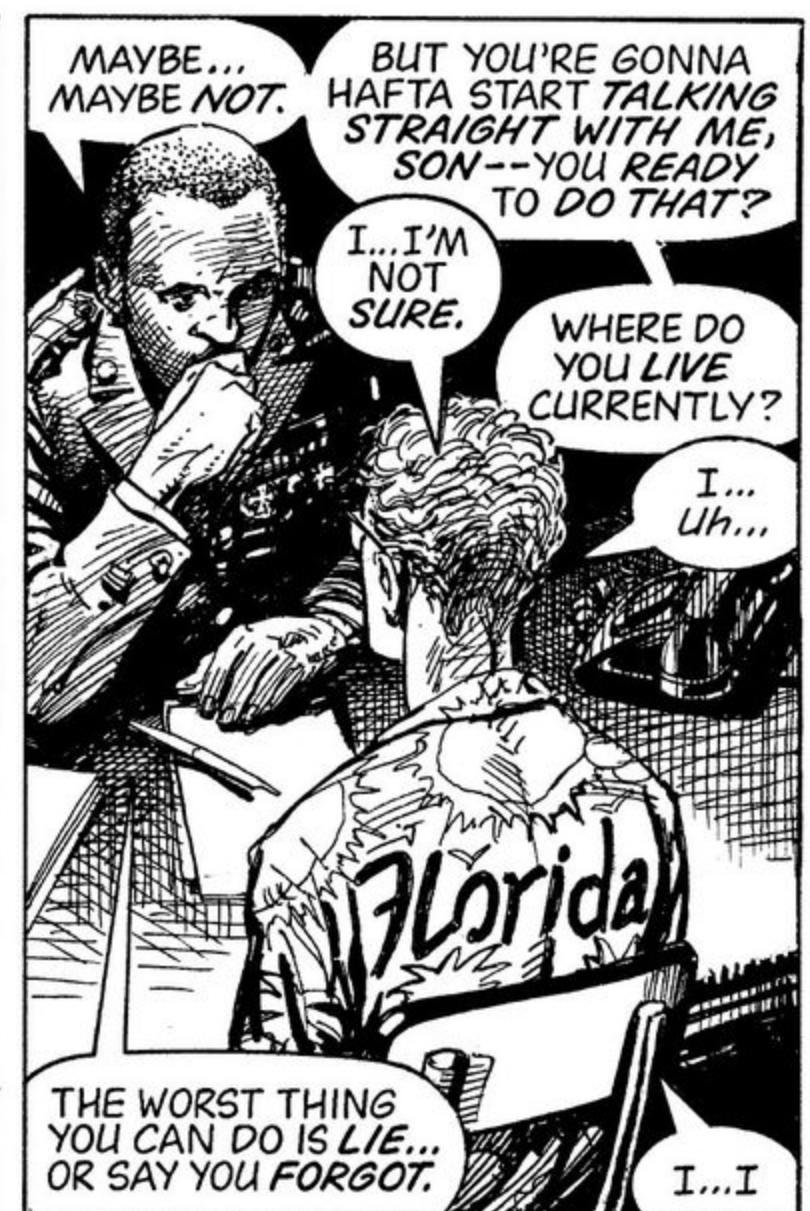


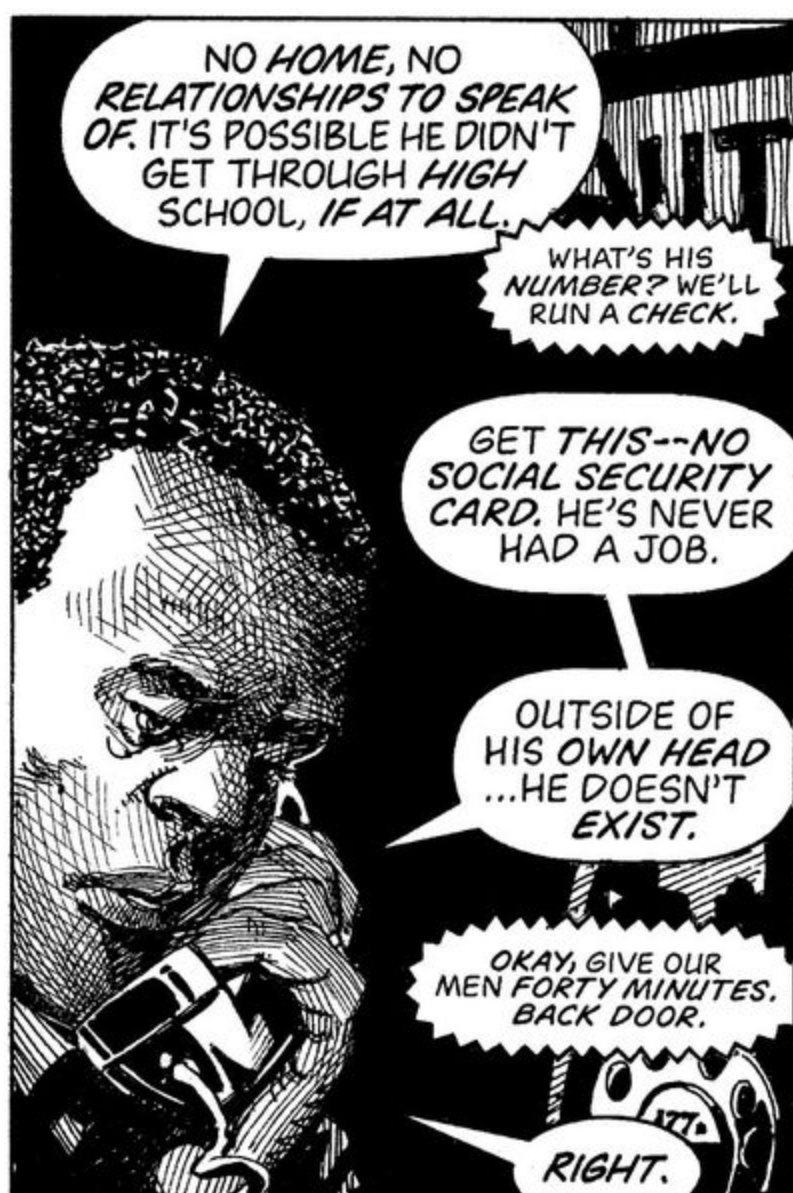
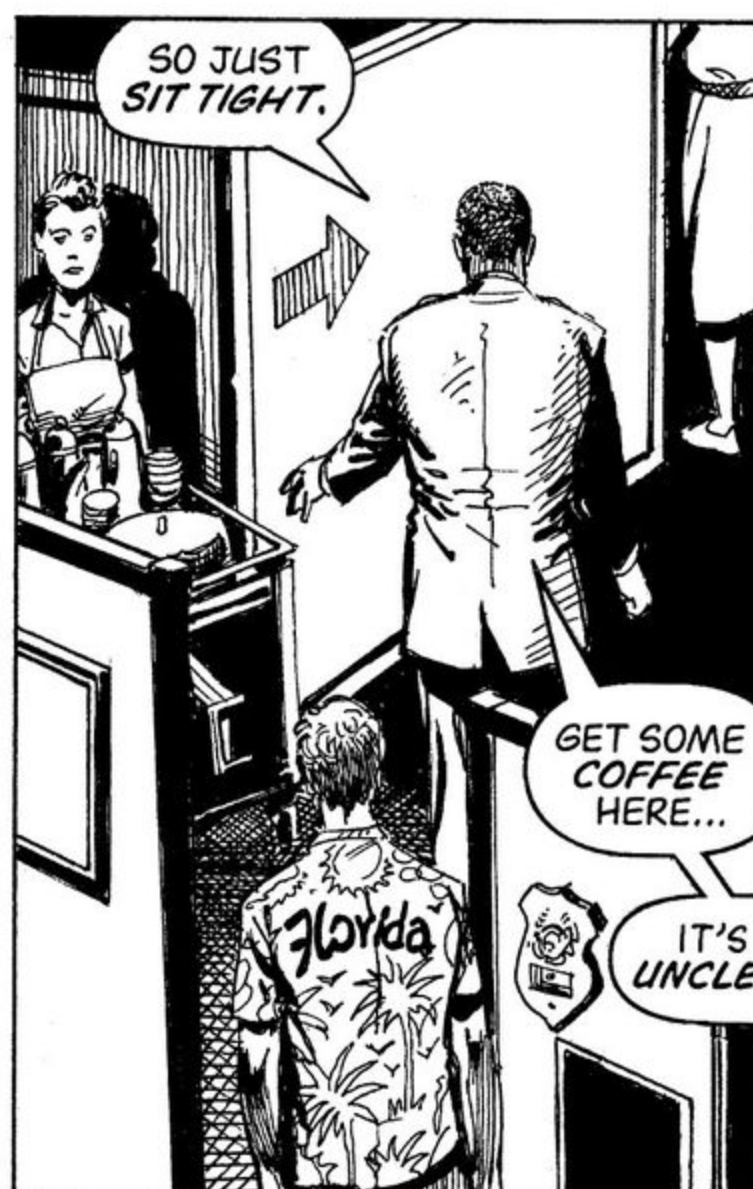
1949 The Bailey home, Providence Township, Ohio Saturday, June 11





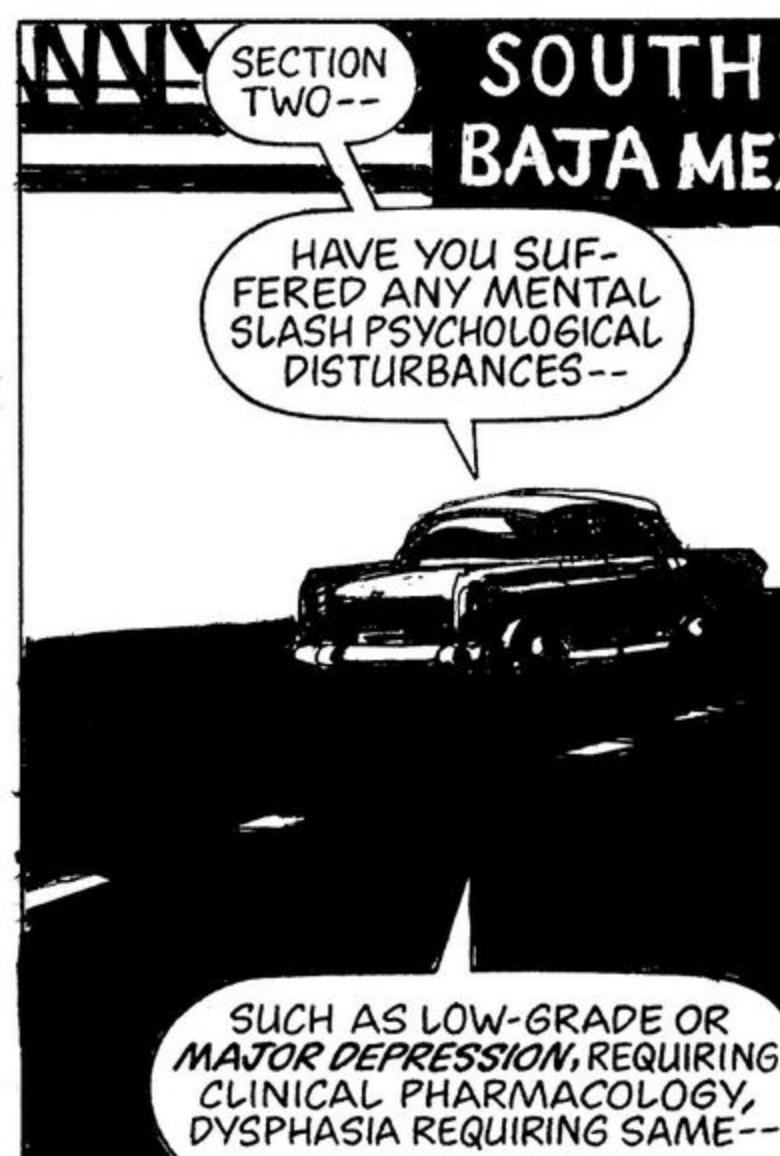


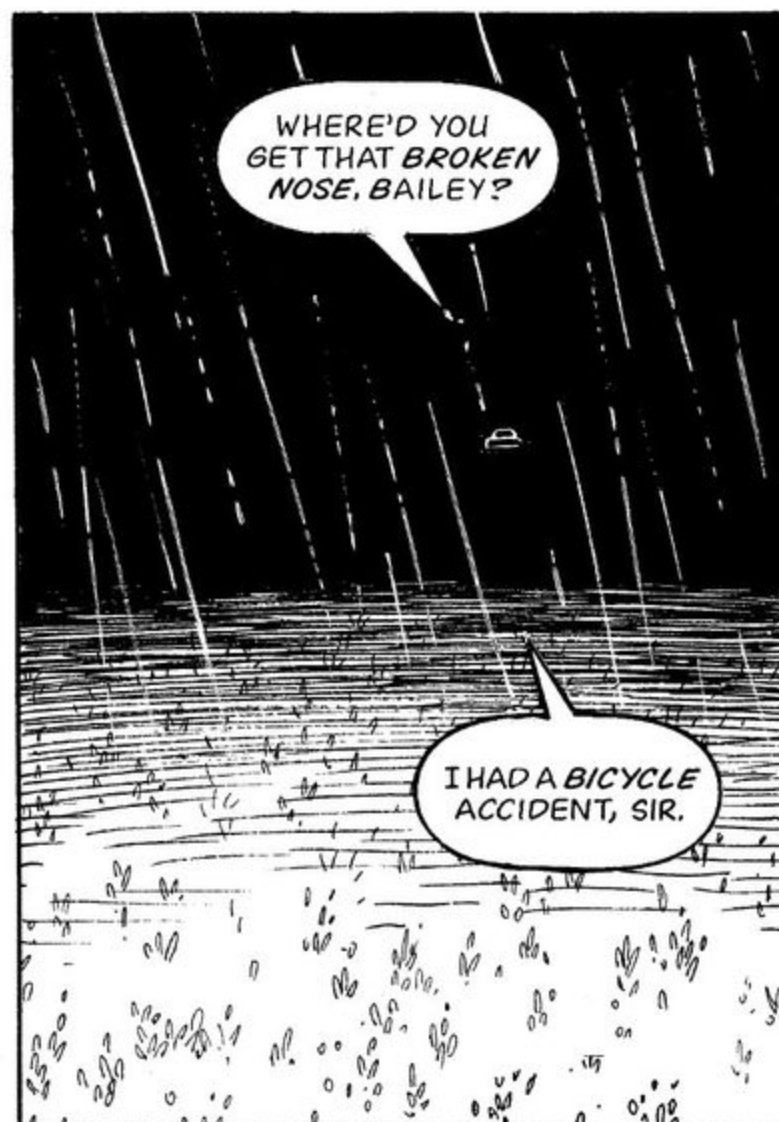




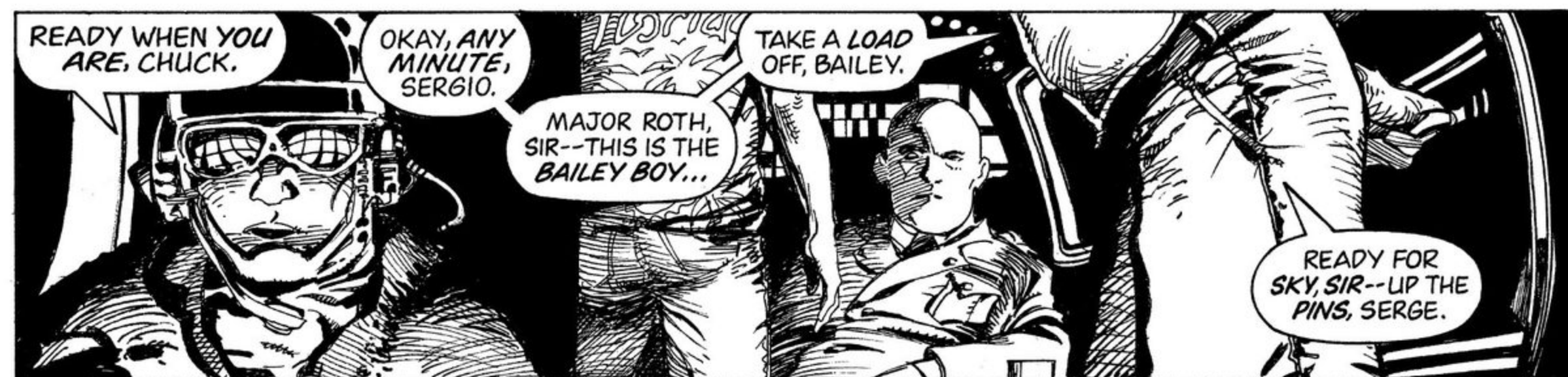


Santa Rosa Freeway

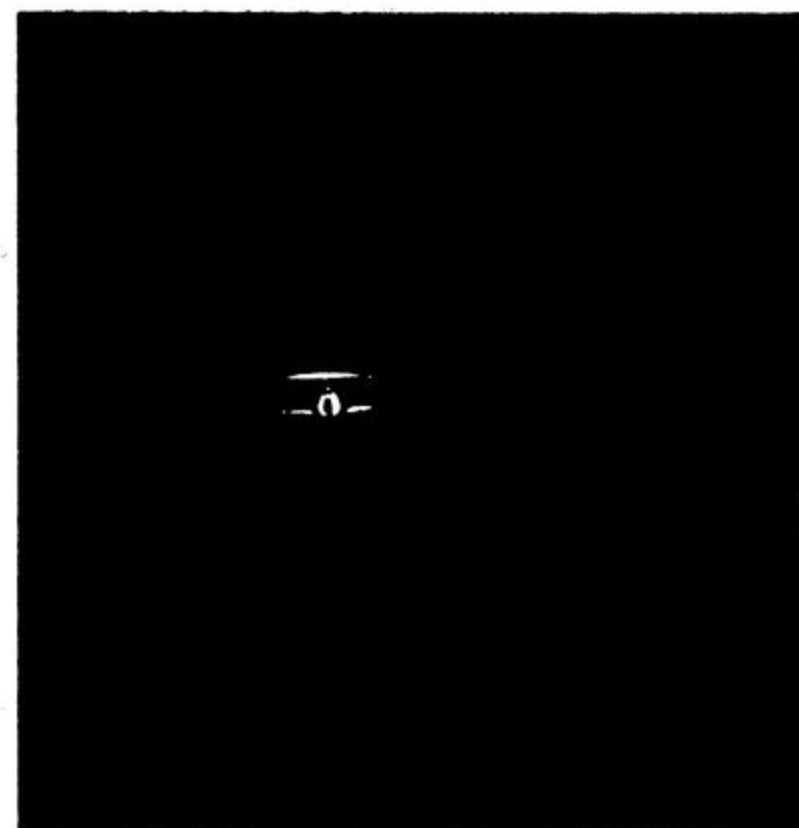
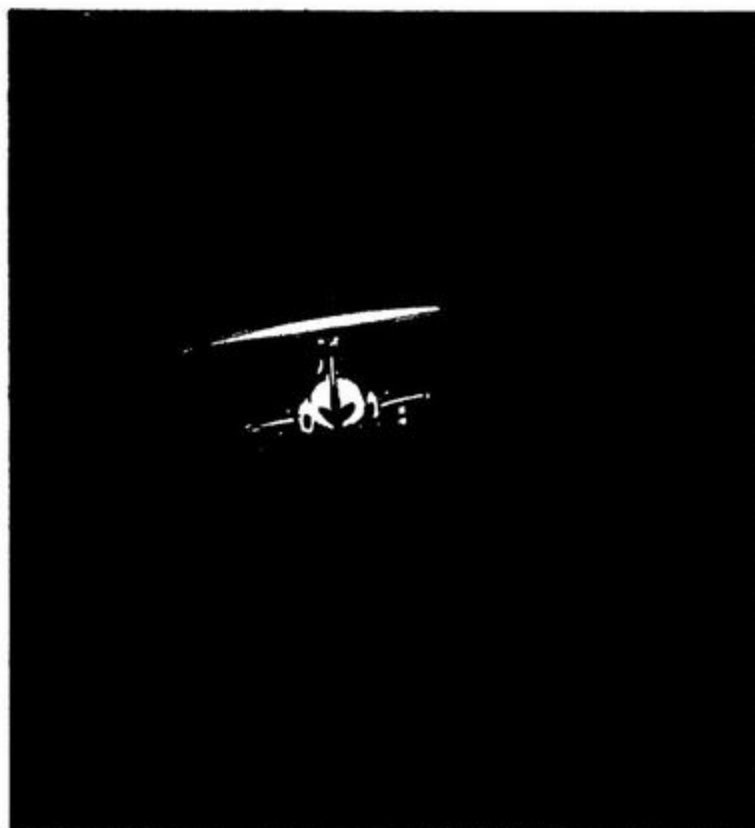




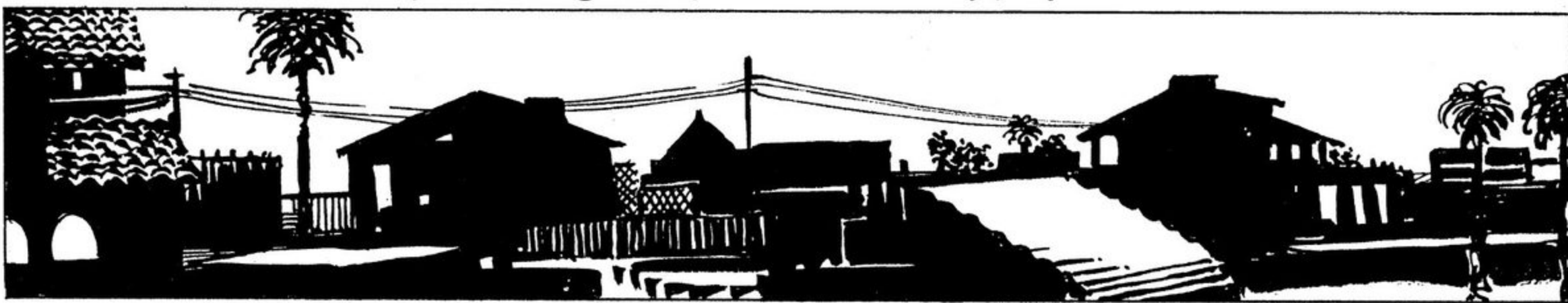
Corona Flats Air Force Base







The McFarland home, Los Angeles, CA Thursday, April 23





Fort Sherman (Prometheus HQ), Baja, CA Sunday, April 26





Bradley Army Medical Center, Toro, CA Saturday, May 2





NOW I'M BEGINNING
TO UNDERSTAND YOU,
SERGEANT.

THEN IT'S
NOT TRUE WHAT
THEY SAY?

OH, OF
COURSE
NOT.

I'VE HEARD THOSE
RUMORS, TOO. BUT I CAN
ASSURE YOU THAT THE MAJOR'S
WORK IS SIMILAR IN NAME ONLY
TO THOSE FOLKTALES ABOUT
PROJECT PROMETHEUS.

WHY, THE
VERY IDEA IS
SHEER SCIENCE
FICTION TO
BEGIN WITH.

TO IMAGINE THAT
THE NAZIS COULD
HAVE DEVELOPED SUCH
A SCIENTIFIC WONDER
AS HUMAN TRANS-
MUTATION--

THERE IS
NO EVIDENCE
WHATSOEVER
FOR SUCH
CLAIMS.

AND BELIEVE ME,
SERGEANT, FOR ALL THEIR
BRILLIANT SCIENTIFIC
ACHIEVEMENTS, IF THE
THIRD REICH HAD FOUND
A MEANS TO CREATE AN
IDEAL SUPER MAN--

AN ULTIMATE
WARRIOR--

WELL, I CAN
ASSURE YOU THAT
THE WORLD WOULD
MOST CERTAINLY
KNOW ABOUT IT.

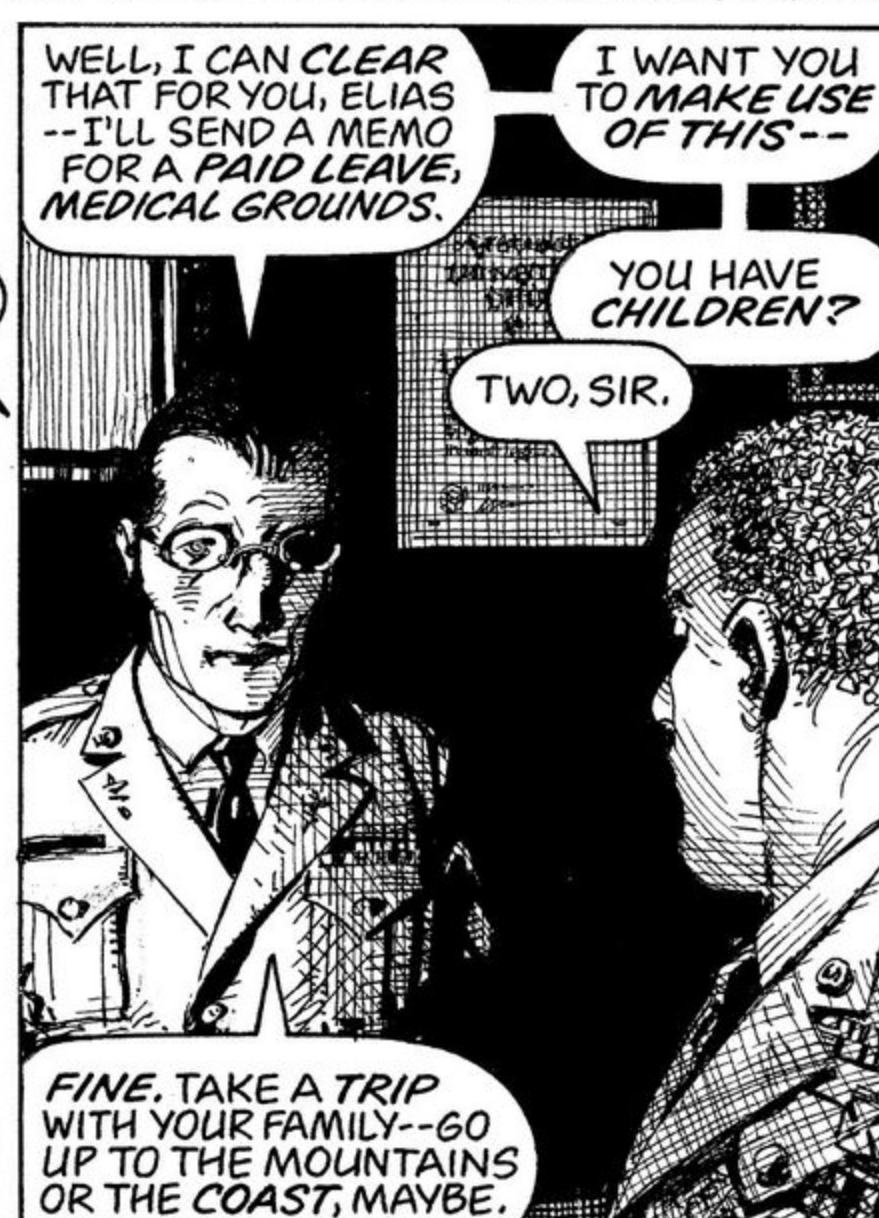
NO, YOU HAVE BEEN
MISLED, SERGEANT. MAJOR
ROTH'S PROJECT IS A CIVILIAN
LIASON POST THAT HE RUNS
OUT OF FORT SHERMAN.

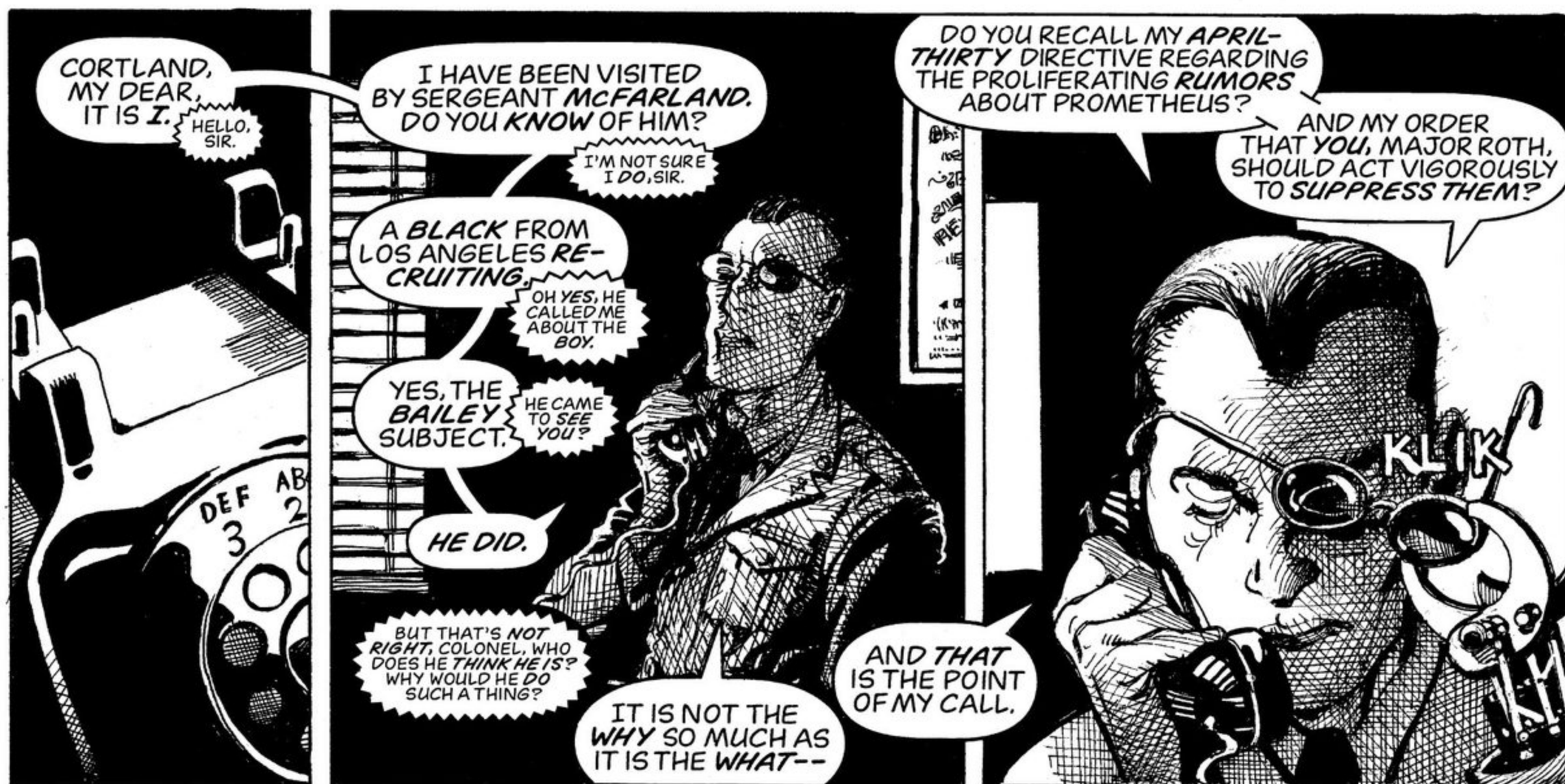
NOTHING
T'DO WITH THE
GERMANS?

NO. ROTH'S
TEAM HELPS YOUNG
AMERICAN MEN LIKE
BAILEY ADJUST TO THE
RIGORS OF THE MILITARY.
IT'S PART OF THE NEW
RECRUITMENT
POLICIES.

Oh, I GUESS
I WASN'T
BRIEFED.

AN INTELLIGENCE
FAILURE THAT I SHALL
BRING TO MAJOR
ROTH'S ATTENTION
IMMEDIATELY.



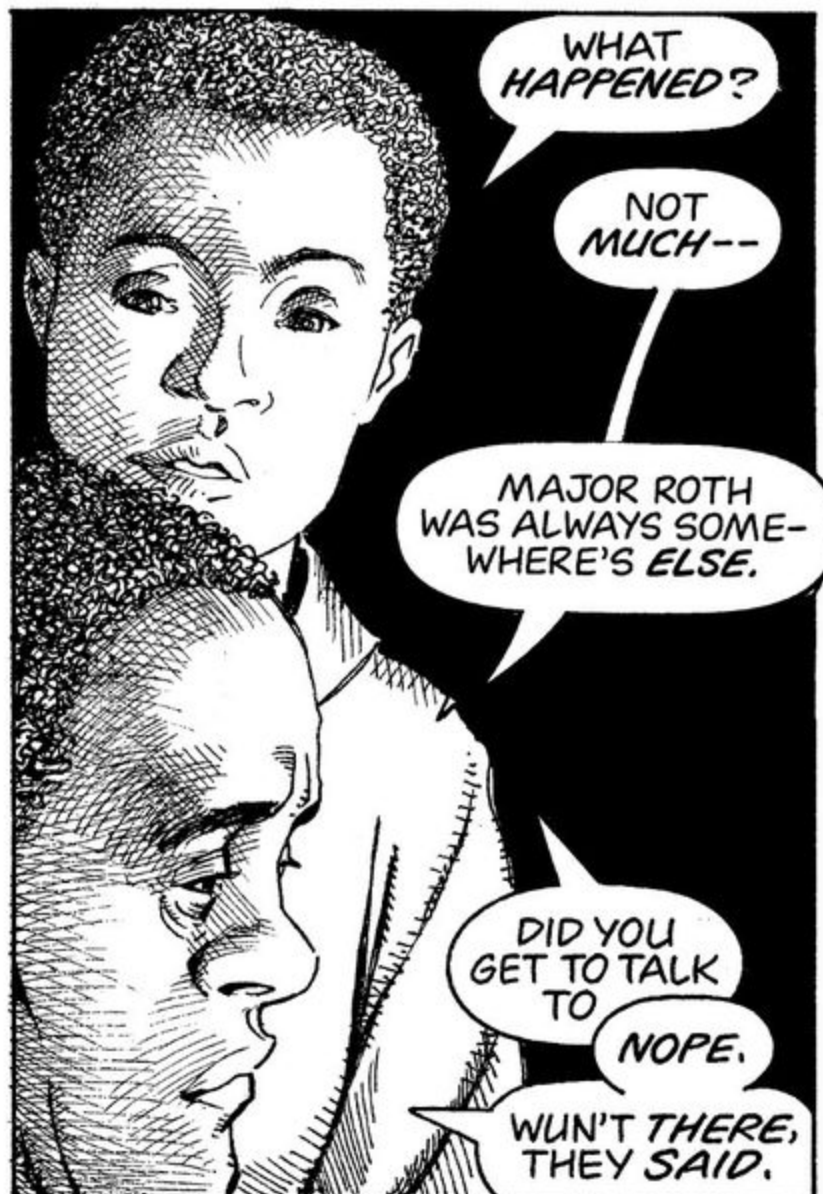




Los Angeles Sunday, May 10







WHAT HAPPENED?

NOT MUCH--

MAJOR ROTH WAS ALWAYS SOMEWHERE'S ELSE.

DID YOU GET TO TALK TO

NOPE.

WUN'T THERE, THEY SAID.



ELIAS--? YOU MEAN HE'S SPLIT--?

WHAT DOES'AT SAY TO YOU ABOUT HIM?

I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE SO DAMNED OBSESSED WITH THIS WHITE-TRASH JUNKIE!

HE'S HIT THE STREETS AGAIN?

THIS IS TAKING OVER YOUR LIFE, 'LIAS--YOU'RE GOING CRAZY--CRAZY!



DAMN--!

WHY'RE YOU STILL WAITING FOR A PHONE CALL--?

THAT KID'S PROBABLY IN TIJUANA BY NOW!

HONEY-- I'M JUST NOT SURE I CAN BUY IT...

THE PROMETHEUS THING-- IT AIN'T WHAT THEY'RE SAYIN'--

AND TH' KID--



HE WAS A TOTAL INNOCENT...AN' I SENT HIM...I SENT HIM THERE...

I'VE HEARD ALL THIS, ELIAS.

I'M A WICKED MAN.

WILL GOD EVER FORGIVE ME, BABE?

YOU DON'T B' LIEVE IN GOD.



DON'T YOU GO TEST ME THAT WAY, BESS--

SOMETHIN'S GOIN' ON HERE THAT YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND--!



I LOVE YOU, BABE--BUT DON'T YOU TEST ME--



YOU THINK I'M CRAZY--?

THEN YOU SHOULD BE STANDIN' BY ME--

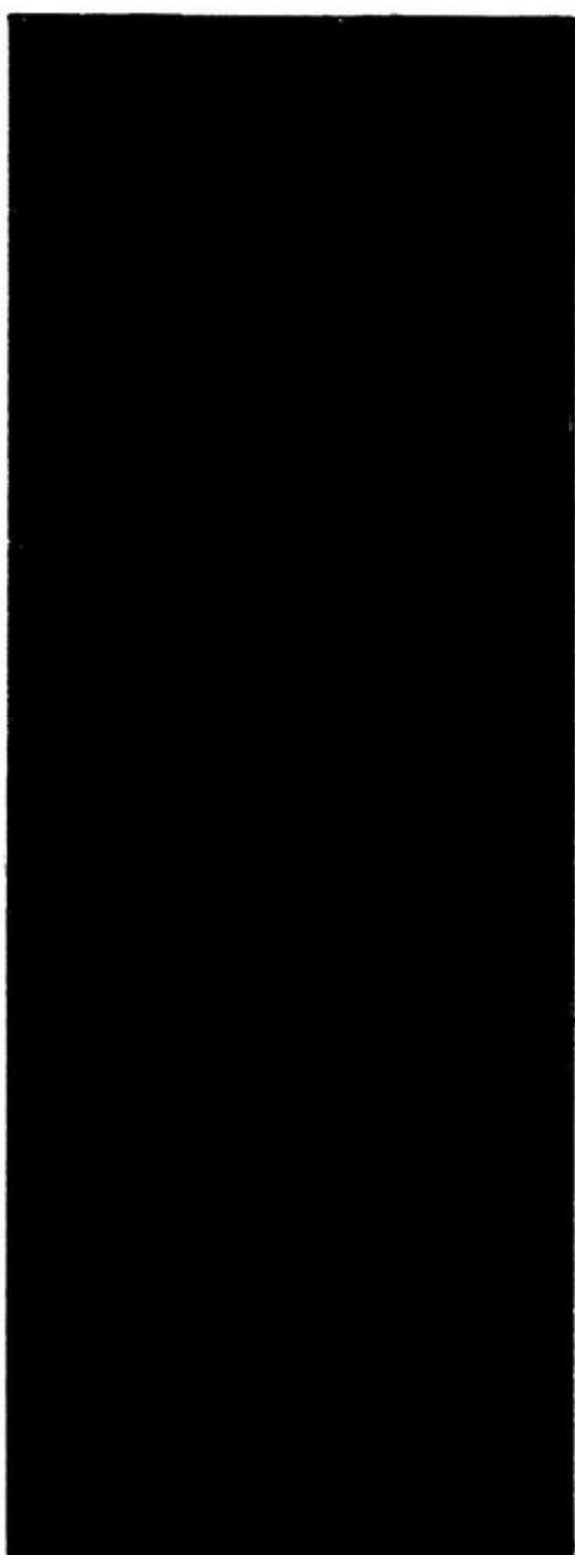
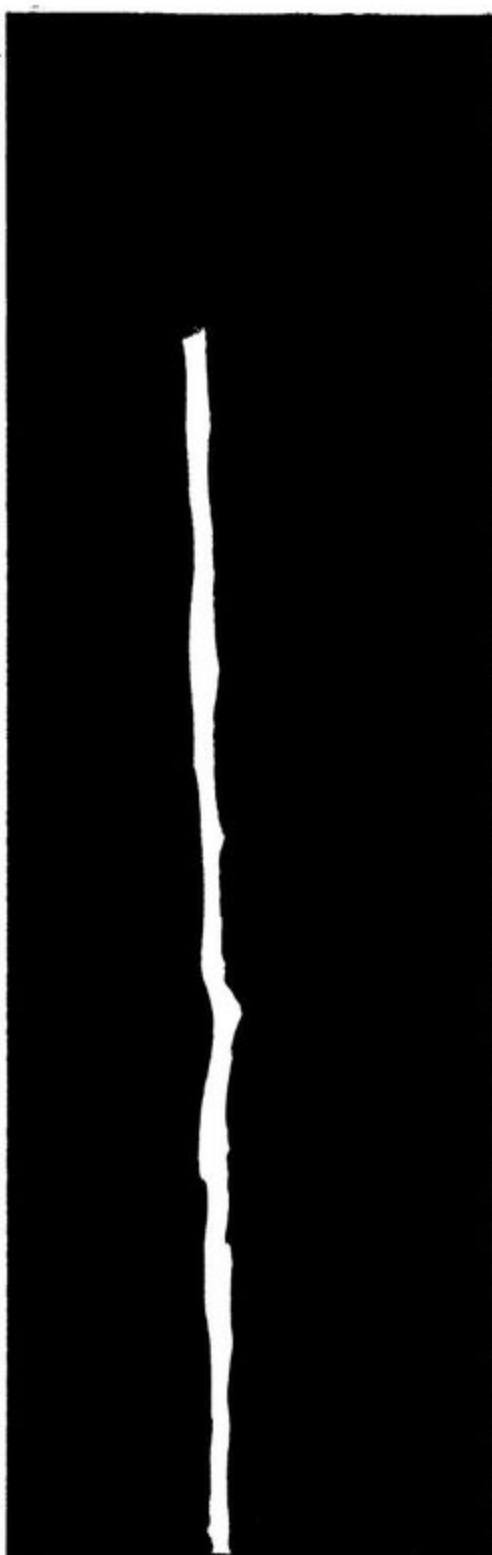


YOU SHOULD BE HELPIN' ME--

CAN'T I EXPECT THAT FROM YOU, BESS--?

HUH?





WE MUST
MAINTAIN
LOW LIGHT,
MAJOR.

WHAT?

IT'S IN
THE TREATISE FOR
STAGE ONE, WEEK
ONE--

BEHANDLE DEN JUNGEN
ÜBERMENSCH ERSTMAL MIT
ALLER VORSICHT, WIE
EINEN SECHS MONATE
ALTEN FÖTUS

WHAT TH' FUCK
DOES *THAT* MEAN--?
SPEAK *FUCKING*
AMERICAN!

OUR SUBJECT
IS LIKE A *FETUS*
ENTERING ITS *THIRD*
TRIMESTER.

THE WARMTH
AND DARKNESS OF
A *MOTHER'S WOMB*
MUST BE CAREFULLY
SIMULATED FOR
THESE NEXT FIVE
WEEKS.

A LOW-WATT
FLASHLIGHT
IS PERMITTED,
MAJOR.

WELL, *SHIT*
-- SOMEBODY
GET A *FLASH-*
LIGHT.

KLIK

RIGHT
HERE.

WELL, WHAT'S
THE POINT OF THIS
MEETING IF WE CAN'T
SEE ANYTHING,
LUCAS?



WHERE'S
BAILEY?

THERE'S THE
STERNO-CLEIDO-
MASTOID.

I CAN'T
SEE IT.

AND
THE LEFT
ORBICULARIS
OCULI.

HE'S HERE,
MAJOR--
SOME-
WHERE--

THERE--D'YOU
SEE HIM, MAJOR
ROTH?

WHERE?



LOOKS
LIKE KING KONG'S
ASSHOLE.

THAT'S BAILEY'S
LEFT EYE CAVITY,
MAJOR.

THAT WHAT
THAT IS?

YES,
I'M FAIRLY
SURE.

SHIT, THAT
LITTLE RUNT HAS
PUT ON SOME
WEIGHT.

BOBBY BAILEY
IS CURRENTLY TWO
HUNDRED THREE
POUNDS, SIR--

SON-OF-A-
GUN!

NO FAT, IT'S
ALL PURE MUSCLE
STRUCTURE.







Los Angeles Wednesday, July 1





Los Angeles Thursday, July 16



Fort Sherman Monday, August 3



Los Angeles Friday, August 7





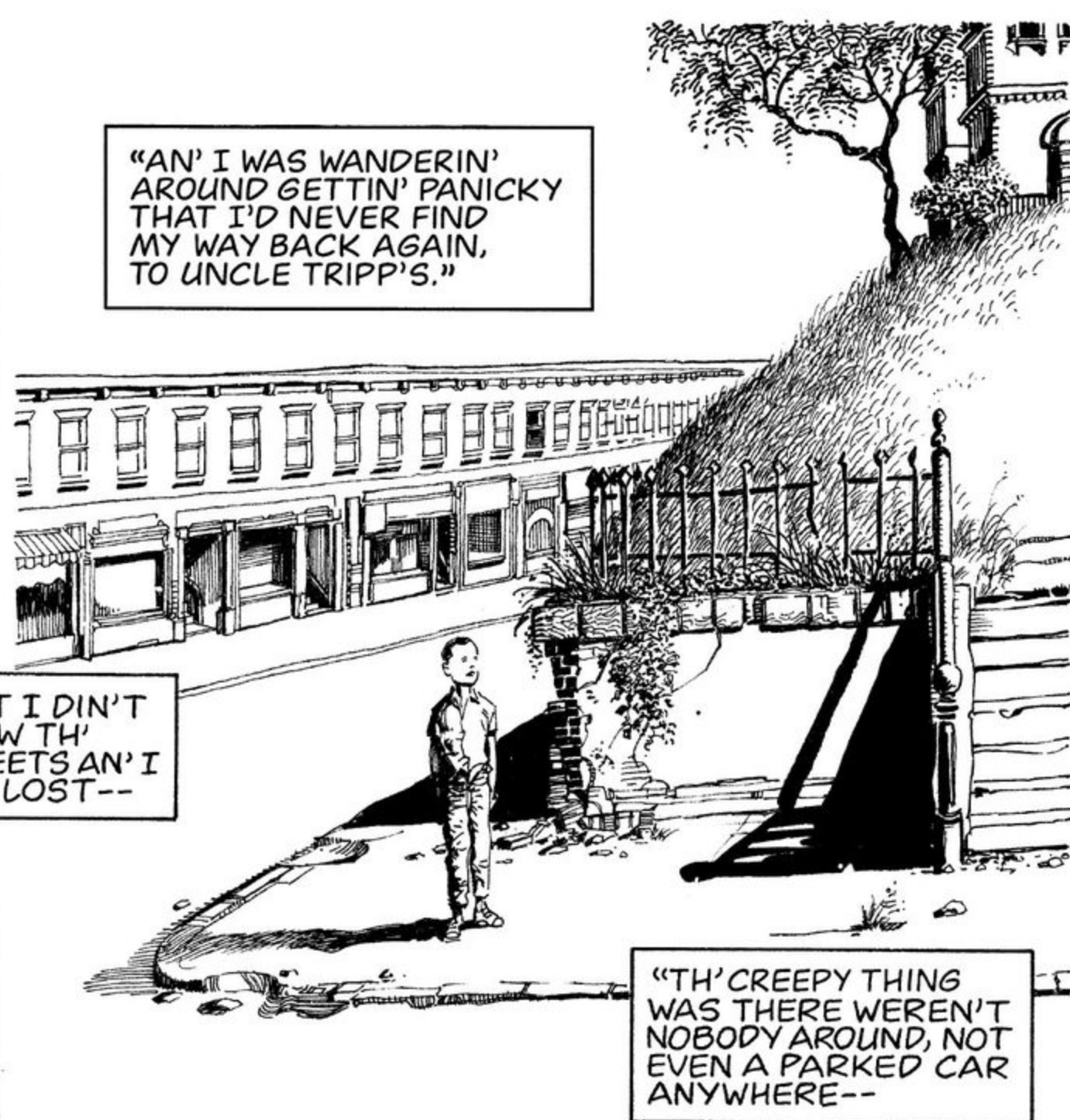












"THAS WHEN I STARTED GETTIN' THE SPARK--AN' I KNEW THE SIGHT WAS GONNA HAPPEN."





"I'D NEVER SEEN ANYONE LIKE HER, BESS--"

"SHE WAS REAL TALL, LIKE A GODDESS WOULD BE--"

"AN' BEAUTIFUL LIKE A MOVIE STAR EVEN WITH HER HAIR ALL MESSED UP AN' EVERYTHING LIKE IT WAS."



MAYBE MY MEMORY AIN'T SO TIGHT THESE DAYS, BUT I KNEW *RIGHT THEN* THAT SHE WAS *SPECIAL*, BESS, LIKE SHE HAD WISDOM AND WAS *SPIRITUAL*--

I STOOD THERE GAWKIN' AT HER AND GOT THE *SPARKIN'* ALL UP AND DOWN.

"THE WIND STOPPED BLOWIN' AND EVERYTHING WAS SETTLED AND CALM AND LIGHT WAS TWINKLIN' EVERYWHERE LIKE IN A DREAM I WAS IN."

"SHE HELD HER HANDS OUT TOWARD ME LIKE I WAS SOMETHIN' *SPECIAL*, TOO-- SOMETHIN' *SPECIAL TO HER*, I MEAN."

"I ASKED HER FOR SOME SIGN OR SPIRITUAL MESSAGE I COULD TELL ALL MY KIN BACK AT UNCLE TRIPP'S, 'CAUSE I KNEW THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME MEETING AN ANGEL ON THE WAY TO THE STORE."

"SOMEHOW I CLEAN FORGOT ABOUT THAT HAPPENING 'TIL NOWADAYS, WHAT WITH BOBBY BAILEY AND ALL."

"BUT SHE DID GIVE ME A MESSAGE-- SHE WROTE IT DOWN FOR ME--"

ALL I HAD TO WRITE ON WAS A *COMIC BOOK*--

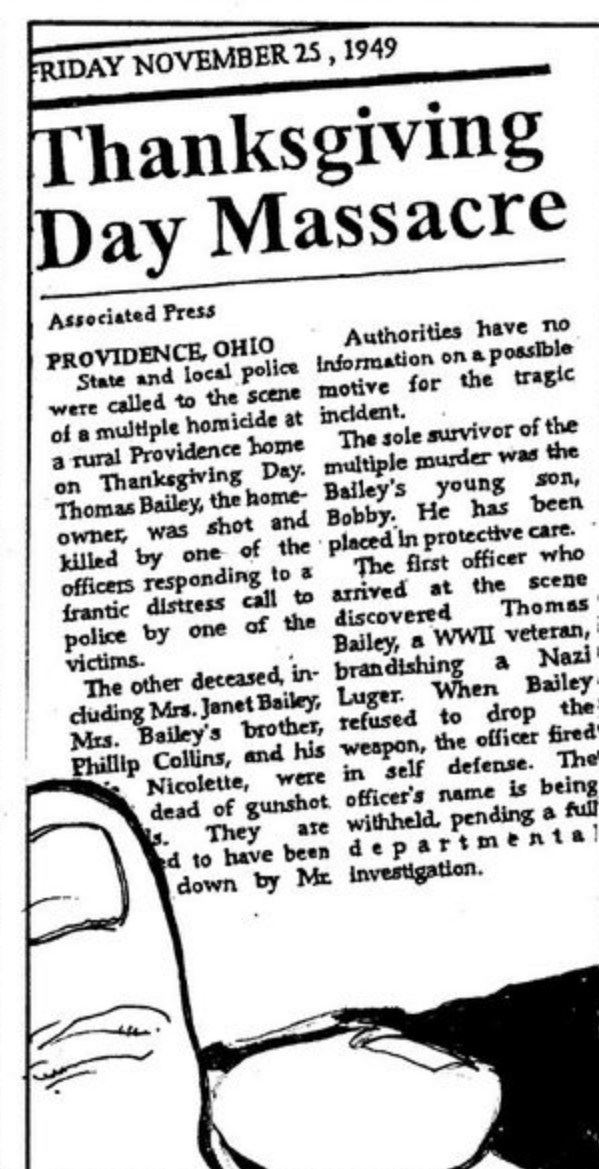
CAPTAIN AMERICA...





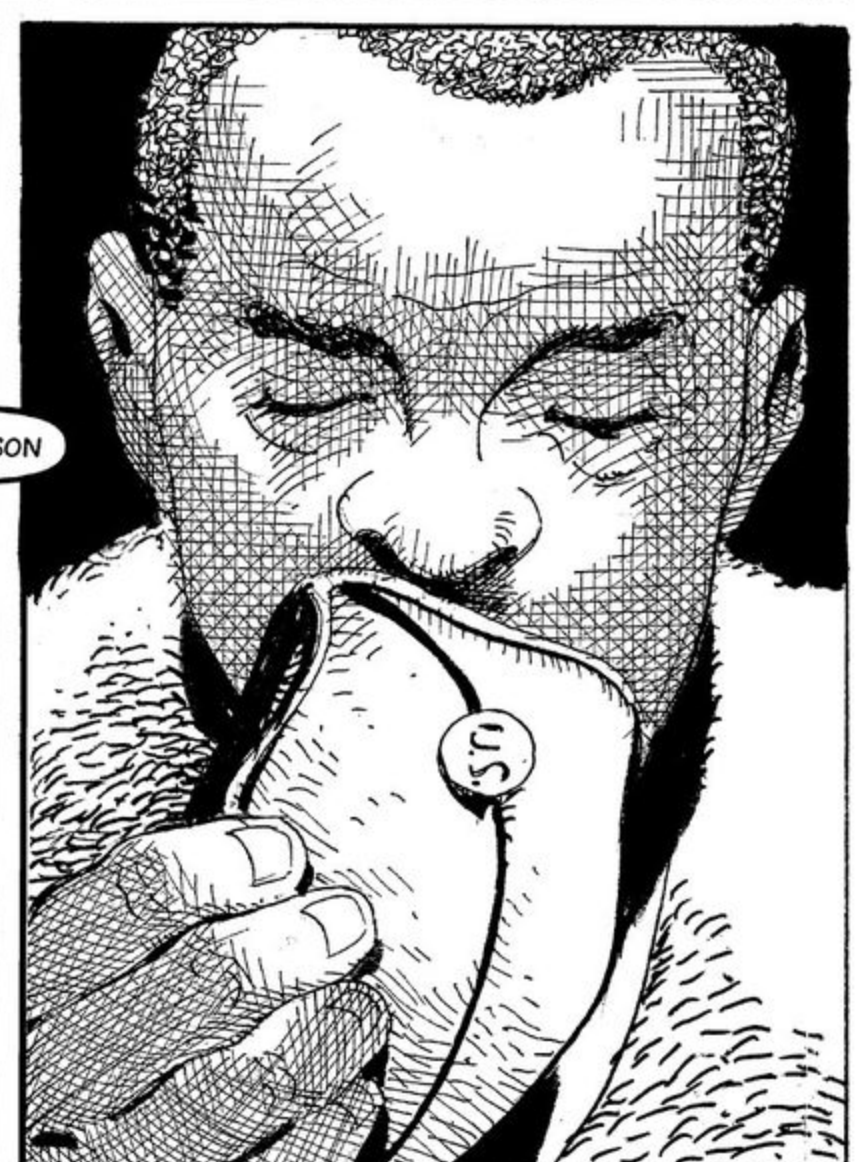


Los Angeles Tuesday, August 25



Fort Sherman Saturday, September 19







Fort Sherman Monday, November 19





Los Angeles Wednesday, November 25

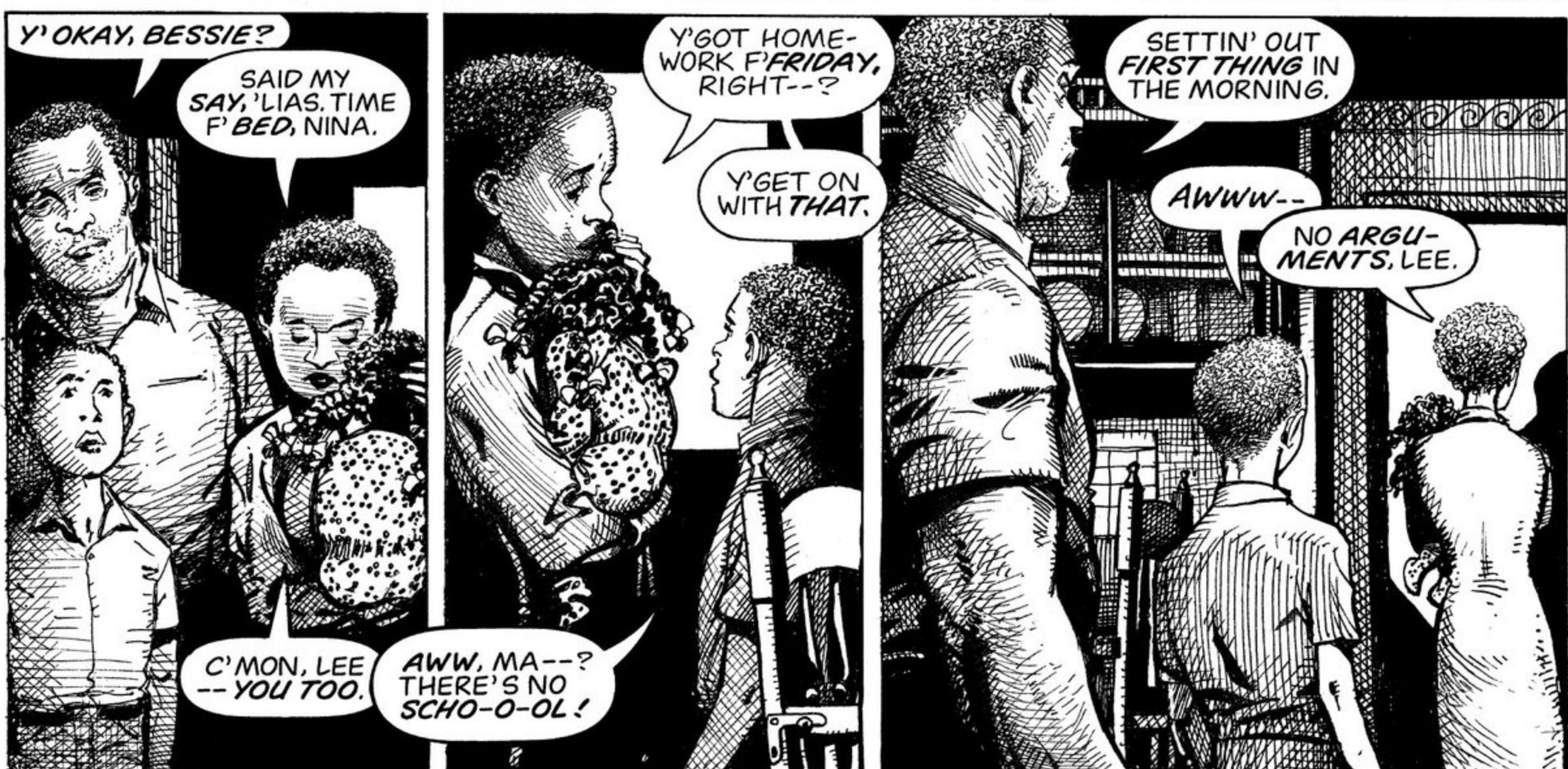
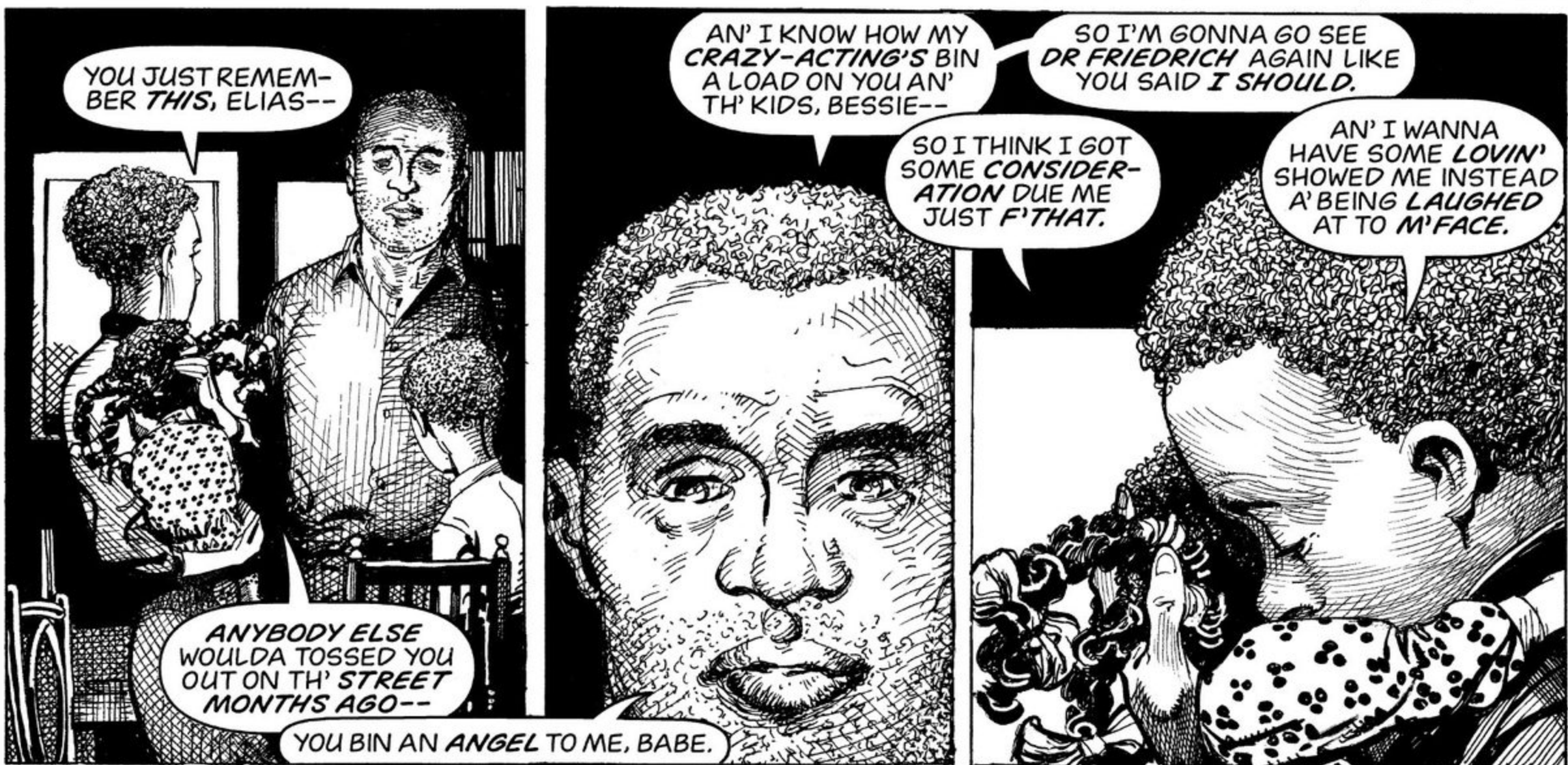










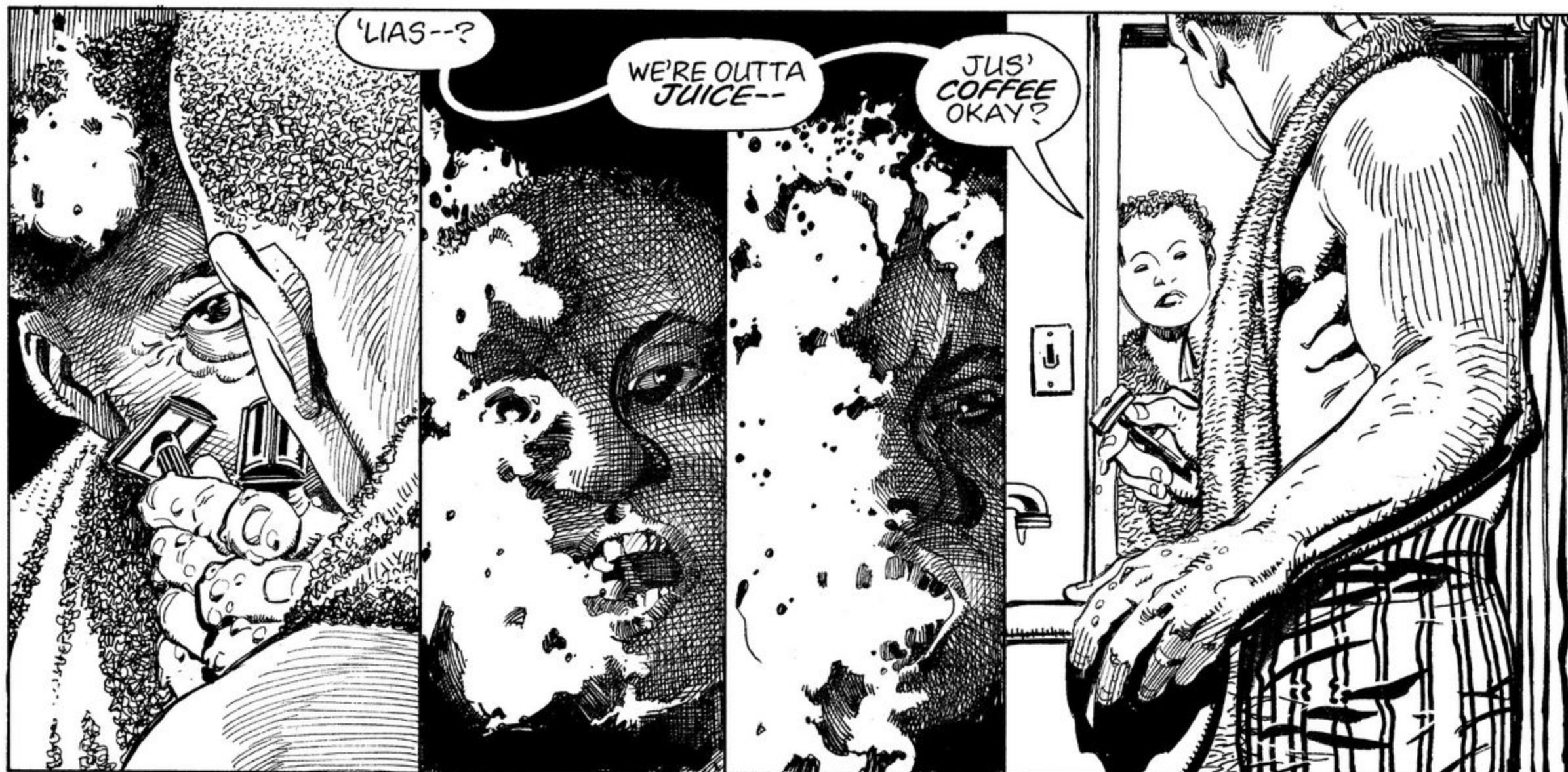


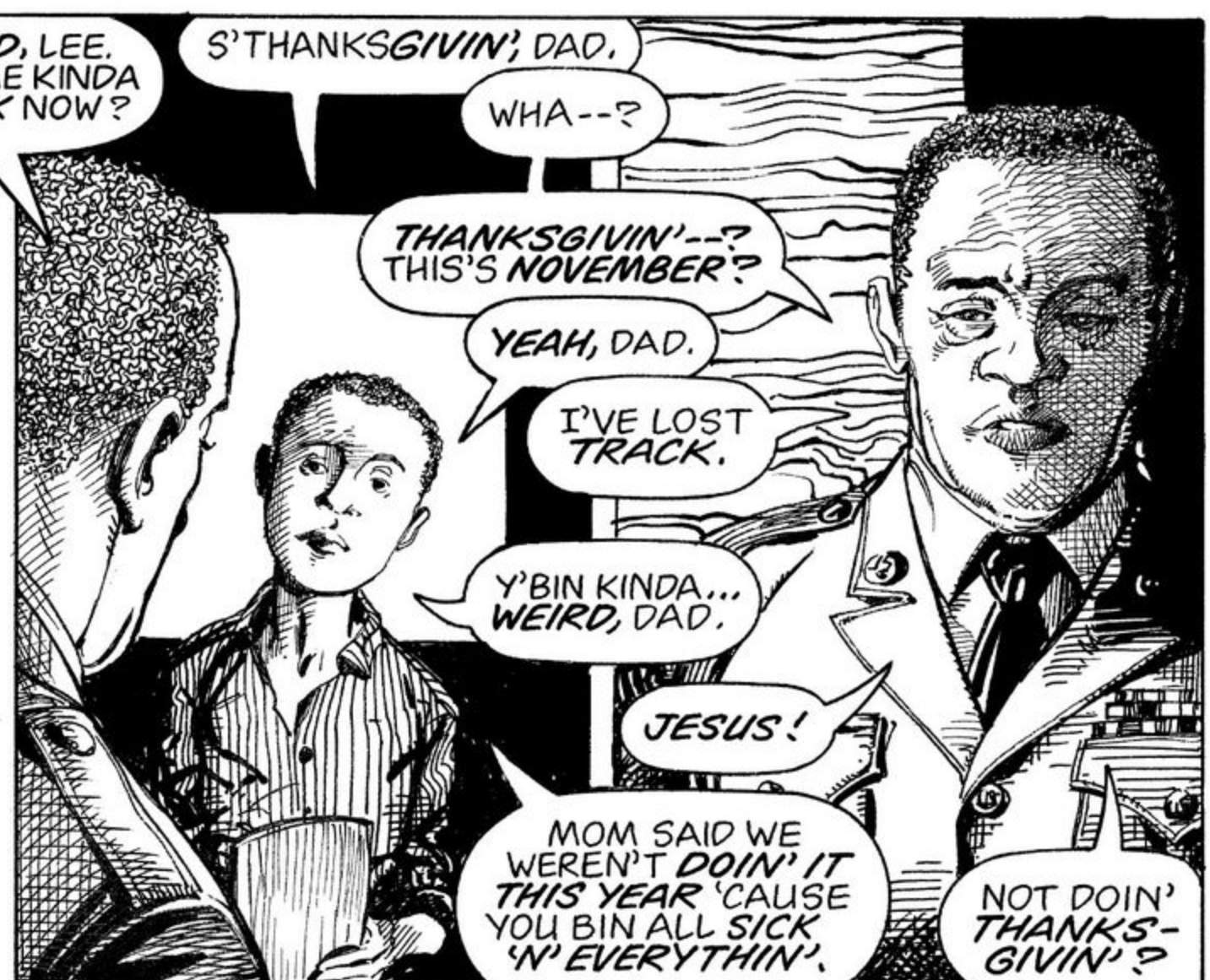


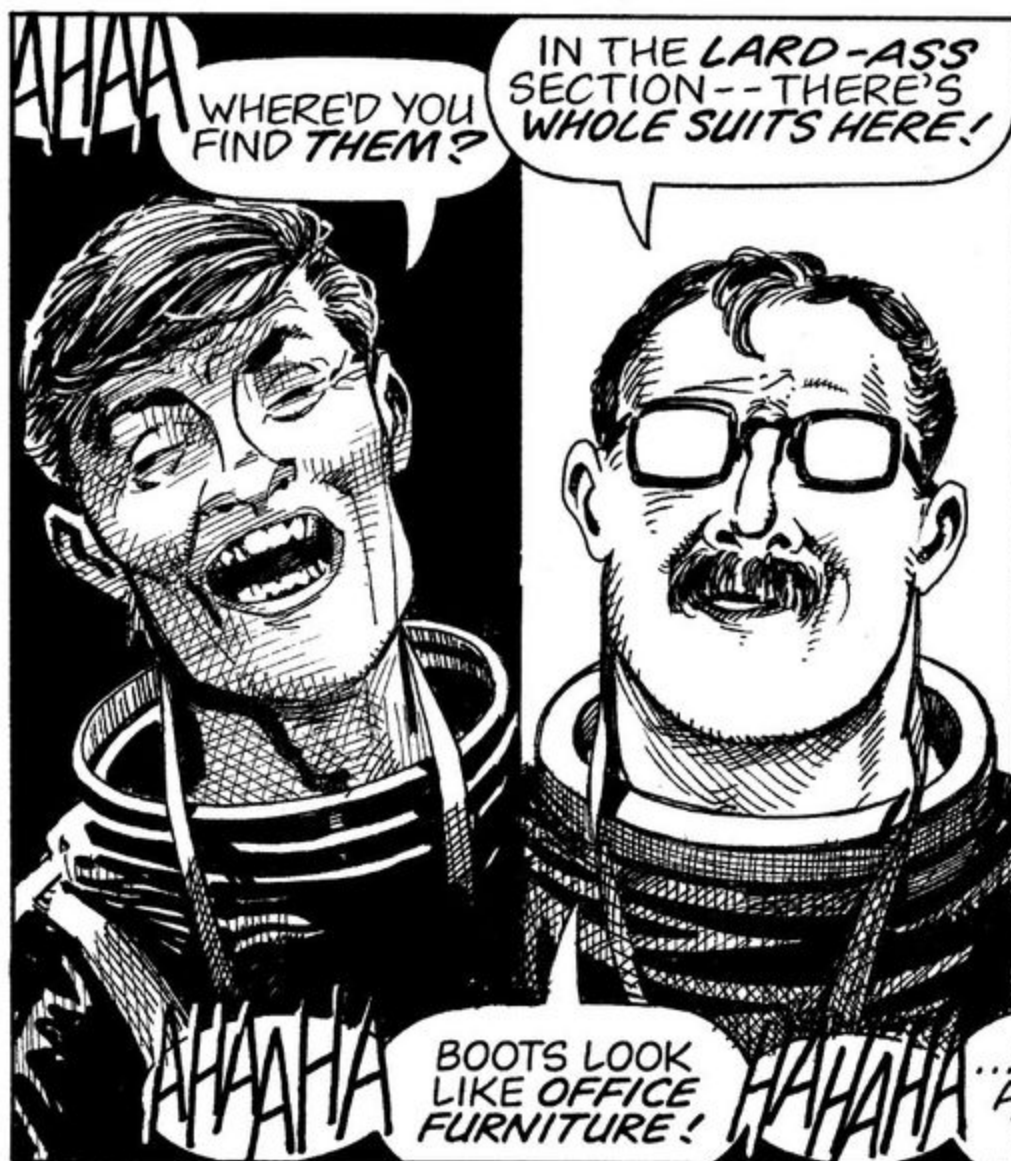
Fort Sherman Thursday, November 26





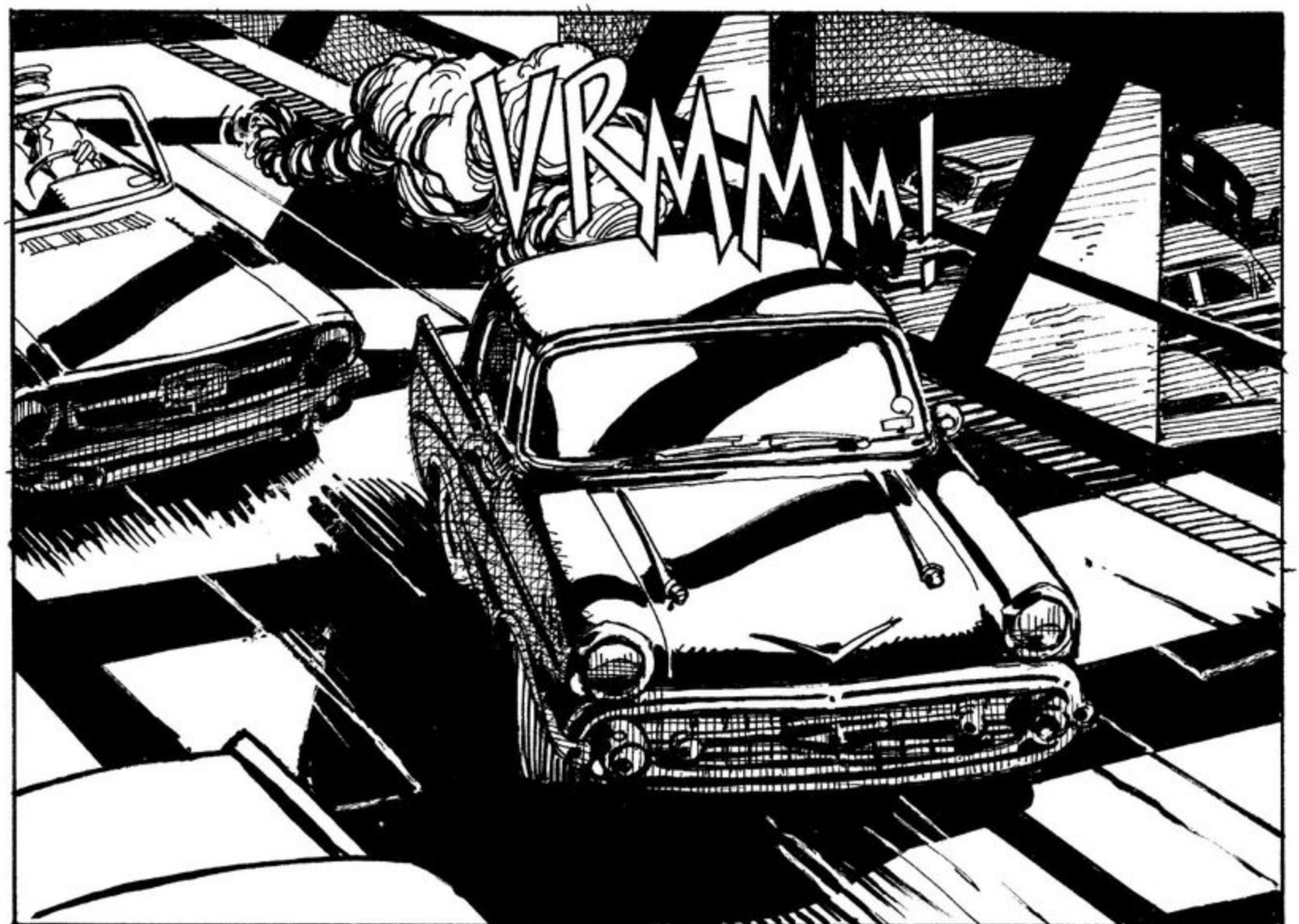


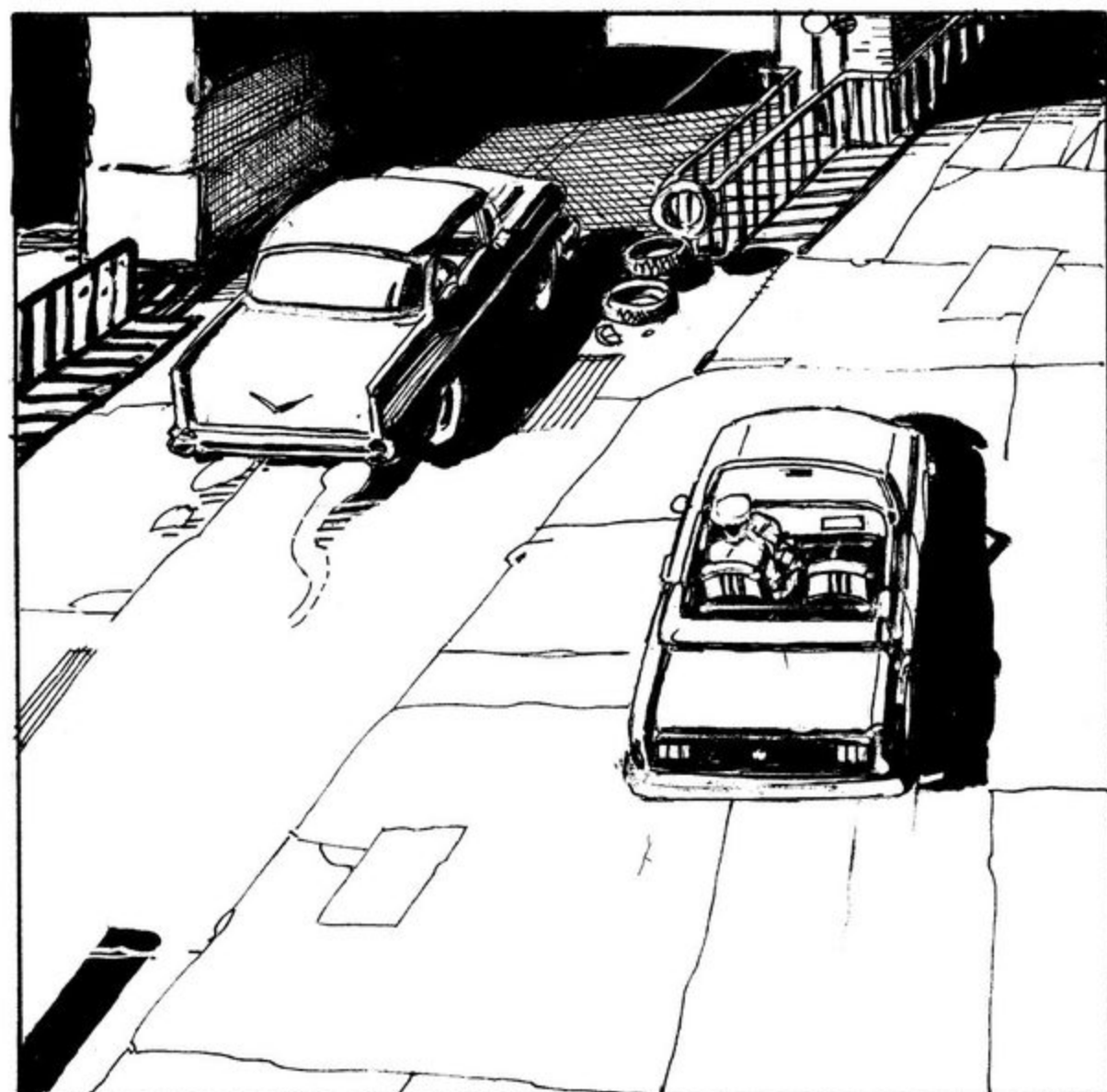
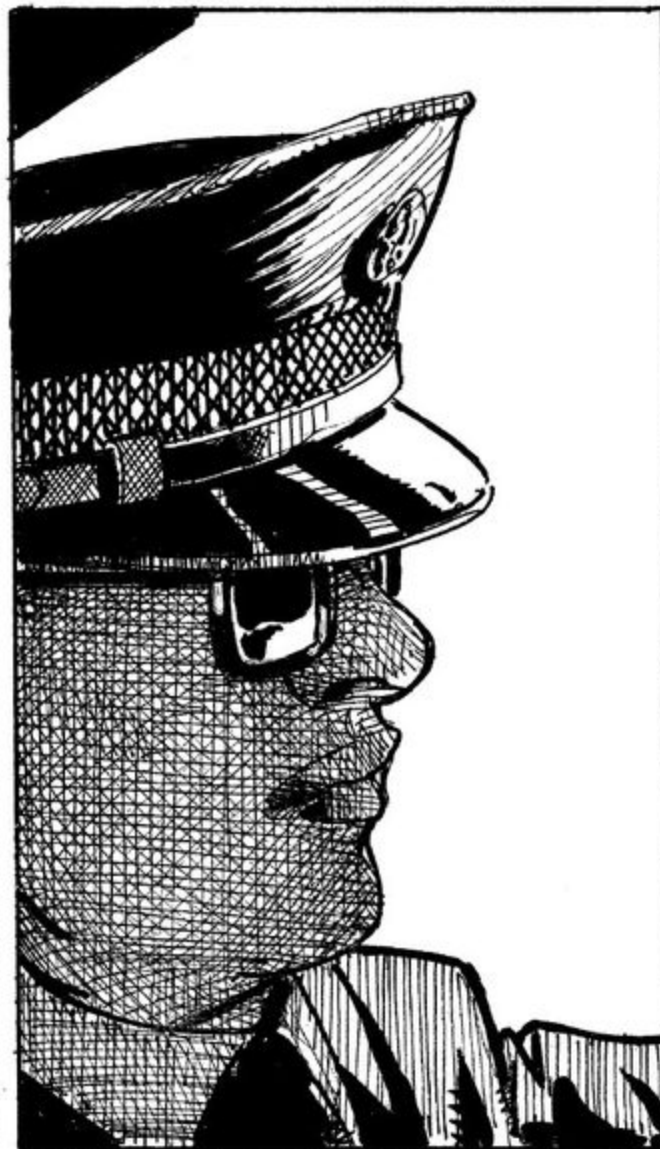
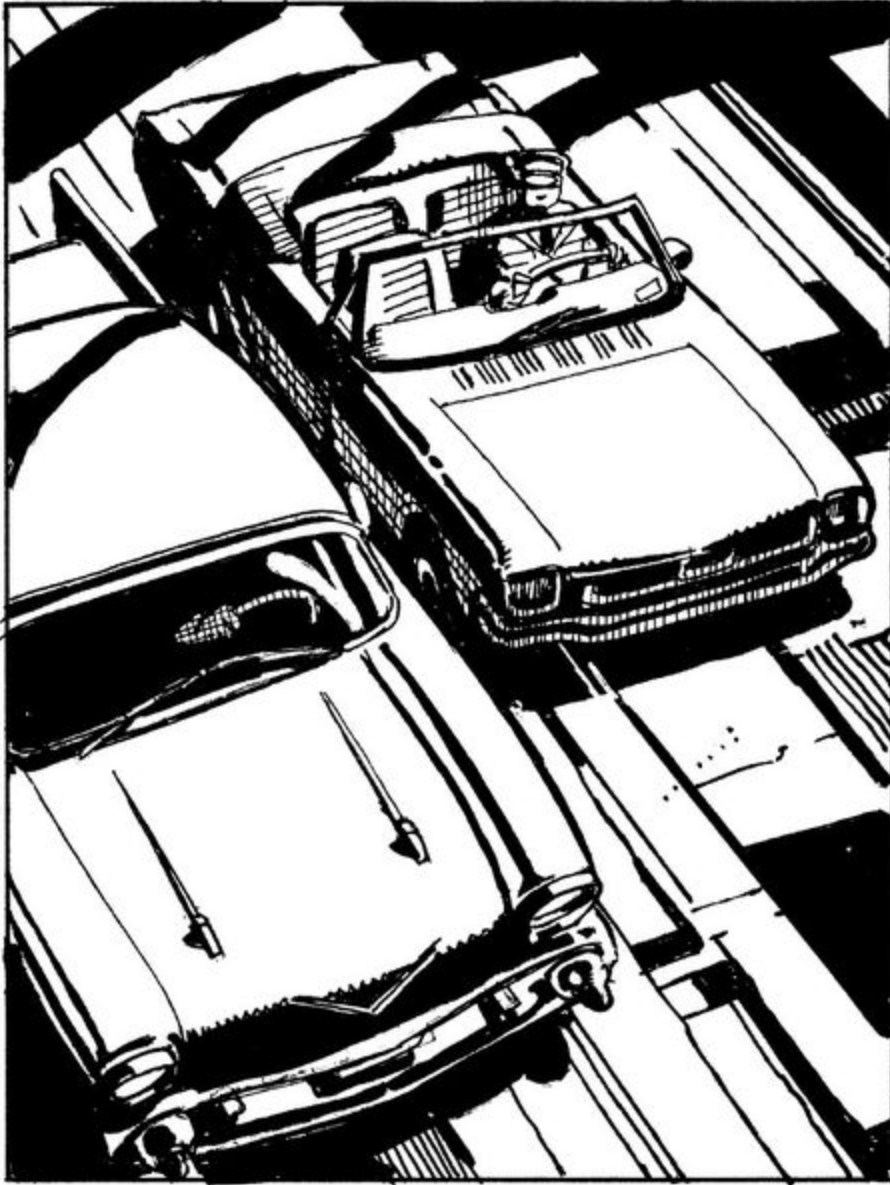


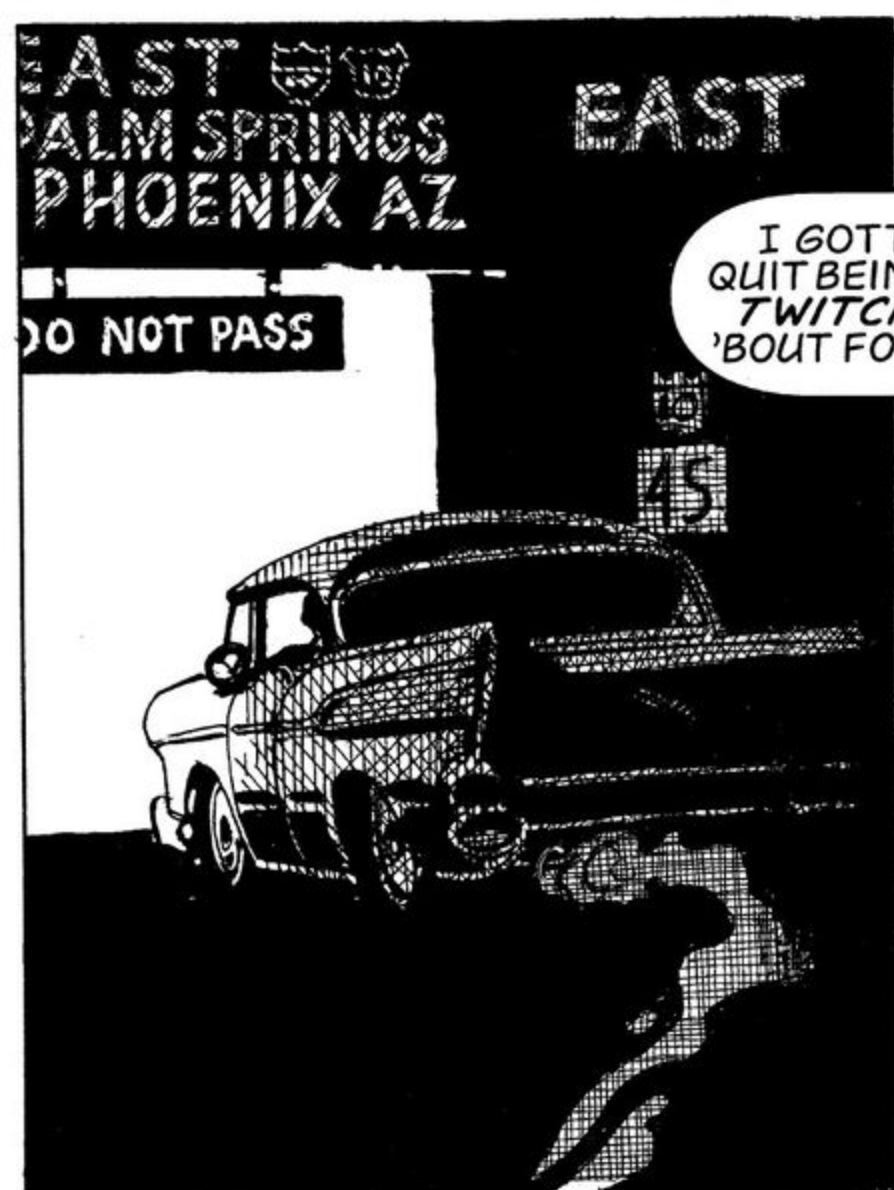
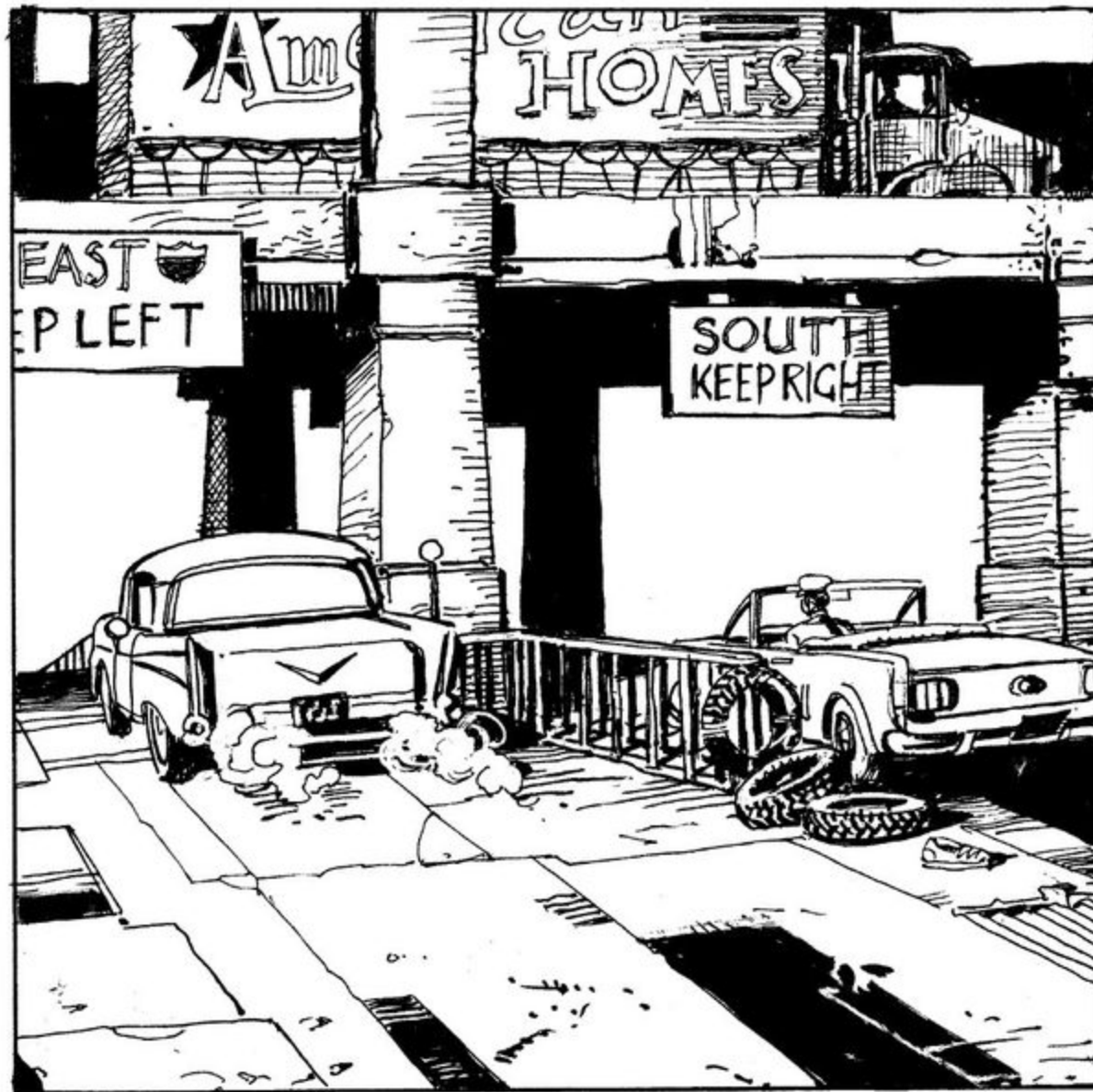
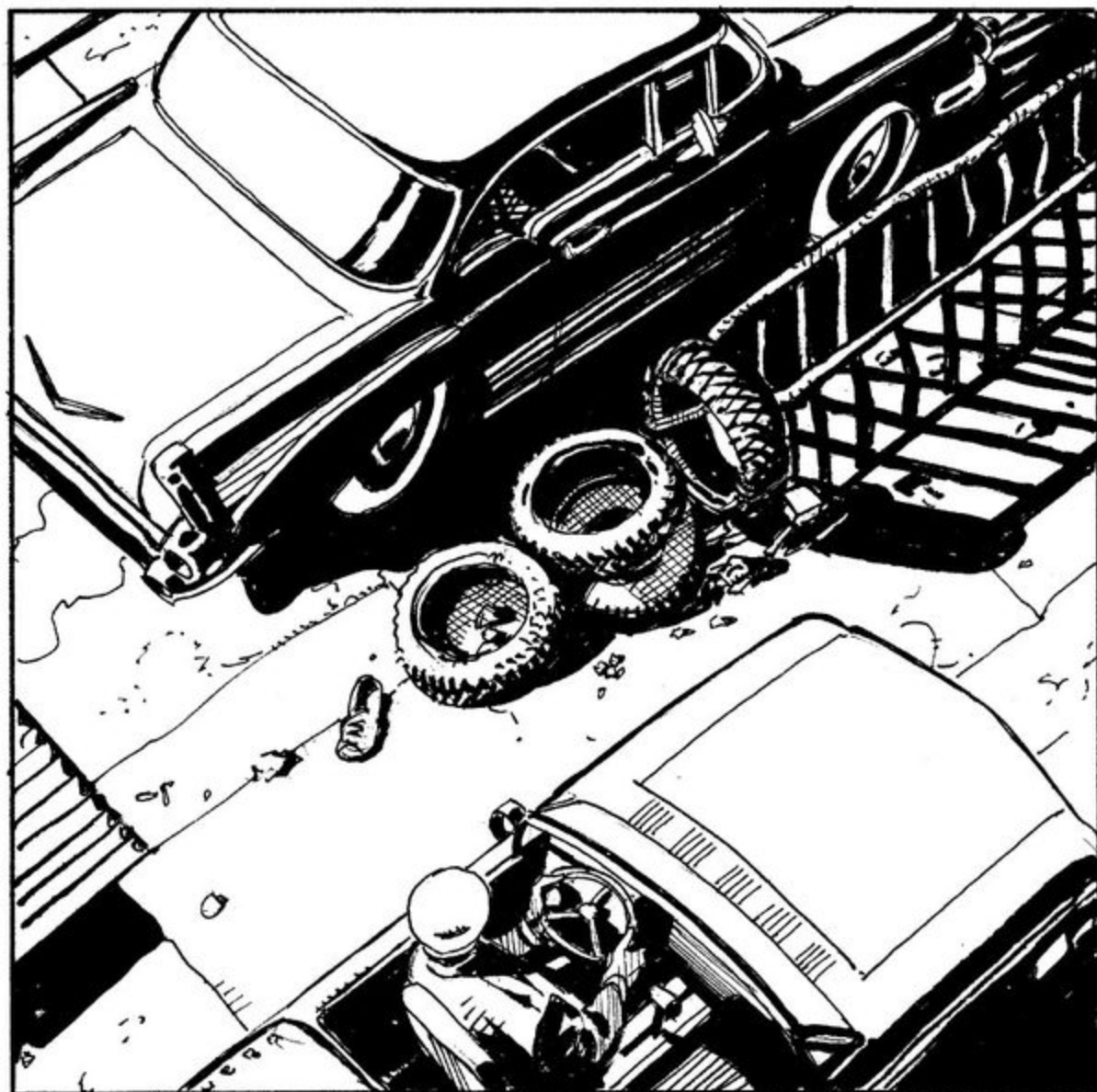














COME HELP ME WITH THESE GROCERIES!

NO, I GOT THESE, BABE--



THERE'S TWO MORE ON TH' STEPS.

OKAY, MA.



SOOFF-- WHAT A LOAD--! S'NINA BIN OKAY?

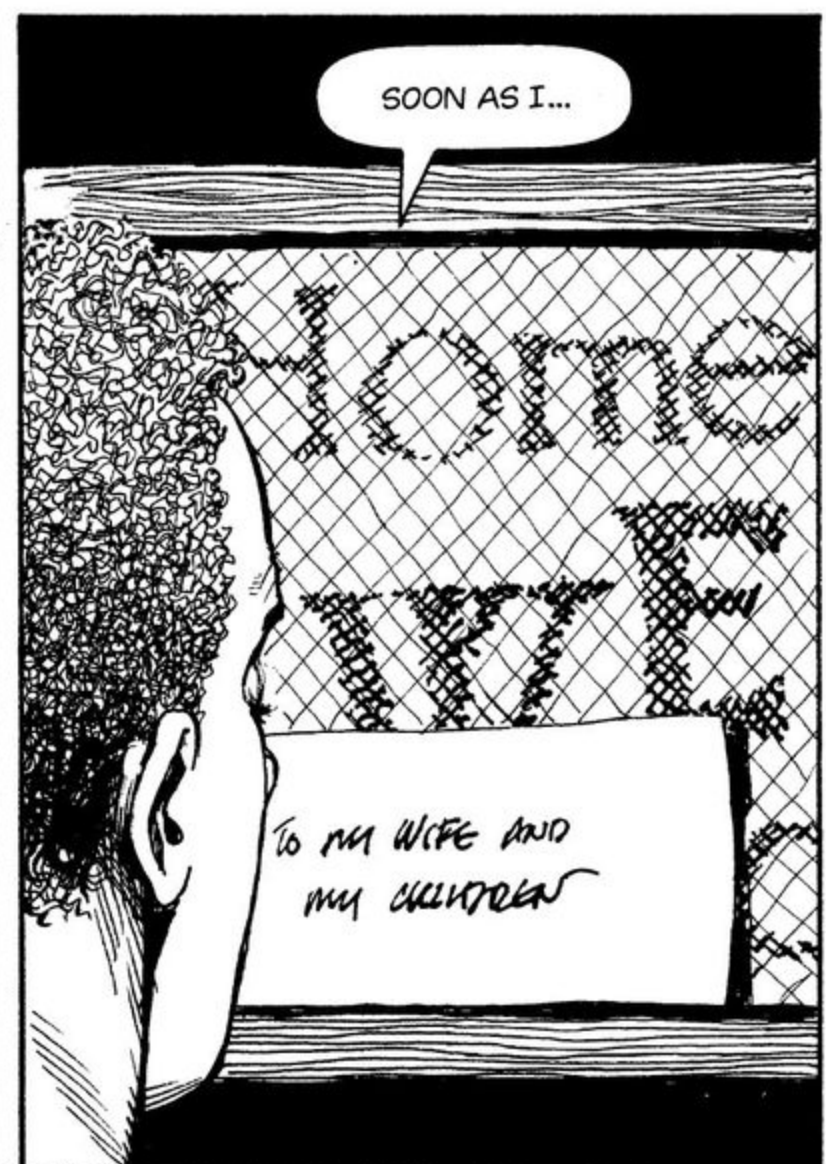
BIN FINE, MA.

OH, BOY-- ICE CREAM TOO!



YOU PUT ALL THAT IN TH' KITCHEN LEE--

I'LL GET STARTED AS SOON...

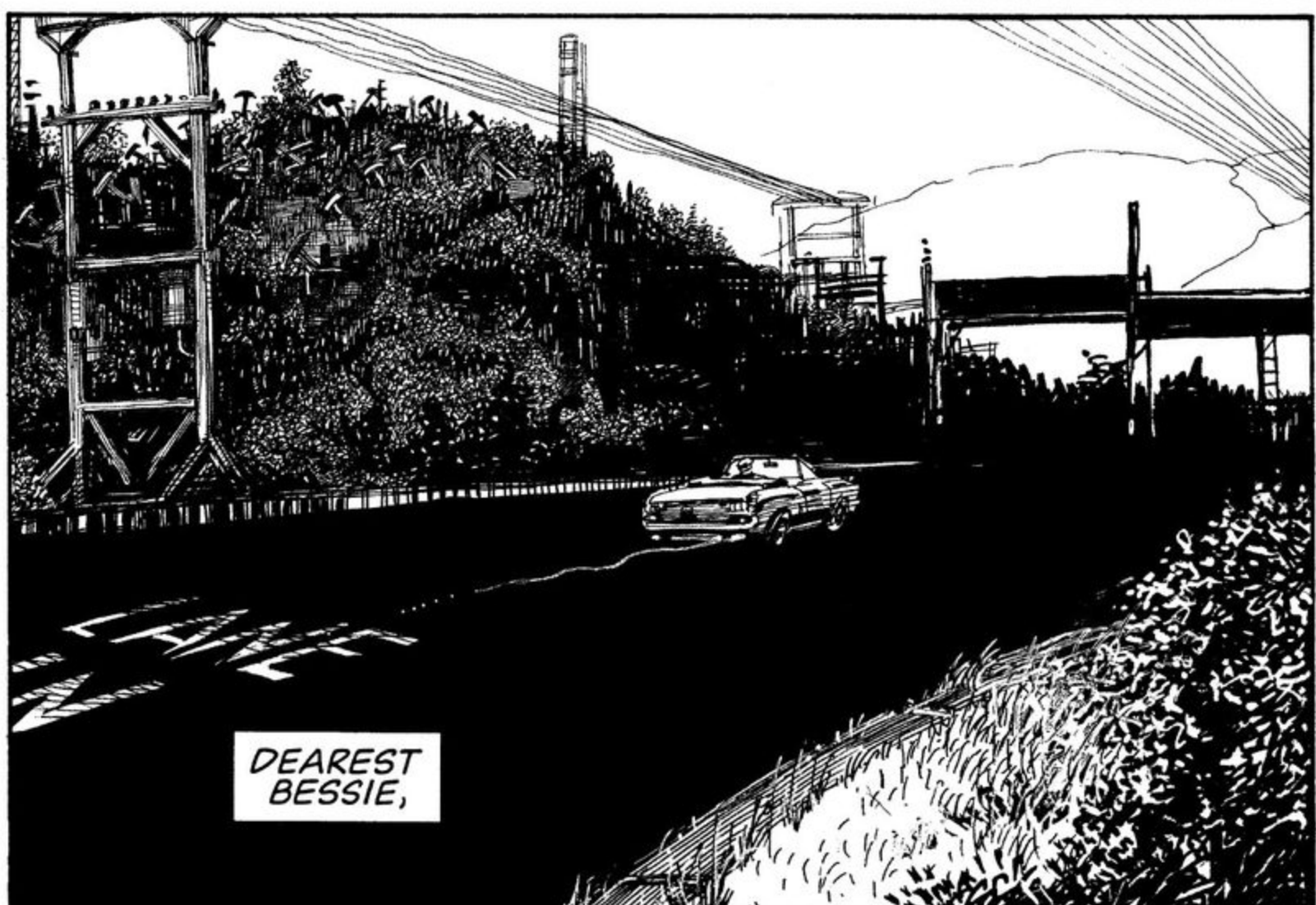


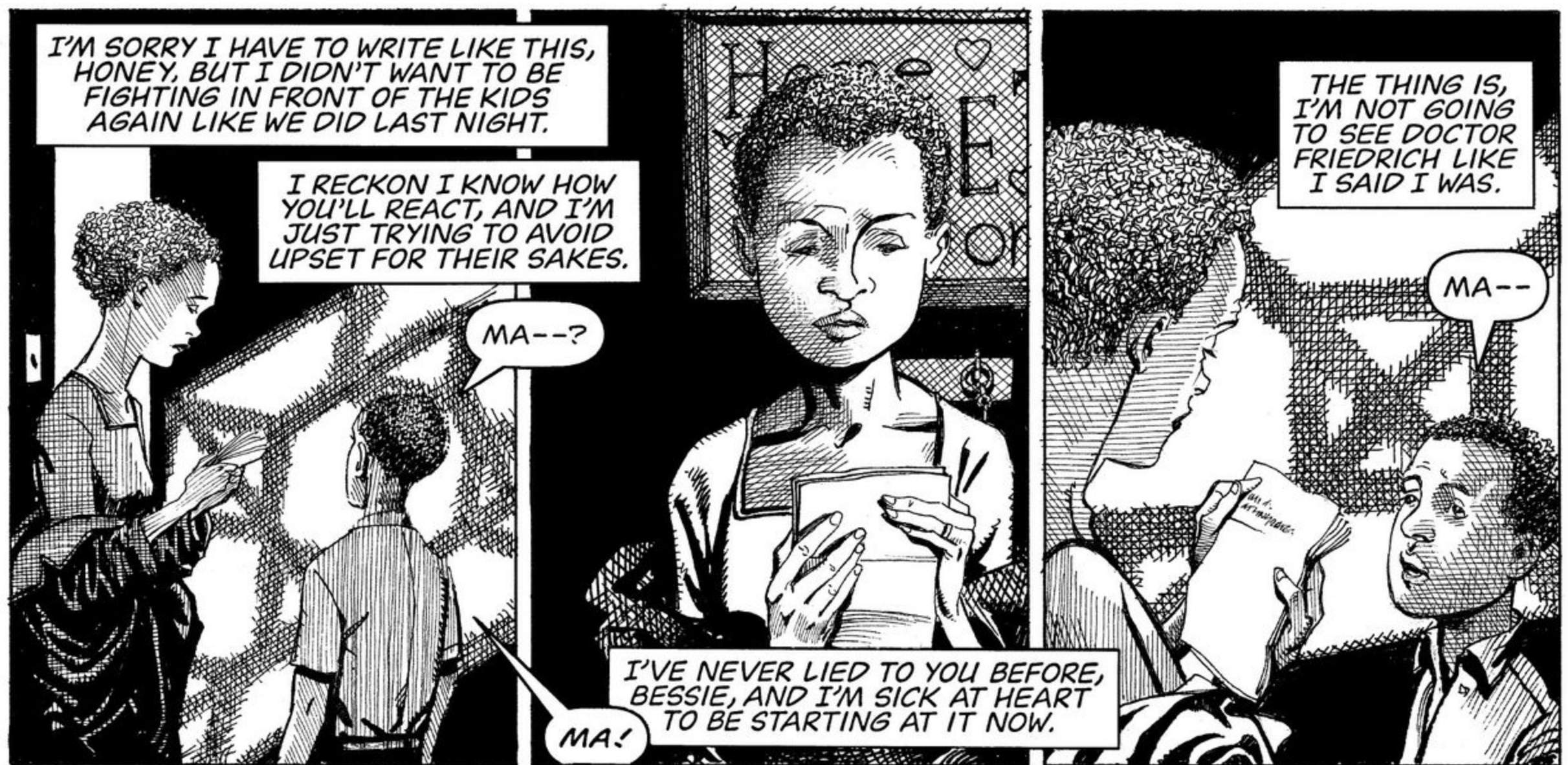
SOON AS I...

TO MY WIFE AND MY CHILDREN



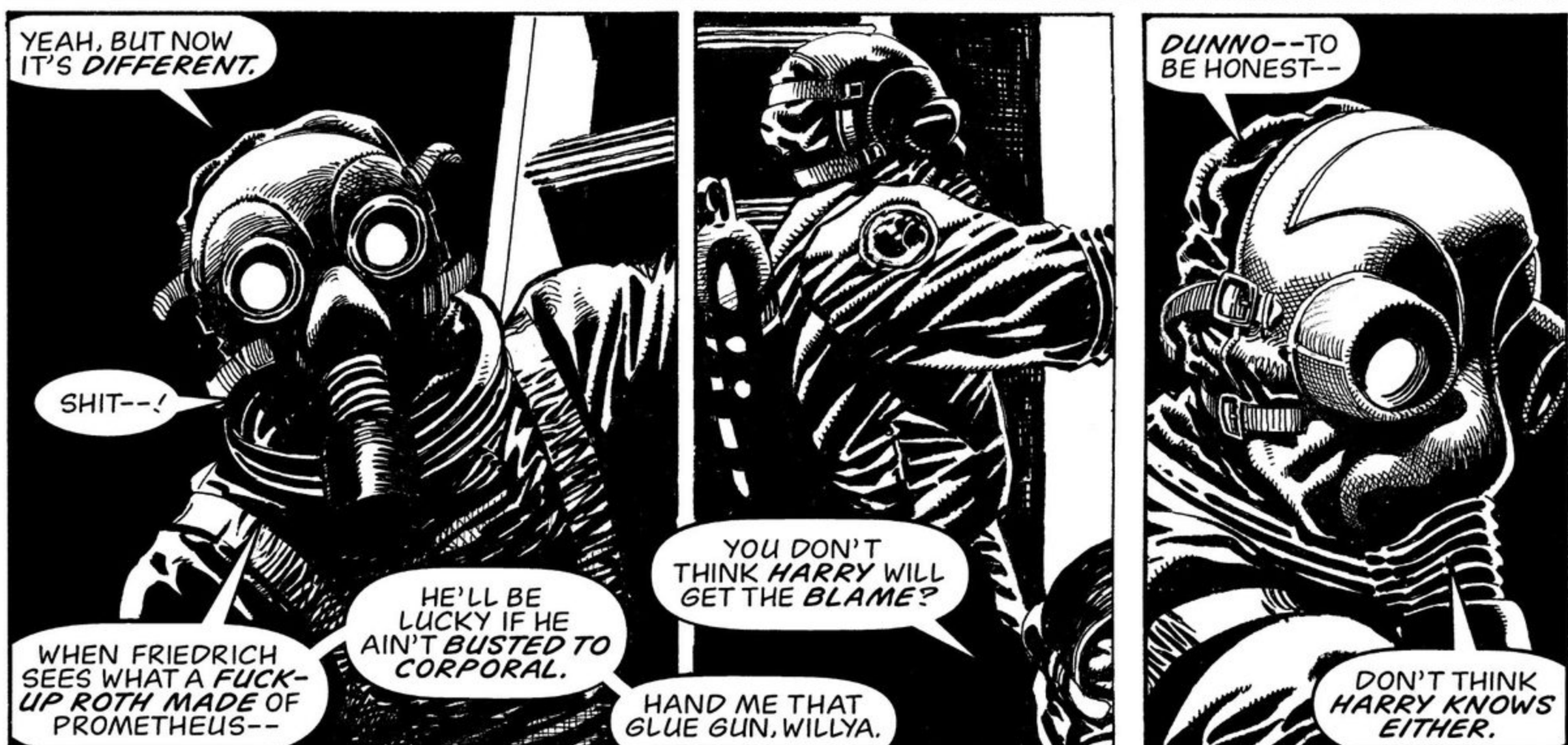
DEAREST BESSIE,

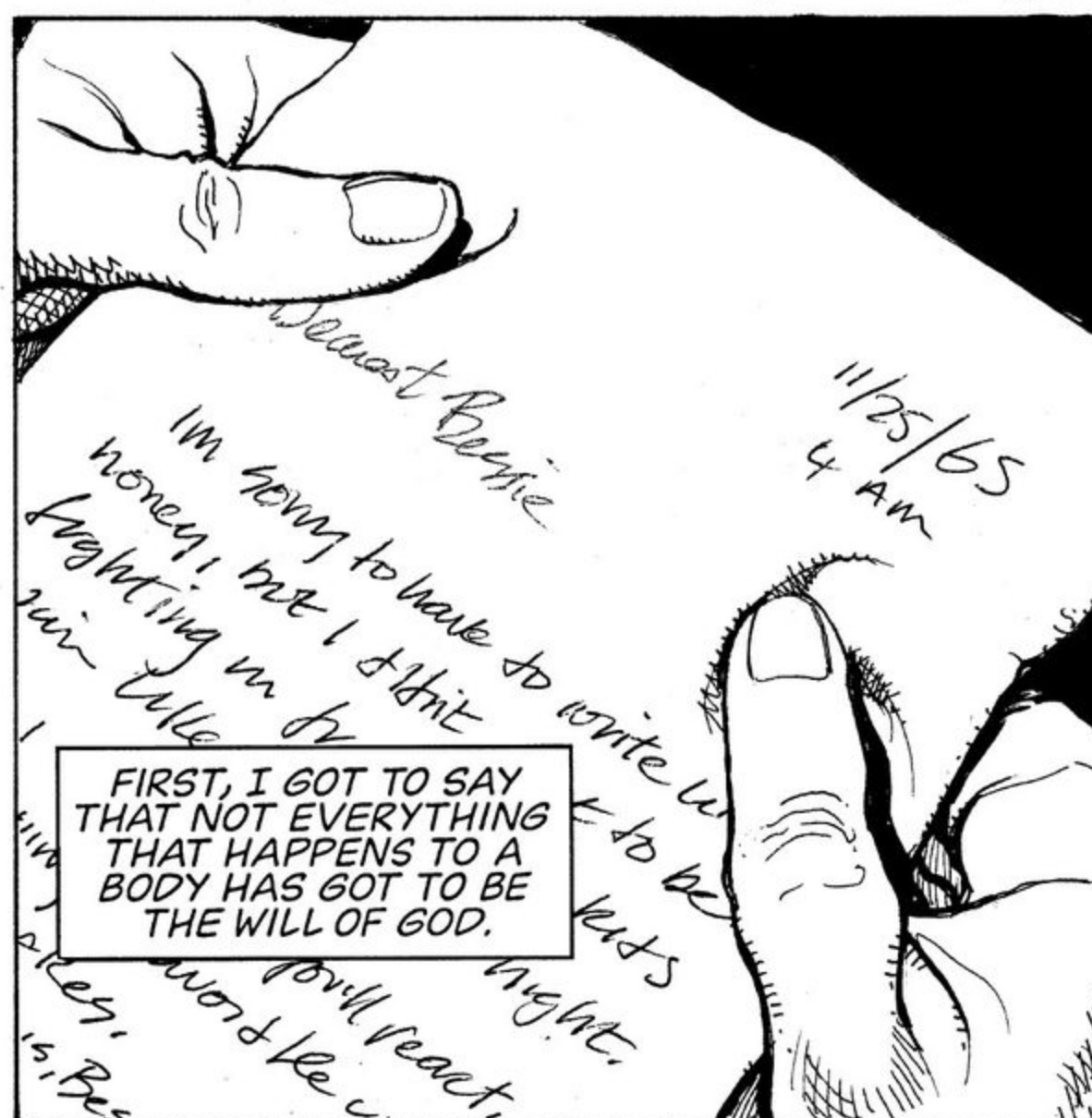
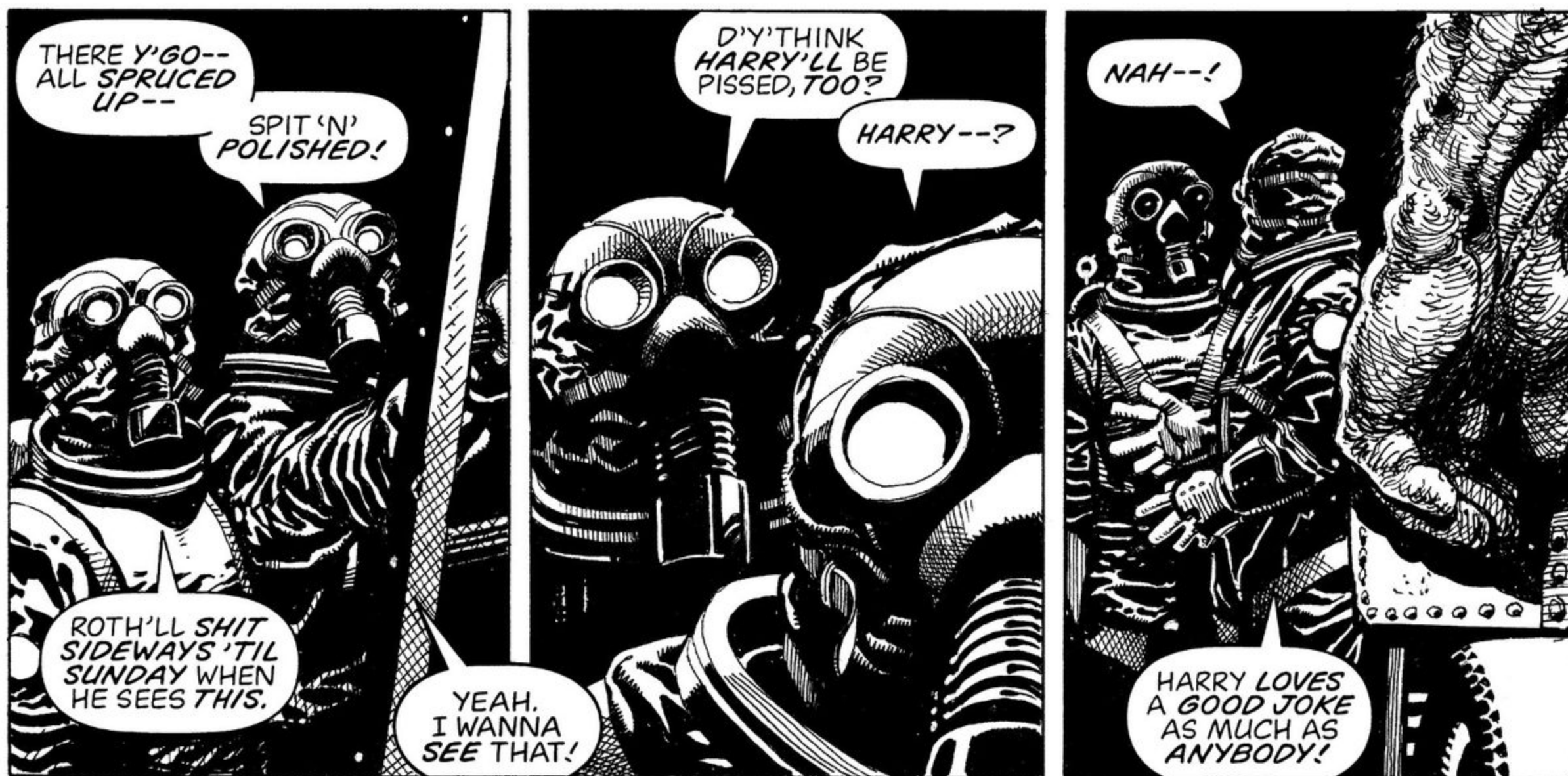


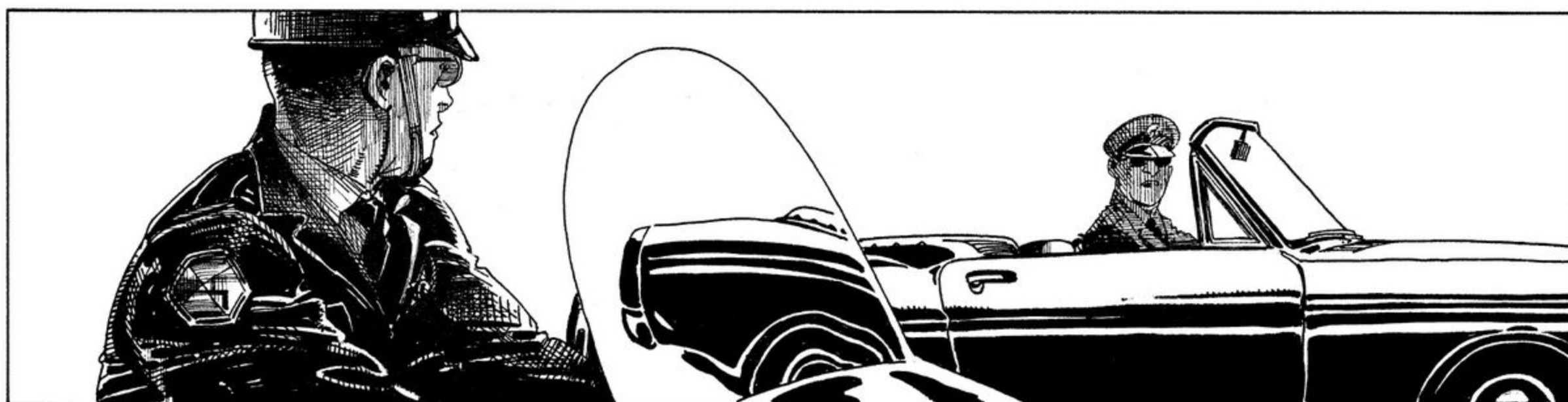


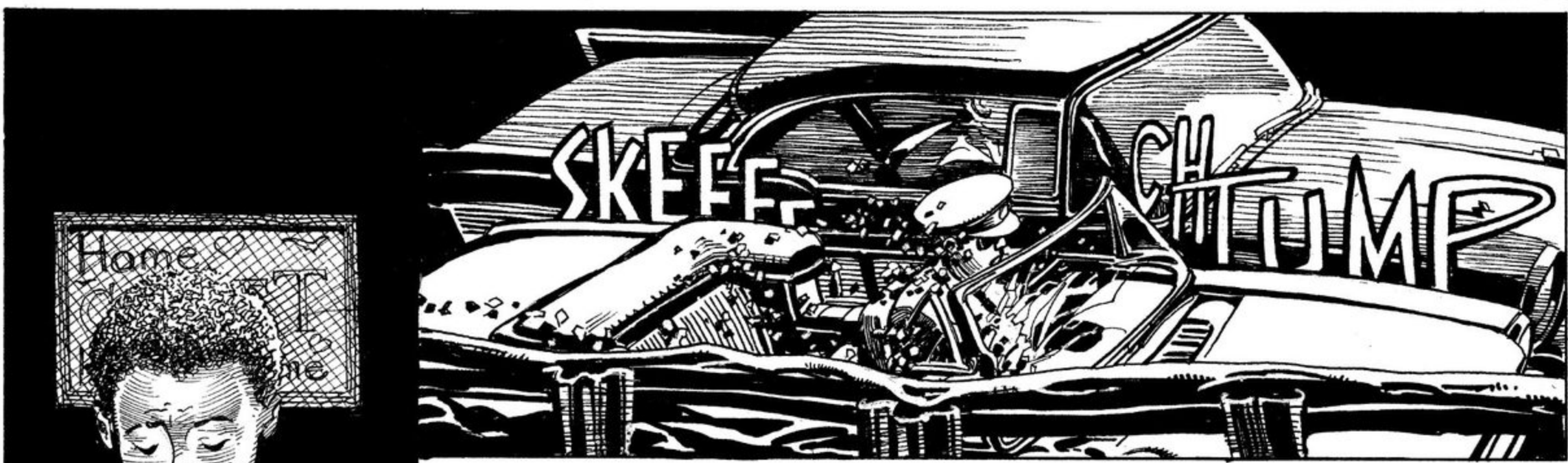
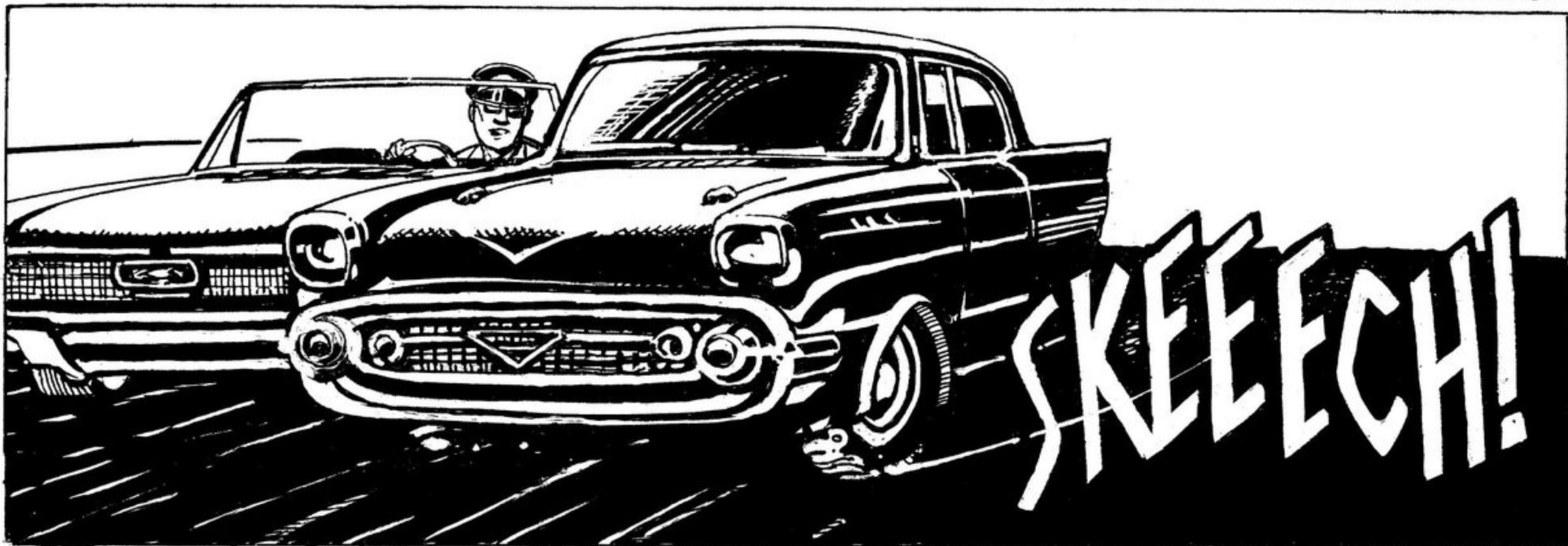


Fort Sherman Thursday, November 26, 1:23 PM





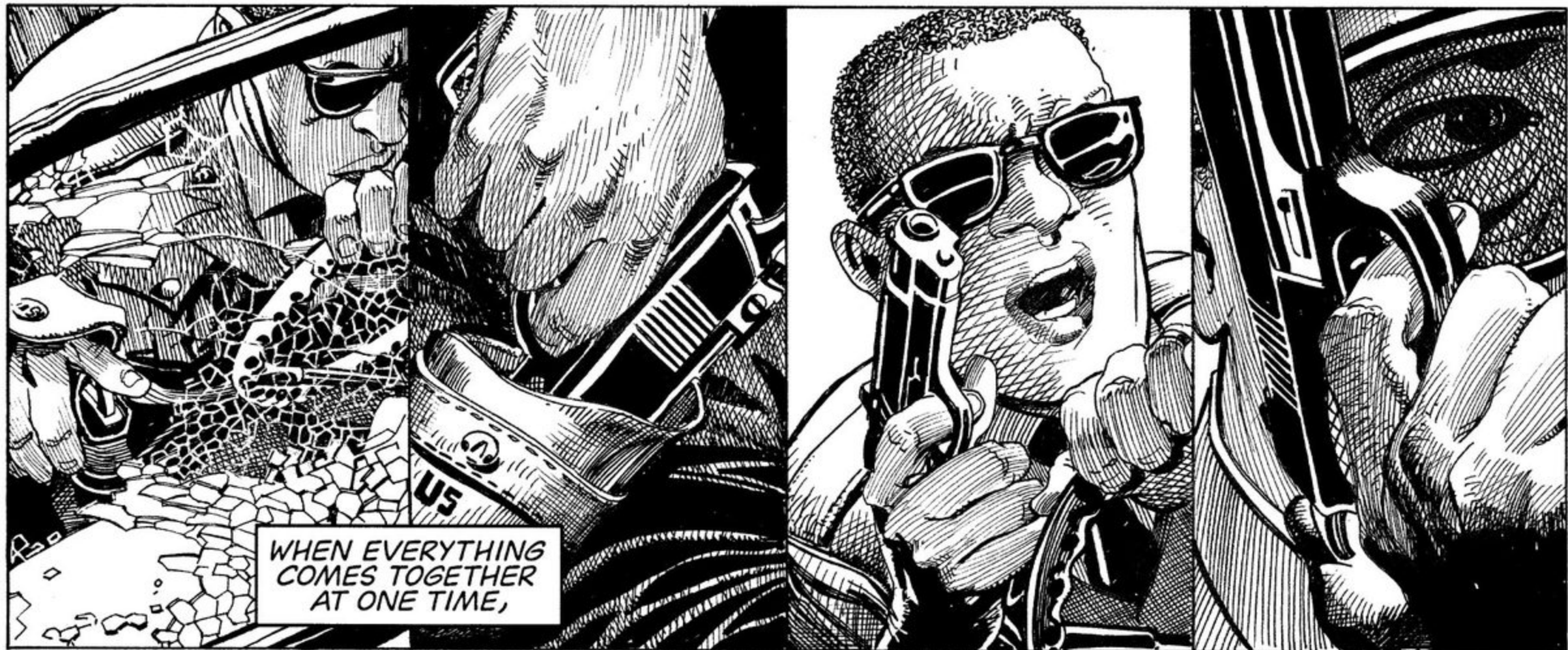




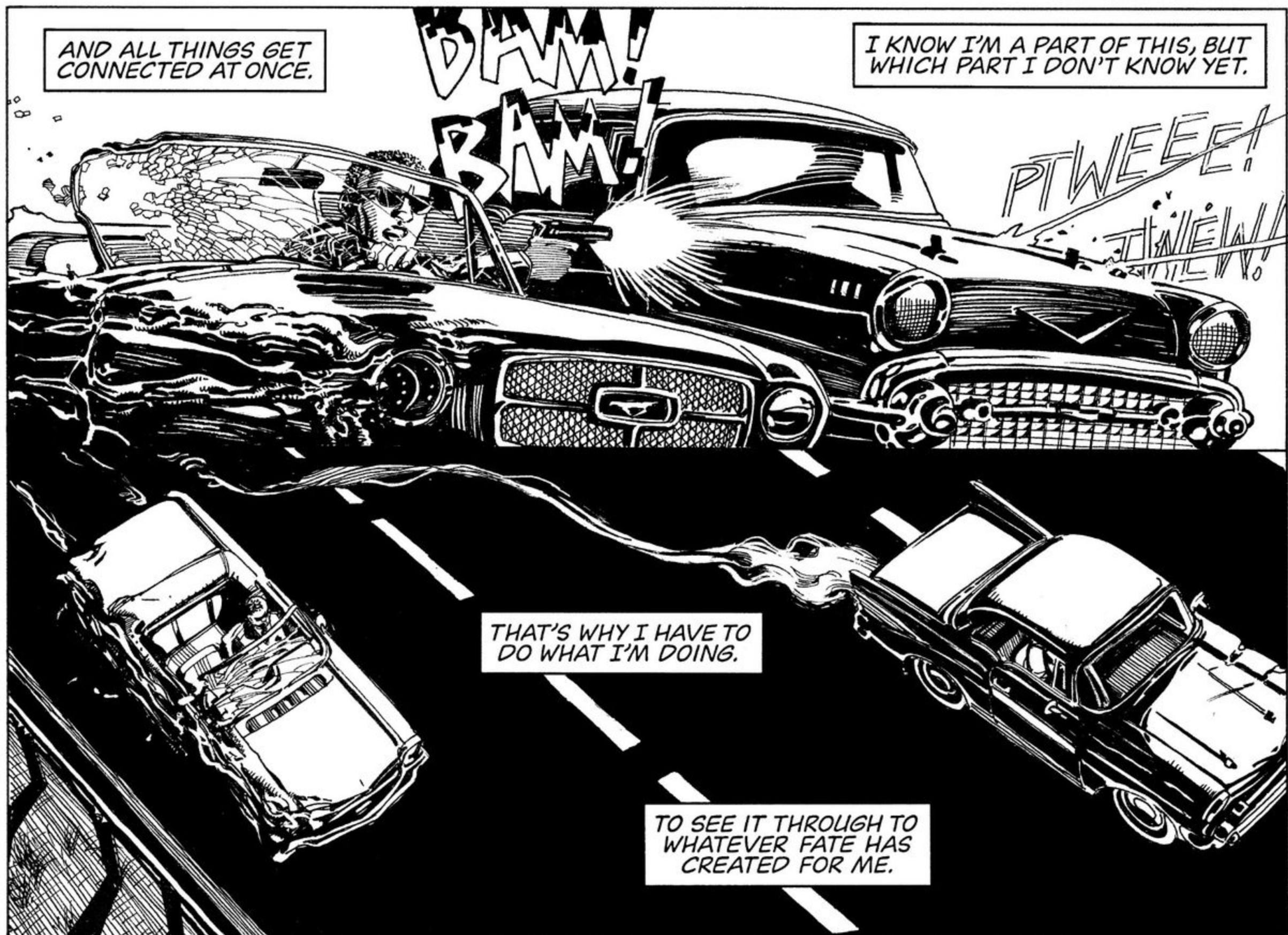


THIS ALL IS
DESTINY, BESS.

IT'S THE BIG WHEEL I WAS
TELLING YOU ABOUT.



WHEN EVERYTHING
COMES TOGETHER
AT ONE TIME,



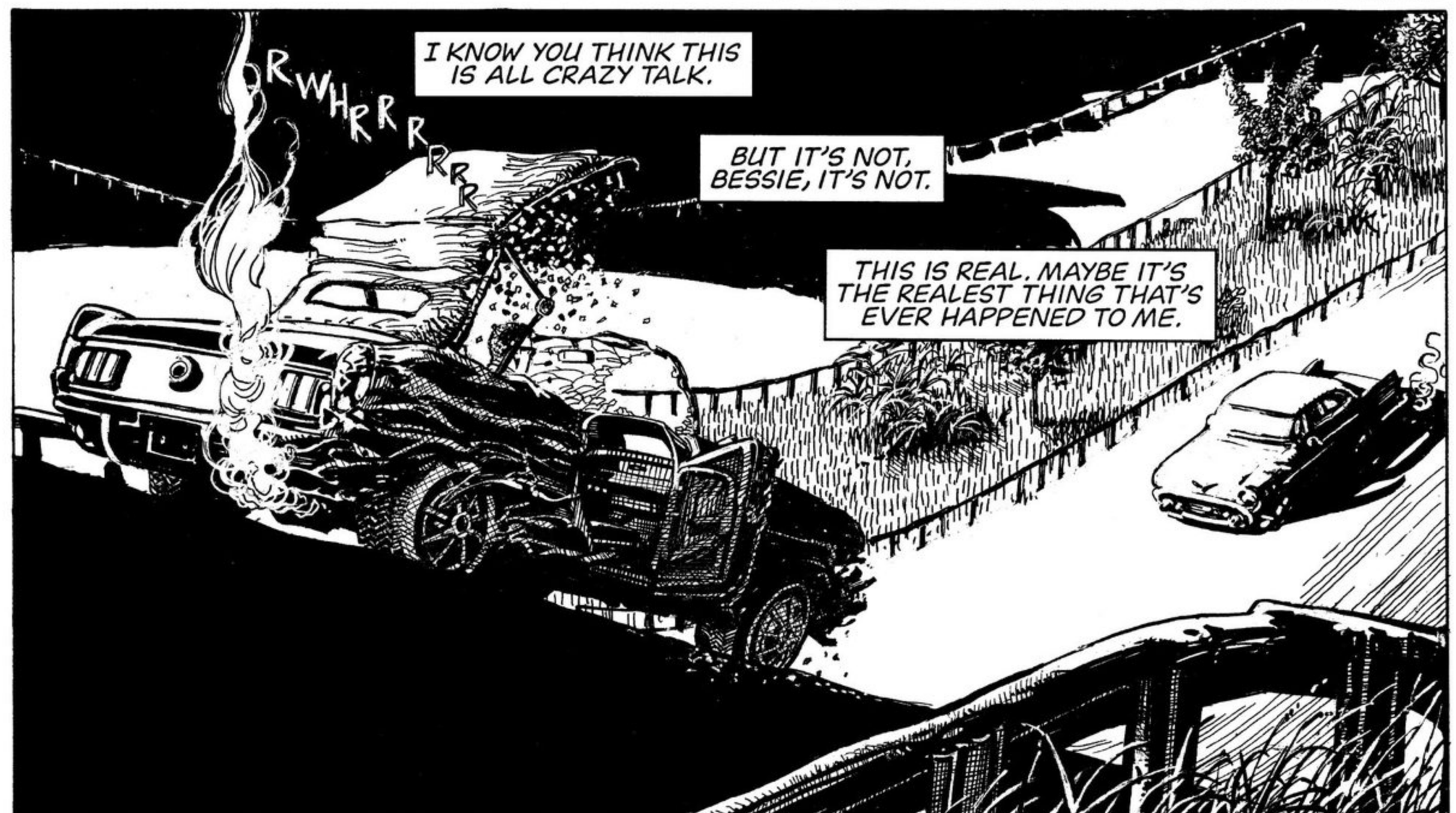
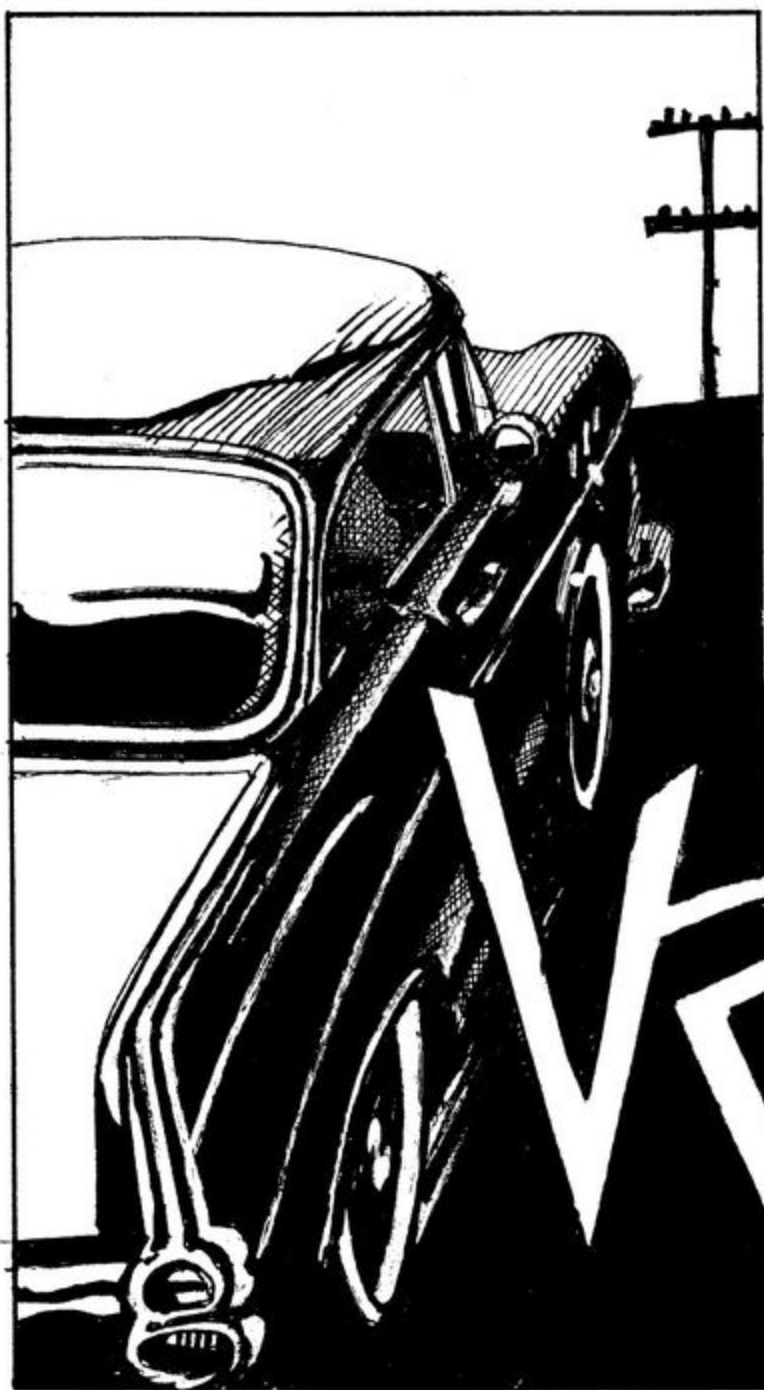
AND ALL THINGS GET
CONNECTED AT ONCE.

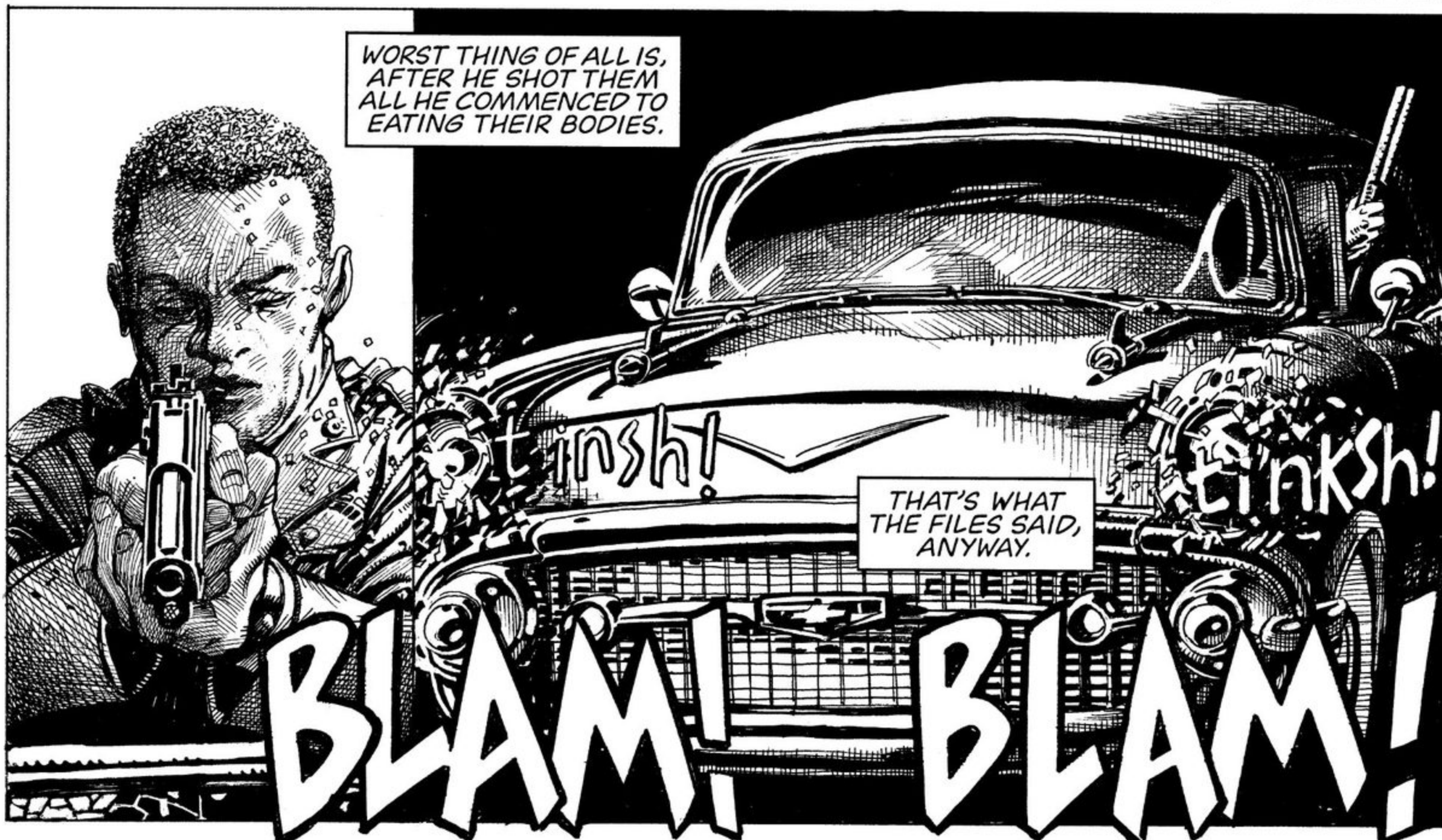
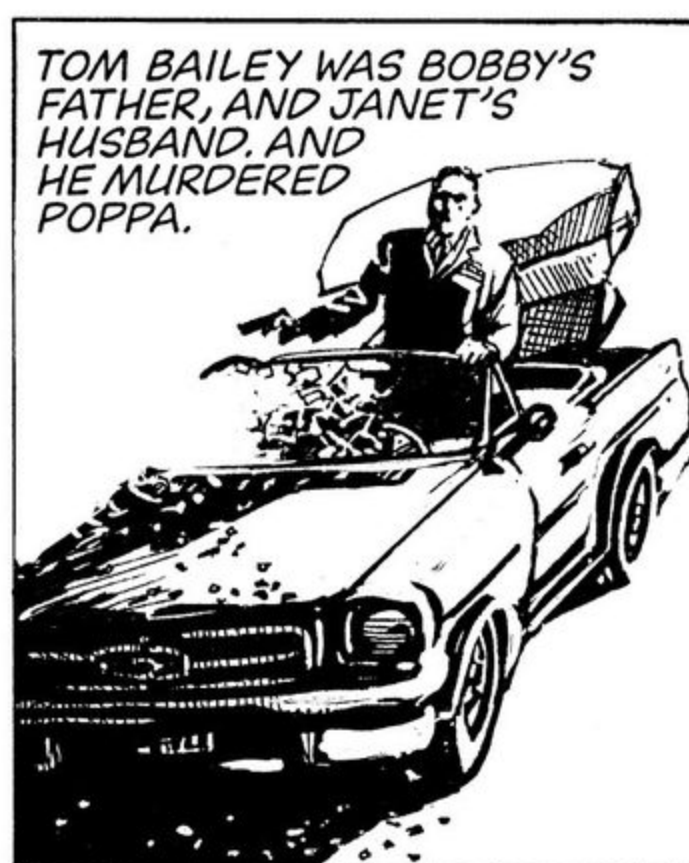
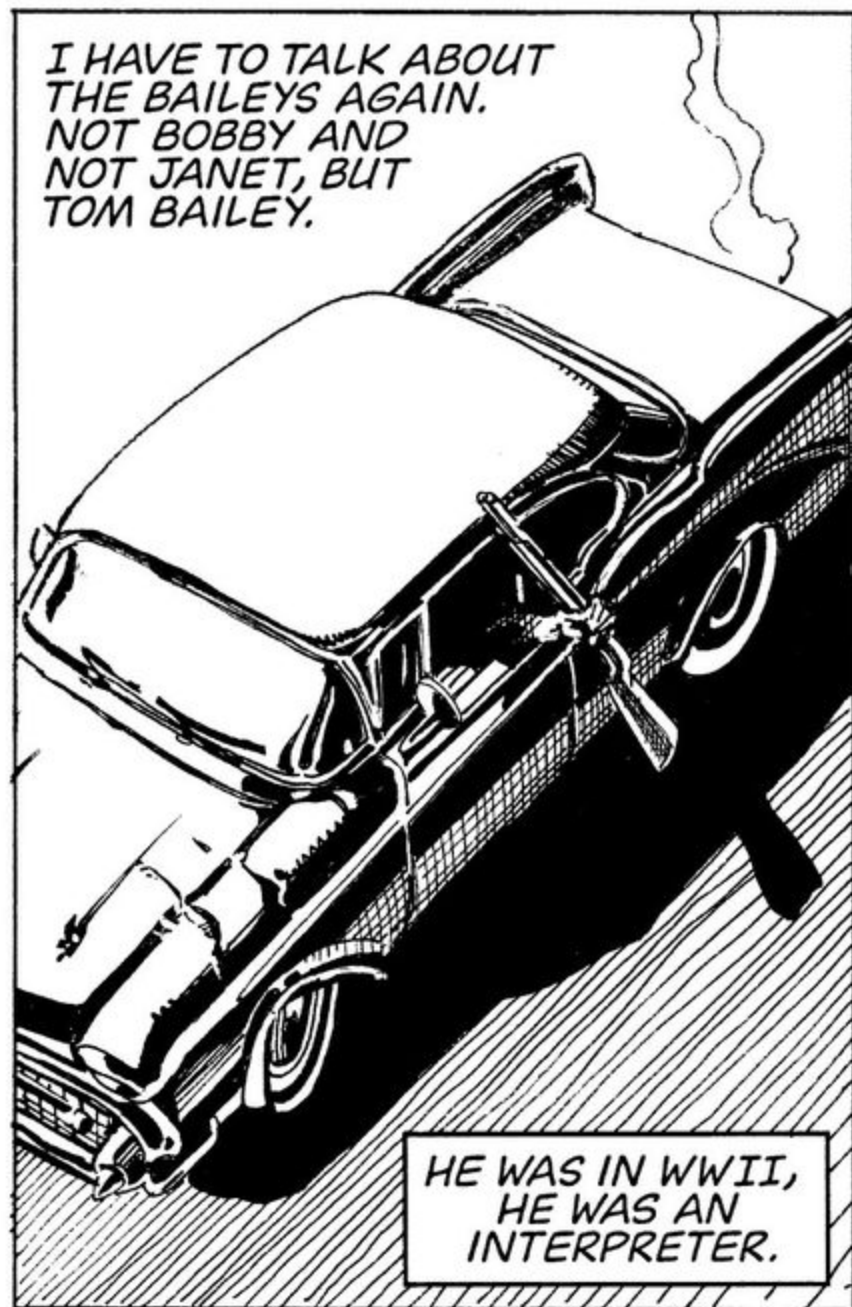
I KNOW I'M A PART OF THIS, BUT
WHICH PART I DON'T KNOW YET.

THAT'S WHY I HAVE TO
DO WHAT I'M DOING.

TO SEE IT THROUGH TO
WHATEVER FATE HAS
CREATED FOR ME.







HE WAS KEPT IN
DETENTION FOR A
COUPLE OF YEARS.
FOR ALL THE
GOOD THAT DID.



HE COMMITTED MURDER AND
CANNIBALIZED HIS VICTIMS,
AND WHAT DID THE ARMY DO
ABOUT THAT, BESS?

SKEEEEE!

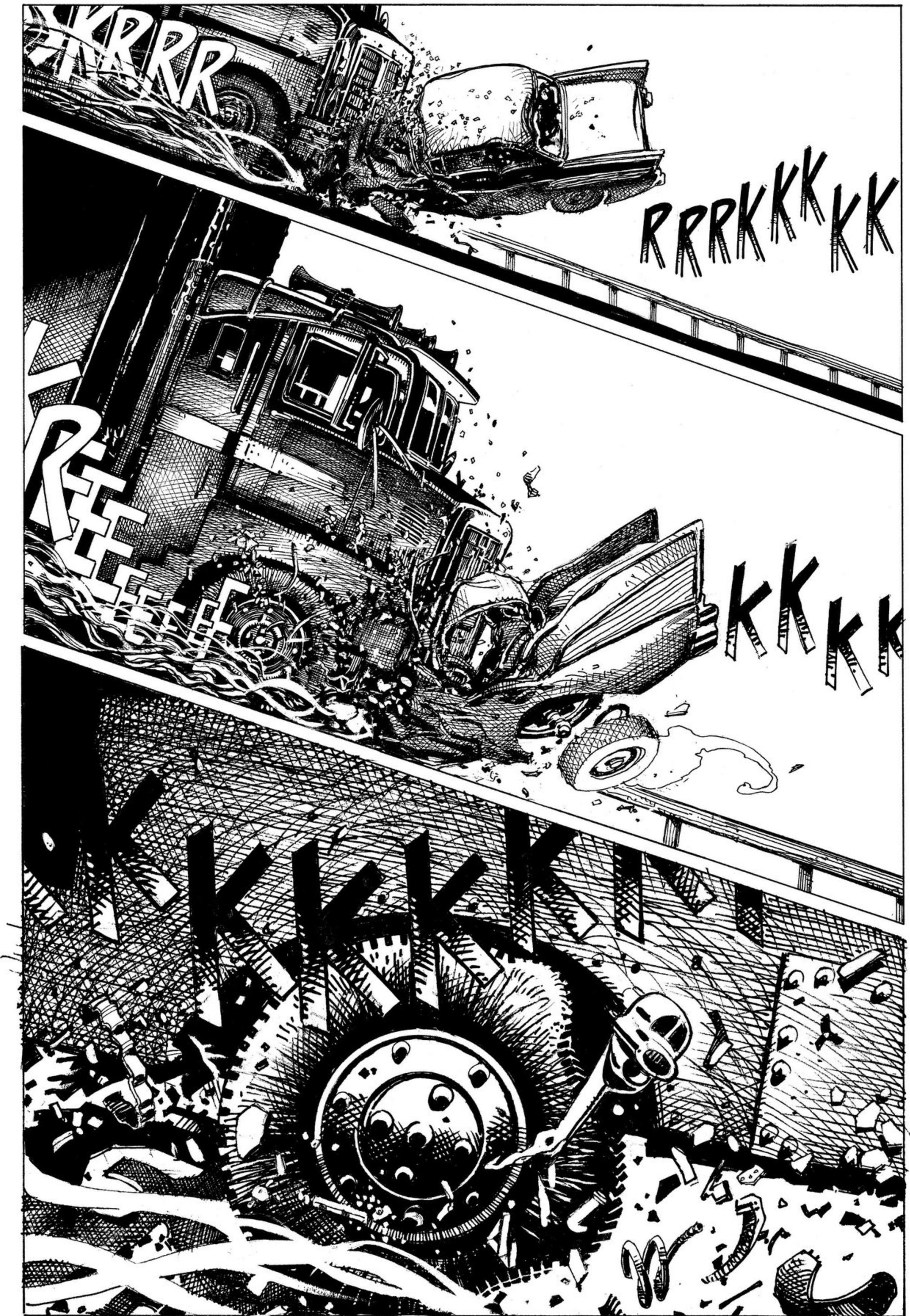
BUT THERE WERE NO
CHARGES BROUGHT
AGAINST HIM.

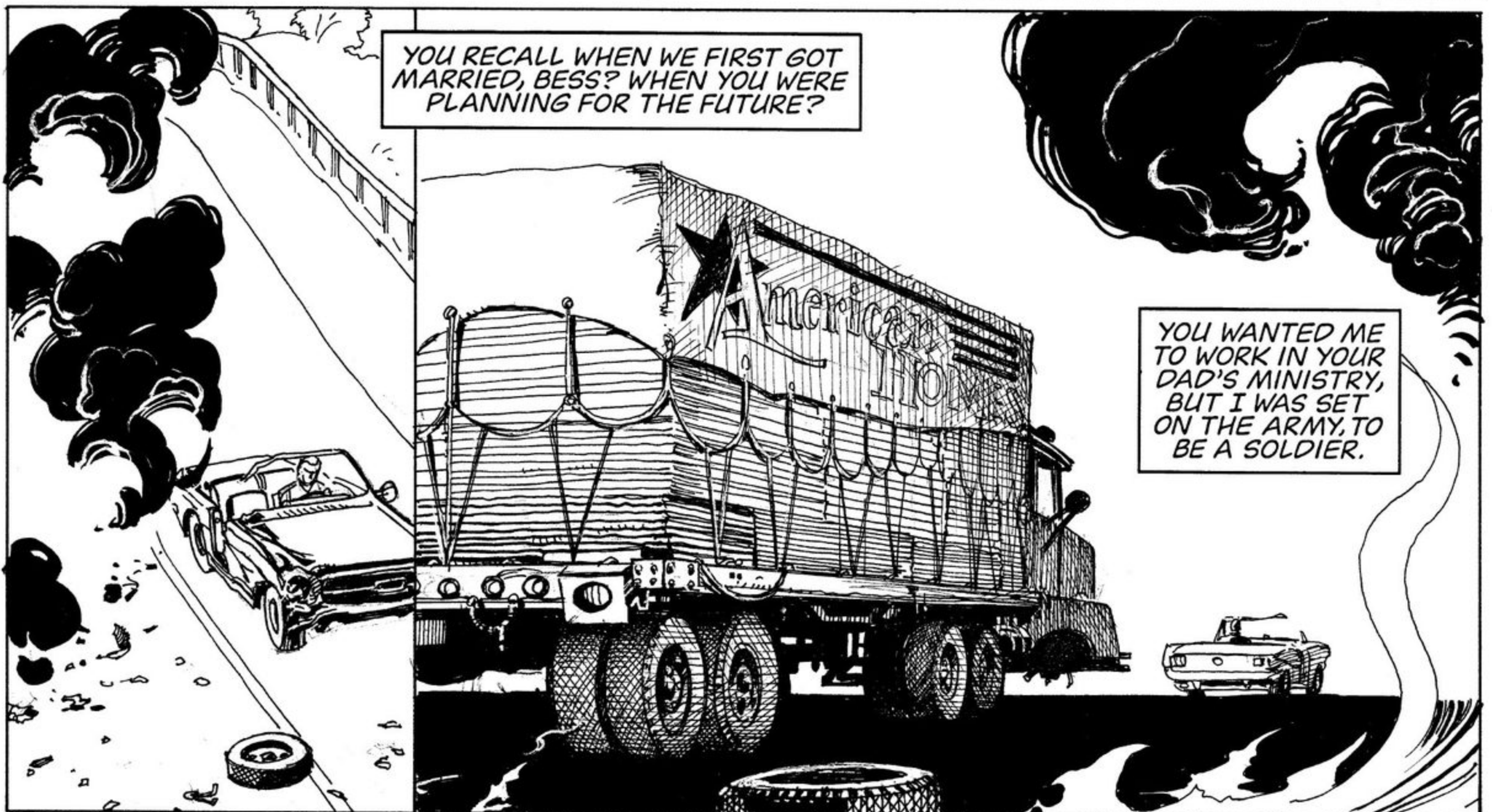
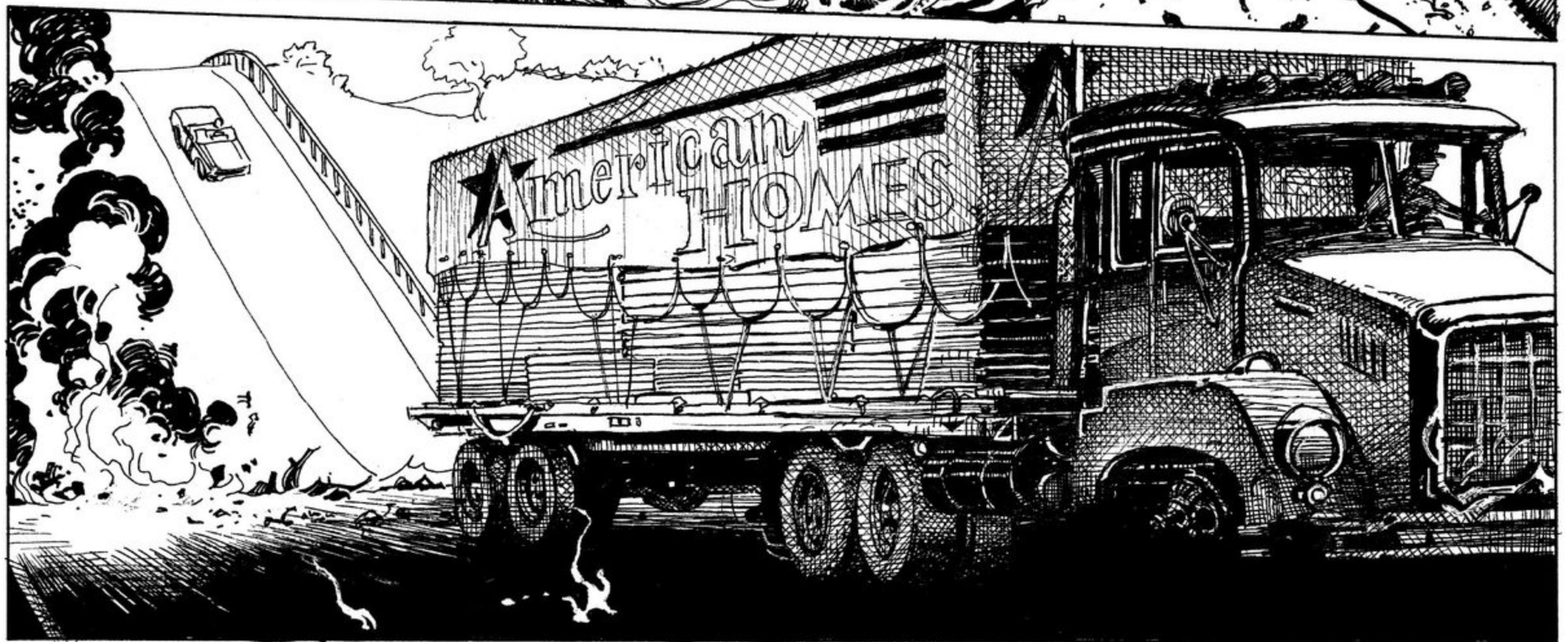
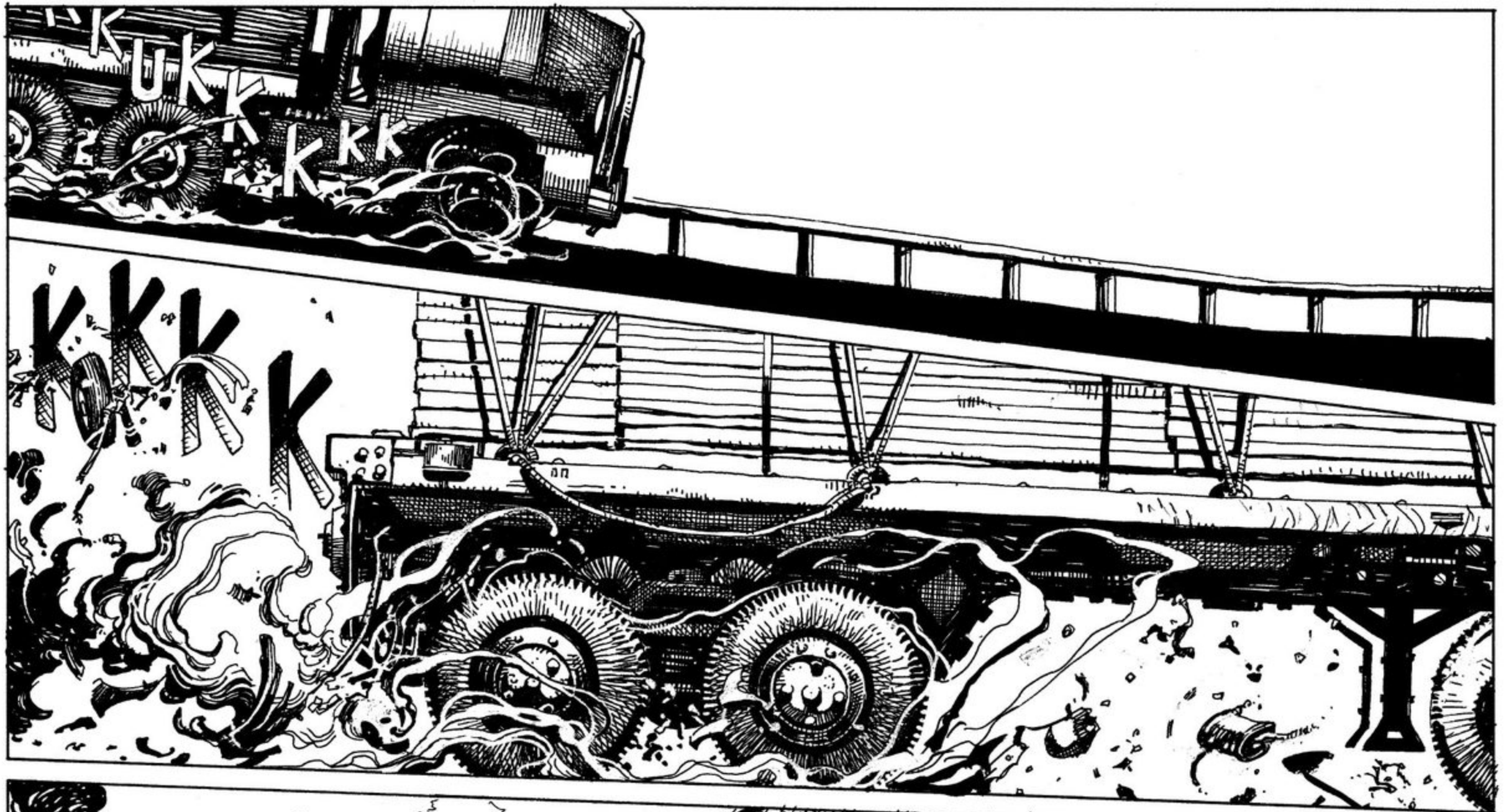
SKIH! SKEEEE



THEY SLAPPED A MEDAL
ON HIM AND SENT HIM
HOME LIKE NOTHING
EVER HAPPENED.









I SAID THE MILITARY WOULD
BE THE BEST WAY I COULD HELP
MAKE A CHANGE IN THE WORLD.

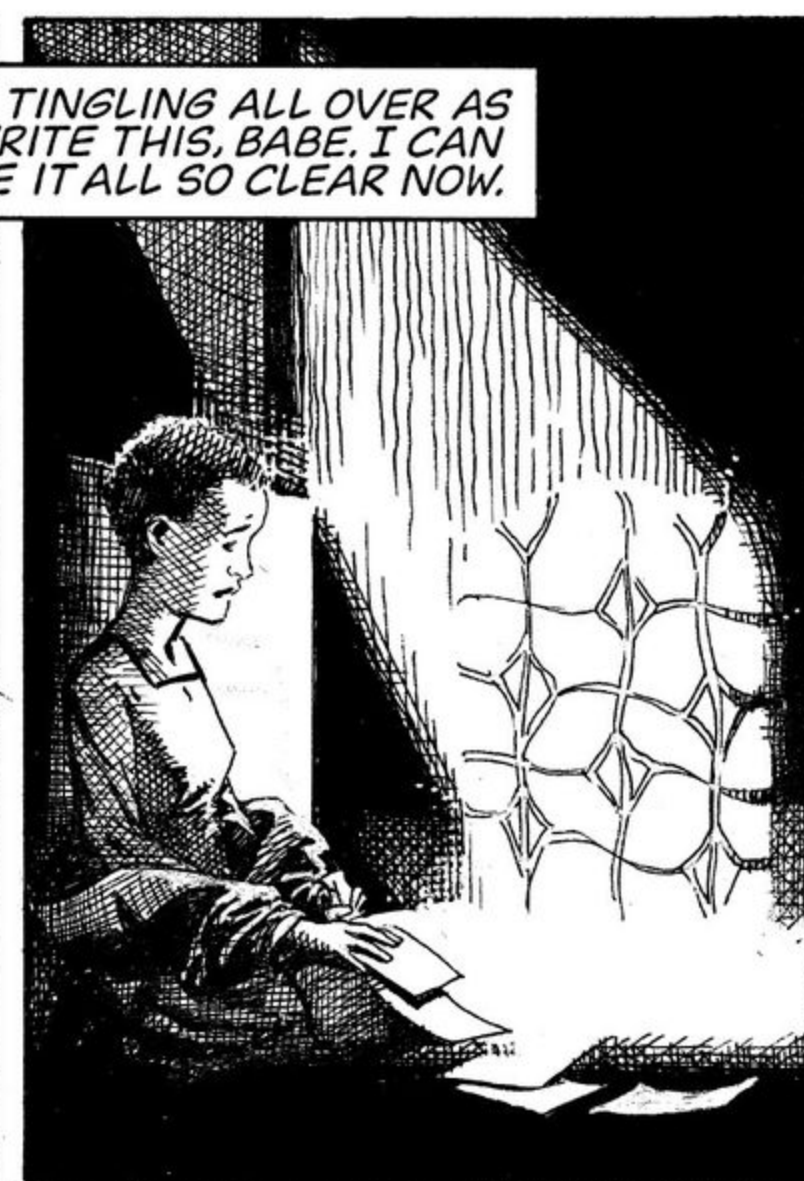
YOU REMEMBER
THAT, BESSIE?



WHAT I'M DOING RIGHT NOW
MUST HAVE BEEN WHAT I
MEANT BACK THEN.



I'M TINGLING ALL OVER AS
I WRITE THIS, BABE. I CAN
SEE IT ALL SO CLEAR NOW.



IT ALL MAKES
SENSE BECAUSE
EVERYTHING
THAT'S HAPPENED
WAS SUPPOSED
TO HAPPEN.

EVEN THE LITTLE
THINGS, TOO.

I KNOW YOU
HAVE TROUBLE WITH
THAT, BESS. I KNOW
YOU BELIEVE IN GOD
AND THE FLOATING
ANGELS AND ALL.

BUT IF YOU COULD OPEN
YOURSELF UP, YOU'D SEE
ALL THE HIDDEN REALITIES
THAT ARE SO AMAZING
RIGHT HERE ON EARTH,
NOT JUST IN HEAVEN.

Fort Sherman November 26, 2:30 PM

THAT'S IT I GUESS, BABE, SO I RECKON I'LL
QUIT THIS WRITING. I'M TIRED ANYWAY.



SOON YOU AND THE KIDS WILL BE COMING
DOWNSTAIRS AND CLATTERING ABOUT IN
THE KITCHEN TO MAKE BREAKFAST.



I'M NOT WANTING TO TEST YOU HERE, BESS, BUT I HOPE YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME WITH ALL THE KINDNESS IN YOUR HEART. I BEEN HOPING I PASSED THE SECOND SIGHT ON TO MAYBE ONE OF THE KIDS.



BUT I DON'T KNOW FOR SURE, AND I NEED TO ASK YOUR HELP WITH LEE AND NINA JUST IN CASE.



HAVING THE SIGHT CAN BE DIFFICULT WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG. IT WAS FOR ME.



IT CAN MAKE YOU NOT TRUST YOUR REGULAR SENSES.



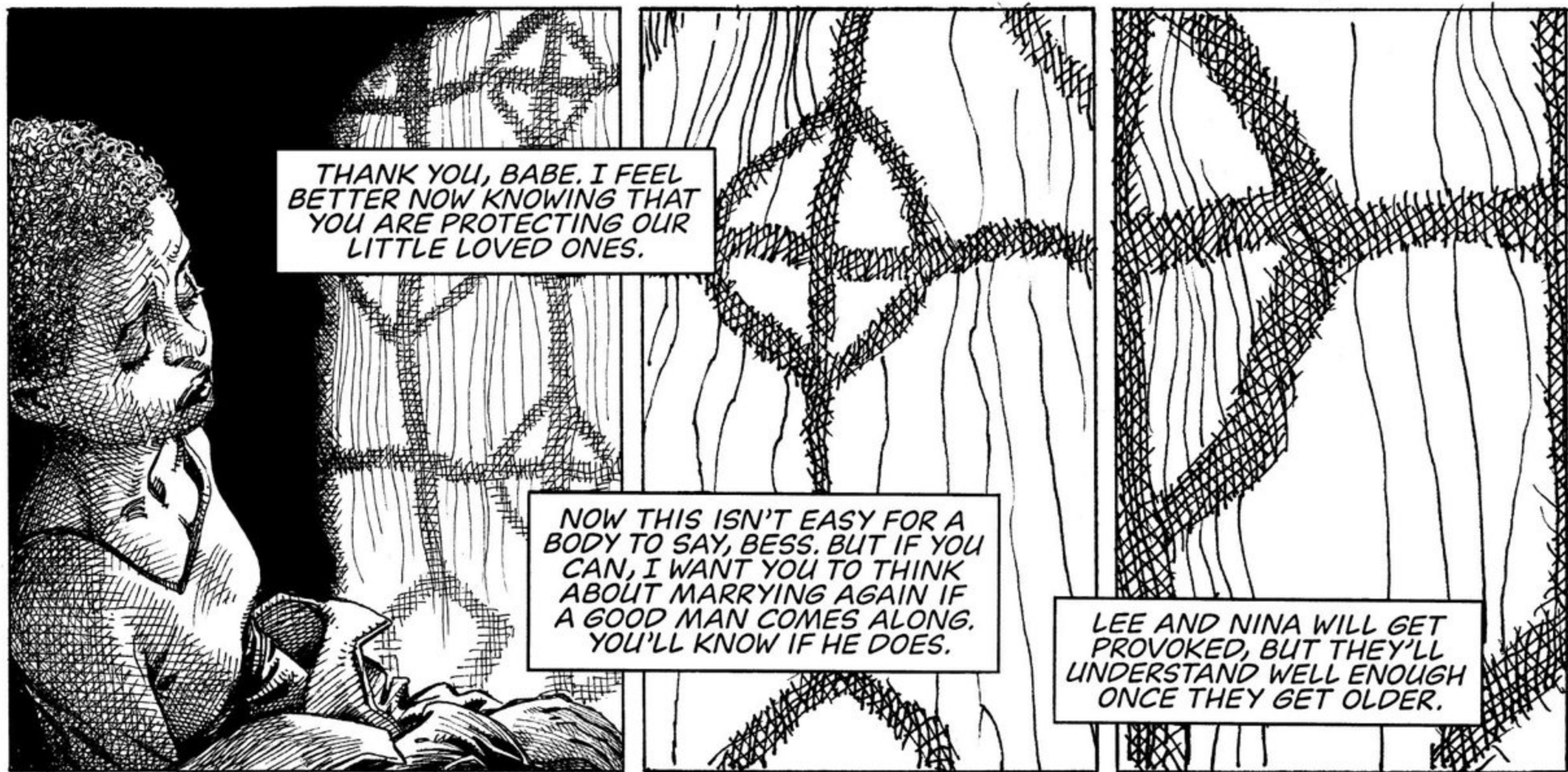
YOU START TO THINK DIFFERENT AND KNOW THINGS OTHERS DON'T. IT'S CONFUSING IF YOU GOT NO ONE TO TALK ABOUT IT.



I HAD GRANMA WHEN I WAS SMALL. BUT NOW LEE OR NINA WILL BE LOOKING TO YOU FOR HELP. I'M ASKING YOU PLEASE GIVE ALL YOUR LOVE AND SUPPORT IF ONE OF THEM SHOWS THEY GOT THE SIGHT.



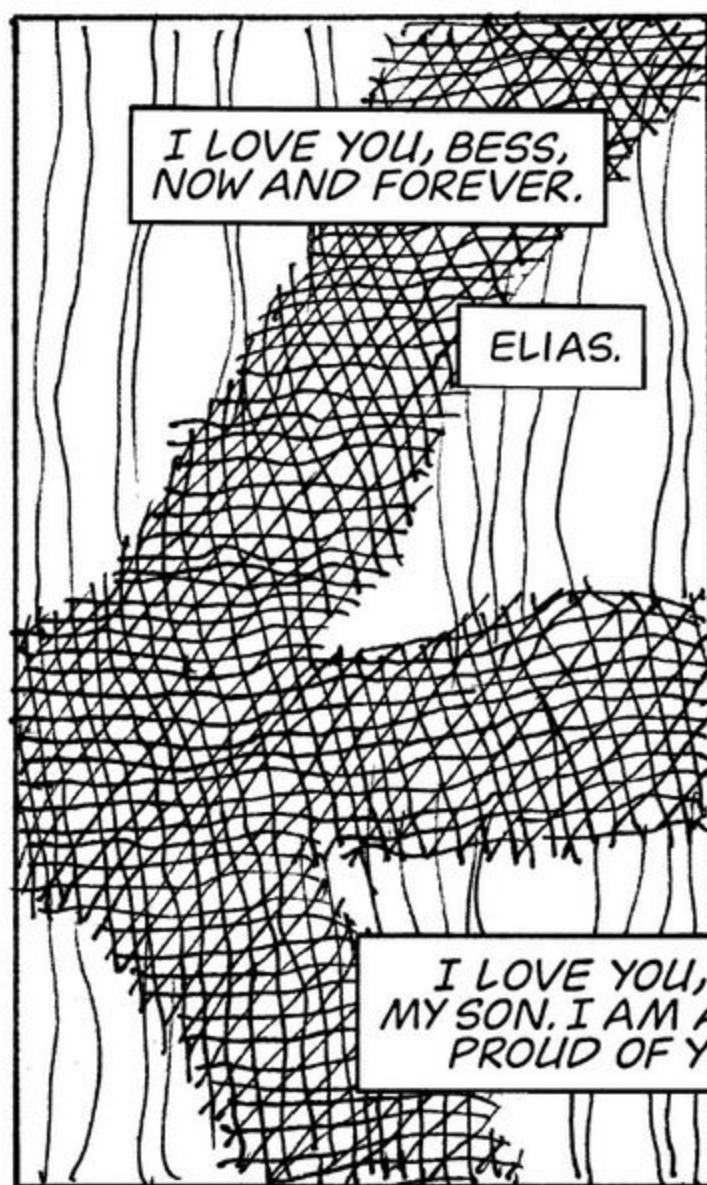
THEY'LL MAYBE NEED YOU BECAUSE INSIDE ONE OF OUR CHILDREN MIGHT BE AN OLD SOUL, MAYBE WITH TALENTS ME AND GRANMA COULDN'T HAVE EVEN GUESSED AT.



THANK YOU, BABE. I FEEL BETTER NOW KNOWING THAT YOU ARE PROTECTING OUR LITTLE LOVED ONES.

NOW THIS ISN'T EASY FOR A BODY TO SAY, BESS. BUT IF YOU CAN, I WANT YOU TO THINK ABOUT MARRYING AGAIN IF A GOOD MAN COMES ALONG. YOU'LL KNOW IF HE DOES.

LEE AND NINA WILL GET PROVOKED, BUT THEY'LL UNDERSTAND WELL ENOUGH ONCE THEY GET OLDER.



I LOVE YOU, BESS, NOW AND FOREVER.

ELIAS.

I LOVE YOU, LEE, MY SON. I AM ALWAYS PROUD OF YOU.



STAY ON THE RIGHT. LOT SEVEN, BUILDING FOUR.

THANKS.



I LOVE YOU, NINA, HONEYSWEET. YOU ARE MY EVERYTHING.

DADDY.



NO ADMITTANCE

PHIO

ROJEC



GOOD EVENING SERGEANT, HAPPY THANKSGIVING--

CAN I SEE YOUR PASS PLEASE?

Uh, DAMN--

ALL PERS
① HALT
② PROD
③ SHOW

I MUST'VE LEFT IT BACK AT THE HOUSE.





WELL, I GUESS IT WAS

ACRID?

Uh...
YEAH.

A SICKENING, EYE
BLISTERING STENCH
OF ROTTED FLESH IN
A FESTERING PUS?

YOU COULD
SAY THAT.



A NAUSEATING STENCH SO
FOUL AND FETID AS IF IT WERE
THE DEVIL'S OWN EXCREMENT
HAD CRAWLED UP FROM THE
BOWELS OF HELL ITSELF--



VOMITING AND
DIARRHEA FOR
DAYS ON END--



UNTIL YOUR INTEST-
INES SQUIRT OUT OF
YOUR BLOODED
ANUS?

PERHAPS.



COME, COME, MAJOR
ROTH. DID YOU NOT AT
LEAST SHIT IN YOUR
TROUSERS?

YES, COLONEL,
NOW THAT YOU
MENTION IT.

MENTION
WHAT?

I DID SHIT
JUST LIKE
THAT, SIR.



OH, BOTH ENDS ALL WEEK,
THANKS FOR ASKING, SIR.

EXCELLENT!
AND YOU,
MR. LUCAS?

ANY UN-
FORTUNATE
DISCHARGES TO
REPORT?



I'M GLAD THAT
PROMETHEUS IS
THRIVING!

IF YOU'LL
FOLLOW ME,
COLONEL.



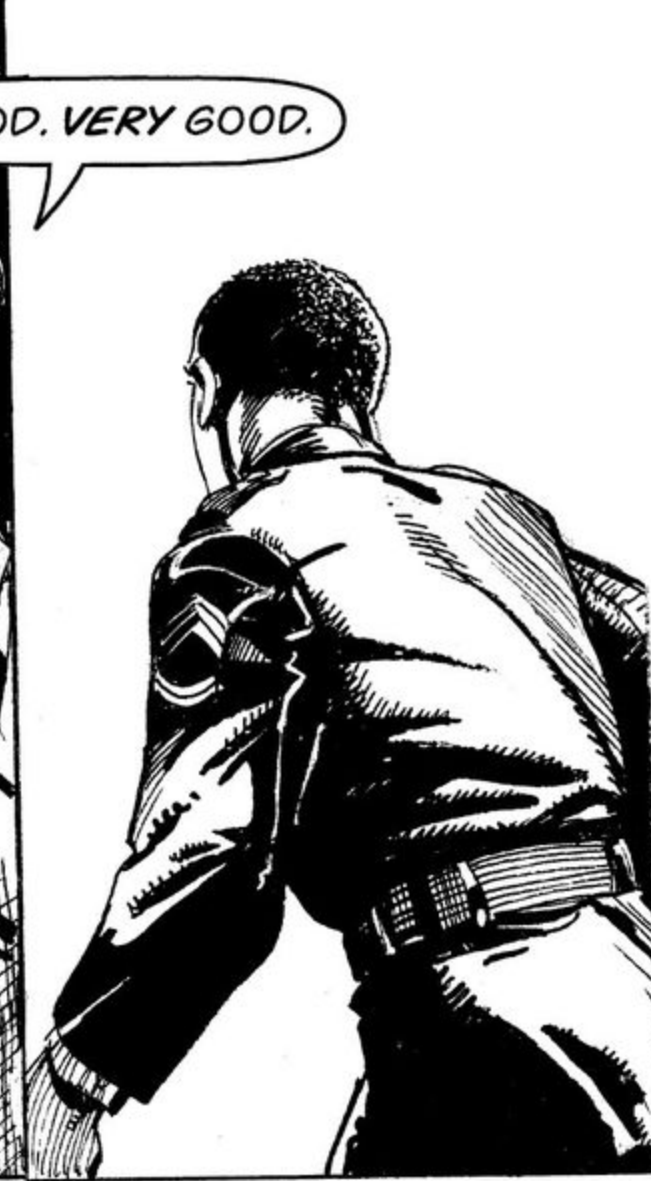
ROTH, TELL ME ABOUT THE BLACK--
WHAT WAS HIS NAME--? MCFARLAND?



TAKEN CARE
OF, COLONEL.



GOOD. VERY GOOD.







HAHAHA TAAAAHAHA

he he
heh-

Oh, MY GOD--

SPIVEY, YOU
STUPID--

FUCKING
LUNATIC!

MAJOR
ROTH--

WHAT AM I
LOOKING AT--

I--I--

WHAT IS THAT
FOOL LAUGH-
ING AT?

I--I--

AND WHAT IS
THAT GROTESQUE-
LOOKING
CREATURE?

EXCUSE
ME A MINUTE,
COLONEL.







S'HEAR
IT FOR--

THE
ONE-EYED
WONDER--

THE
ONE--

THE
ONLY--
MISTER--

"BIG"
BOBBY
BAILEY!

ohh--!

BOBBY
BAILEY

BOBBY
BAILEY

YAAAY!

BOBBY
BAILEY

BOBBY
BAILEY

BOBBY
BAILEY



YOU
SON OF A
BITCH!

HEY!

ROTH--!
IS EVERYBODY
GOING MAD?!

AOW!

YOU--! WHAT
THE HELL IS GOING
ON HERE?!



I AM NOT LAUGH-
ING-- LAUGH AT
WHAT, DAMMIT?!

SPIVEY SAID
WE'D ALL GET
A LAUGH.



THAT'S PROJECT
PROMETHEUS--

HIM,
SIR--

BOBBY
BAILEY!



WHAT?!

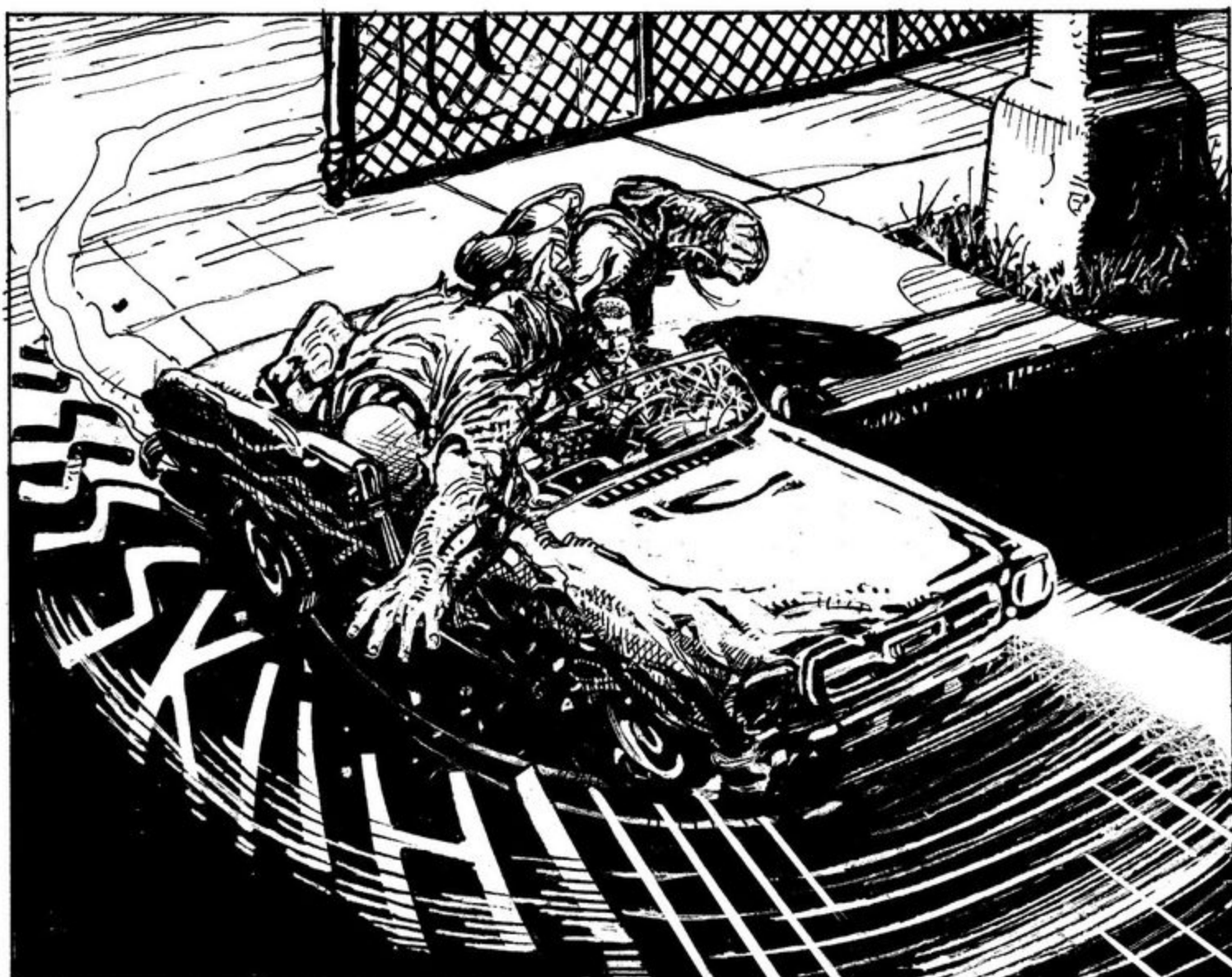
THAT'S WHAT
WE ENDED
UP WITH--

BUT IT'S
NOT HARRY'S
FAULT--

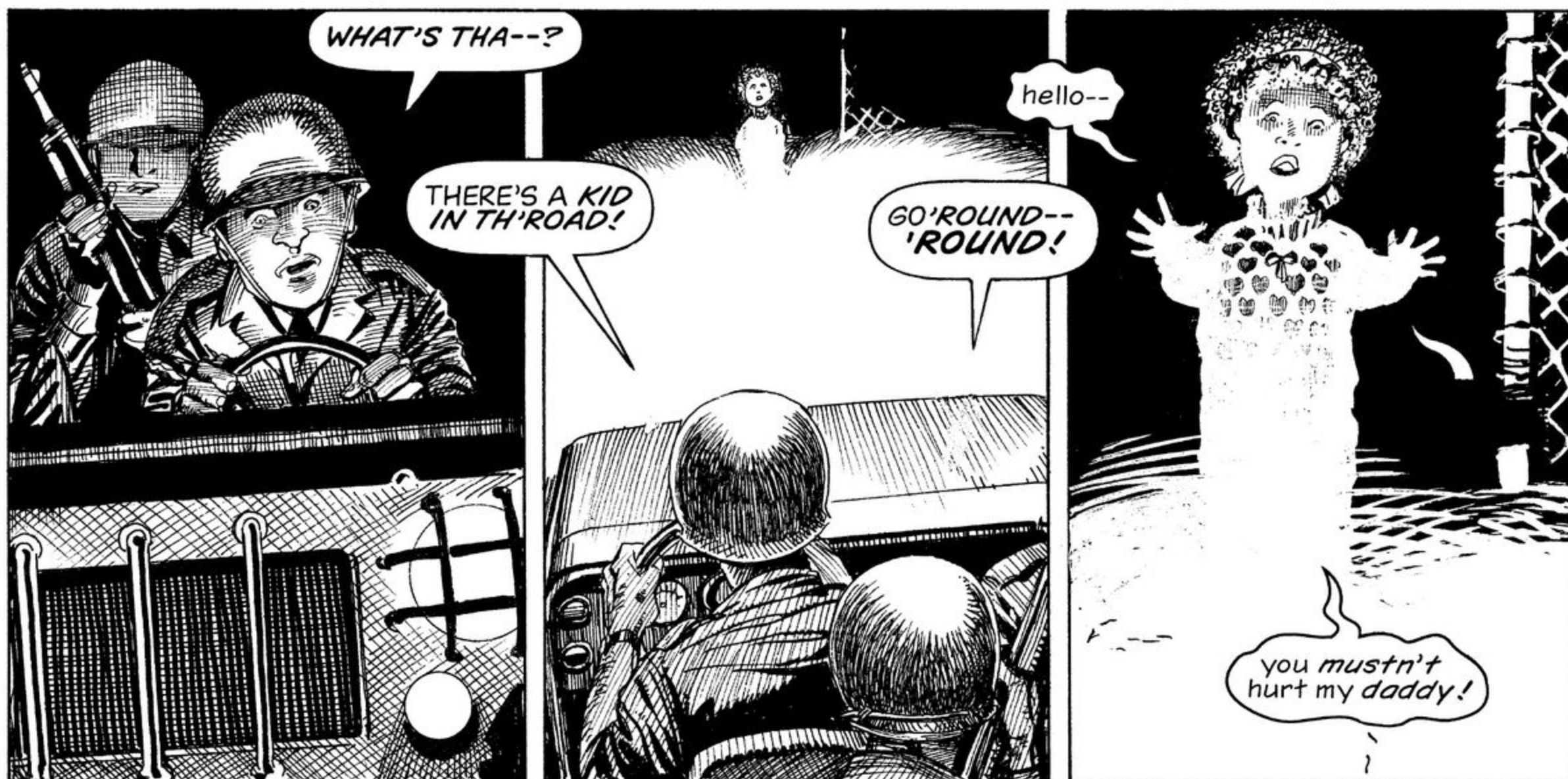
HARRY DID EVERY-
THING PROPER AND
BY THE BOOK.













I WON'T ASK YOU TO FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED--

AND I CAN'T PRETEND THAT I HAD NO CHOICE EITHER--

BUT AS CRAZY AS IT'S GONNA SOUND--

YOU AN' ME ARE CONNECTED TOGETHER--



YUNNER-STAN?

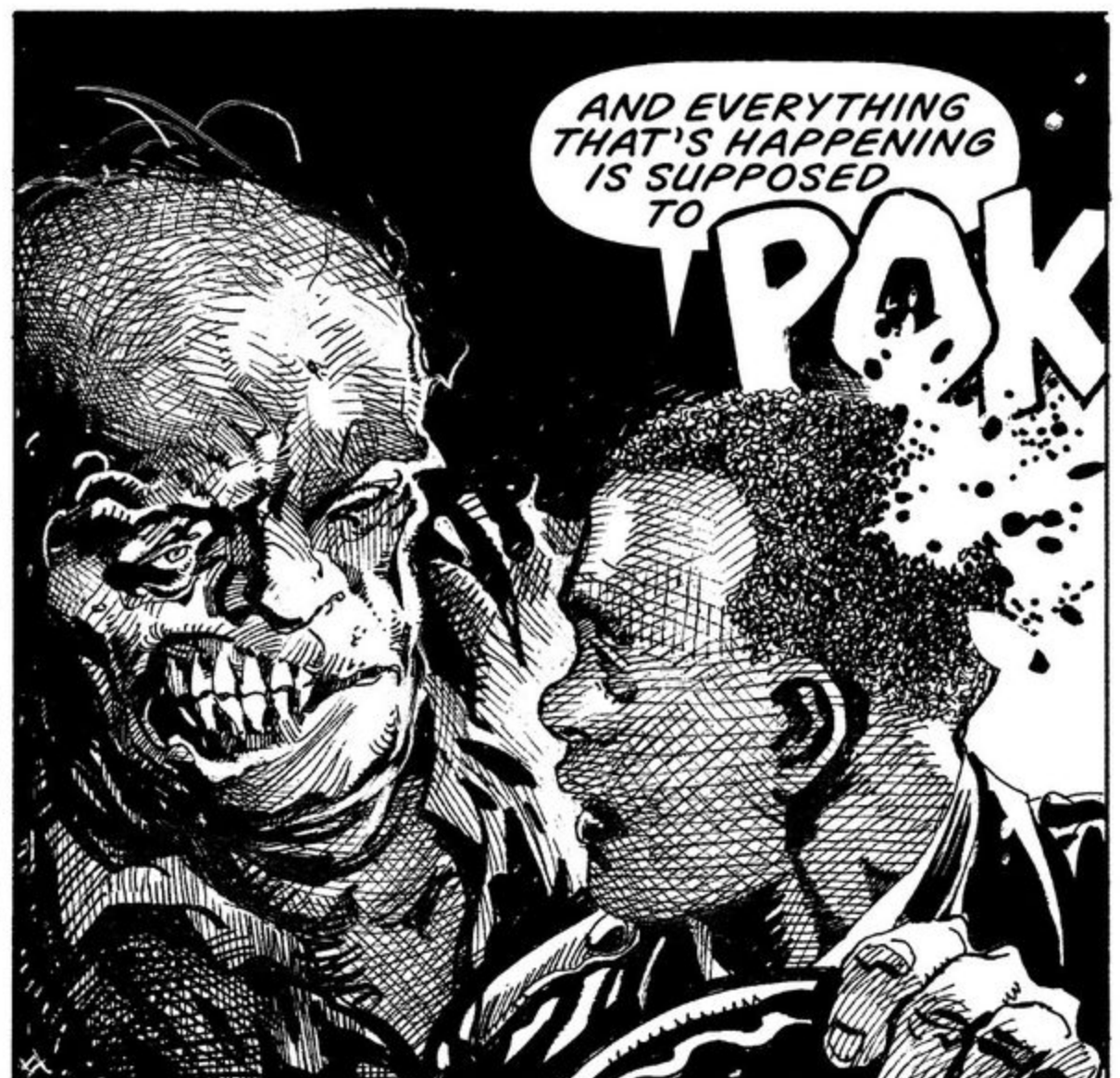
I MEAN THERE'S SOME PURPOSE IN ALL THIS!



GUNNER-- GET THAT DRIVER!

BEG Y' PARDON, SIR, BUT THAT MAN THERE'S ON A SPIRITUAL MISSION!

DON'T QUESTION MY ORDERS, SHOOT THAT NIGGER!



AND EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENING IS SUPPOSED TO

POK



daddy!



daddyyy!



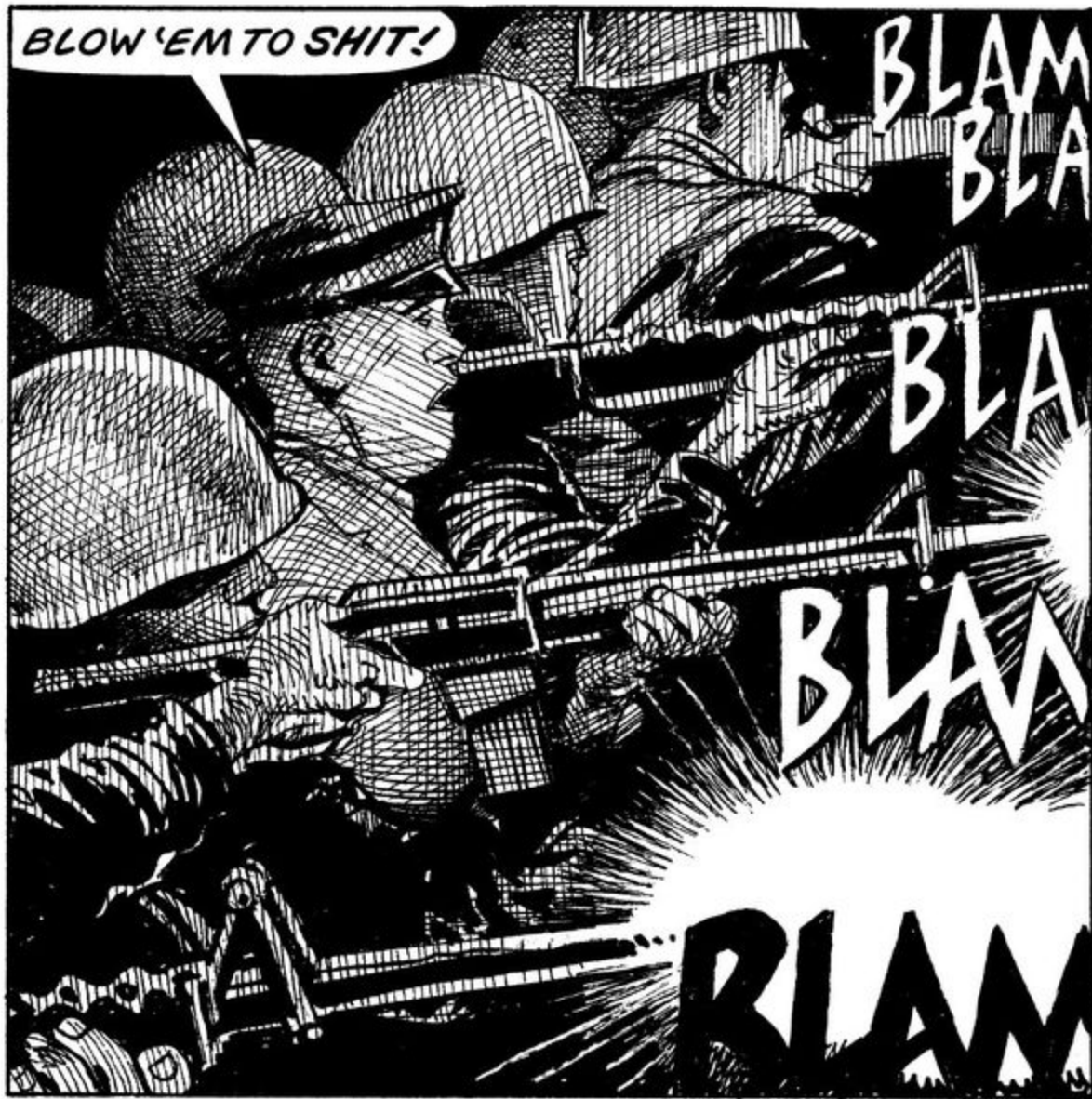
daddyyy!

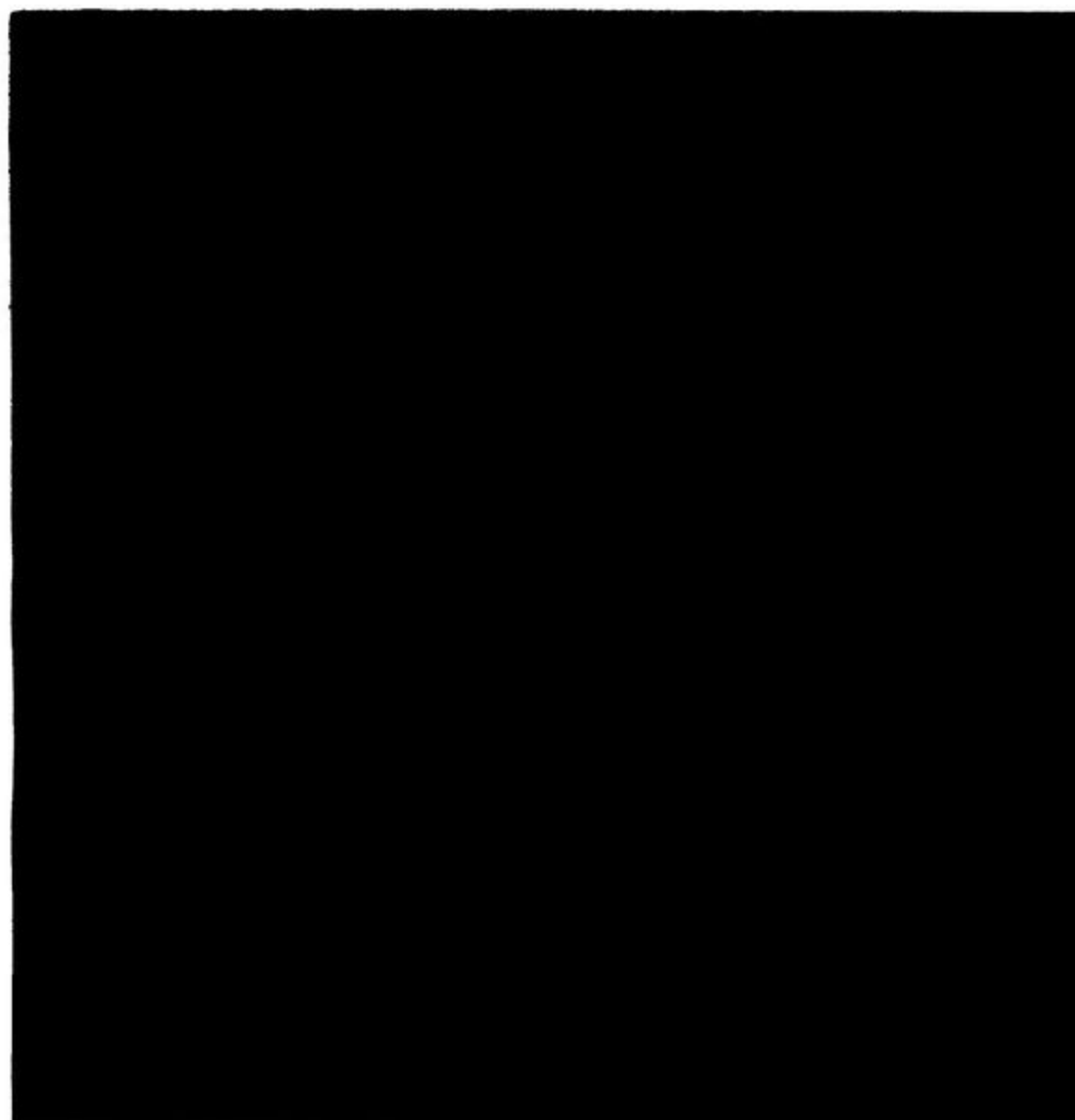




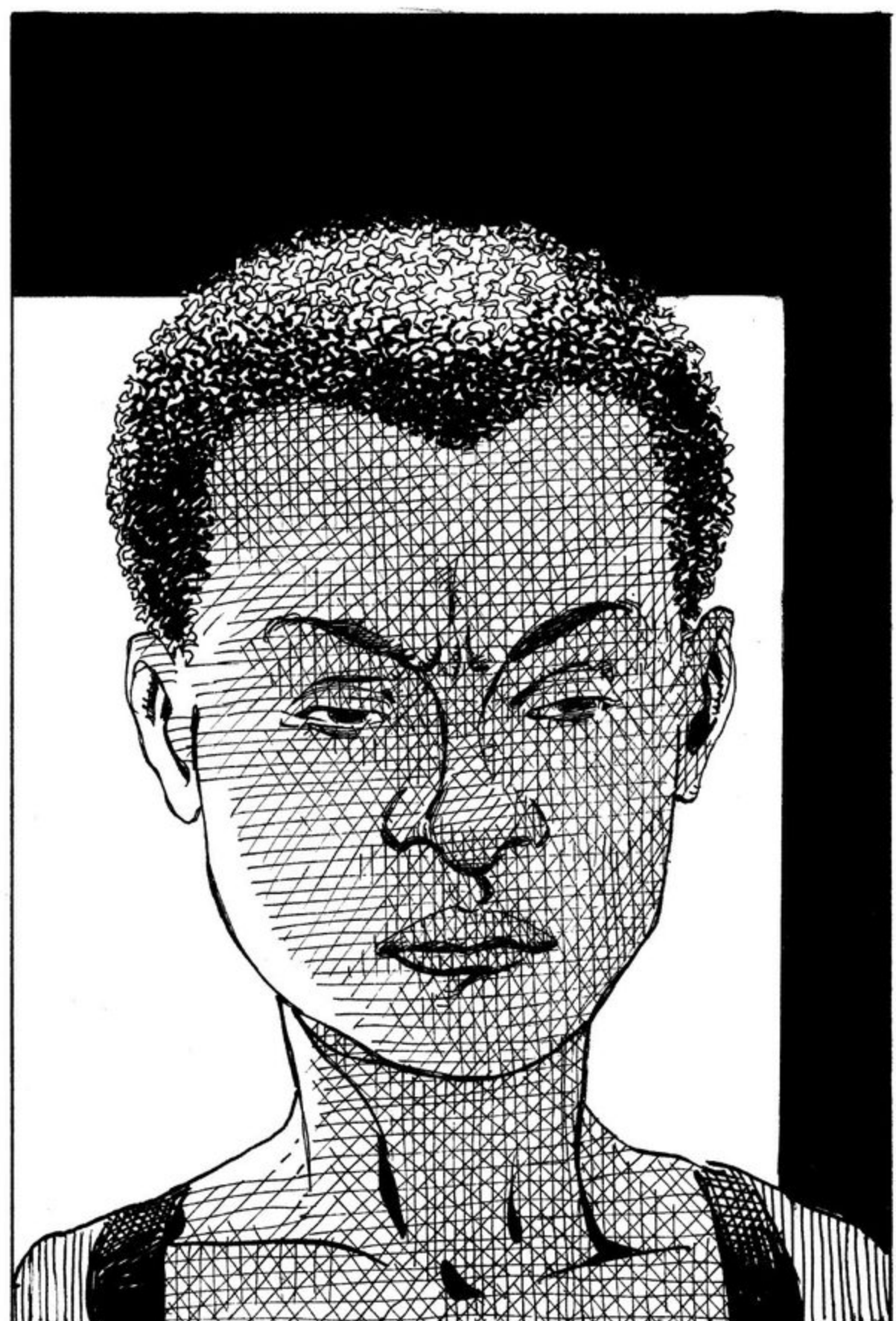




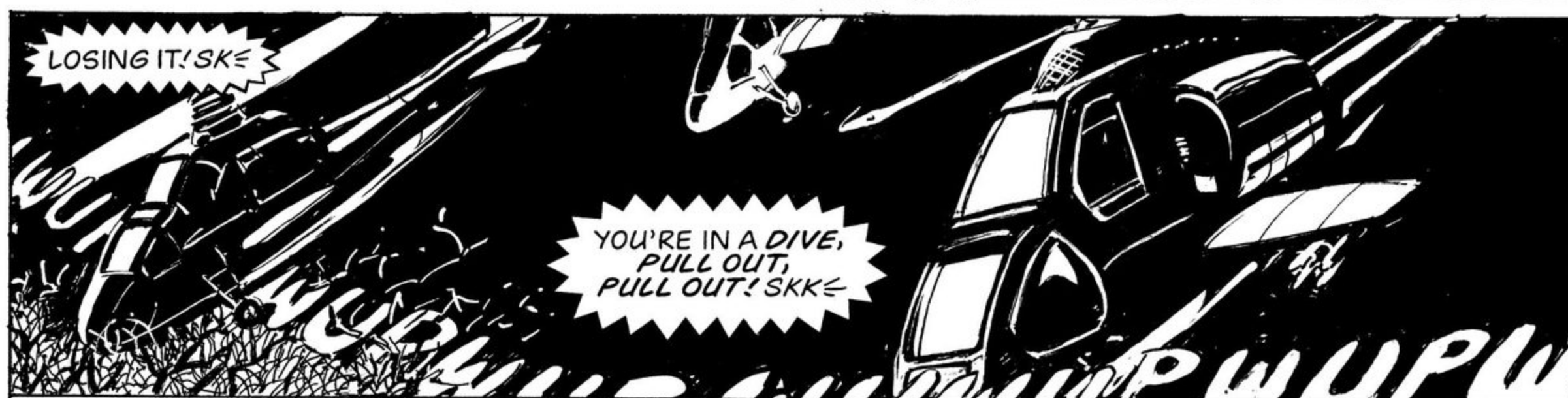
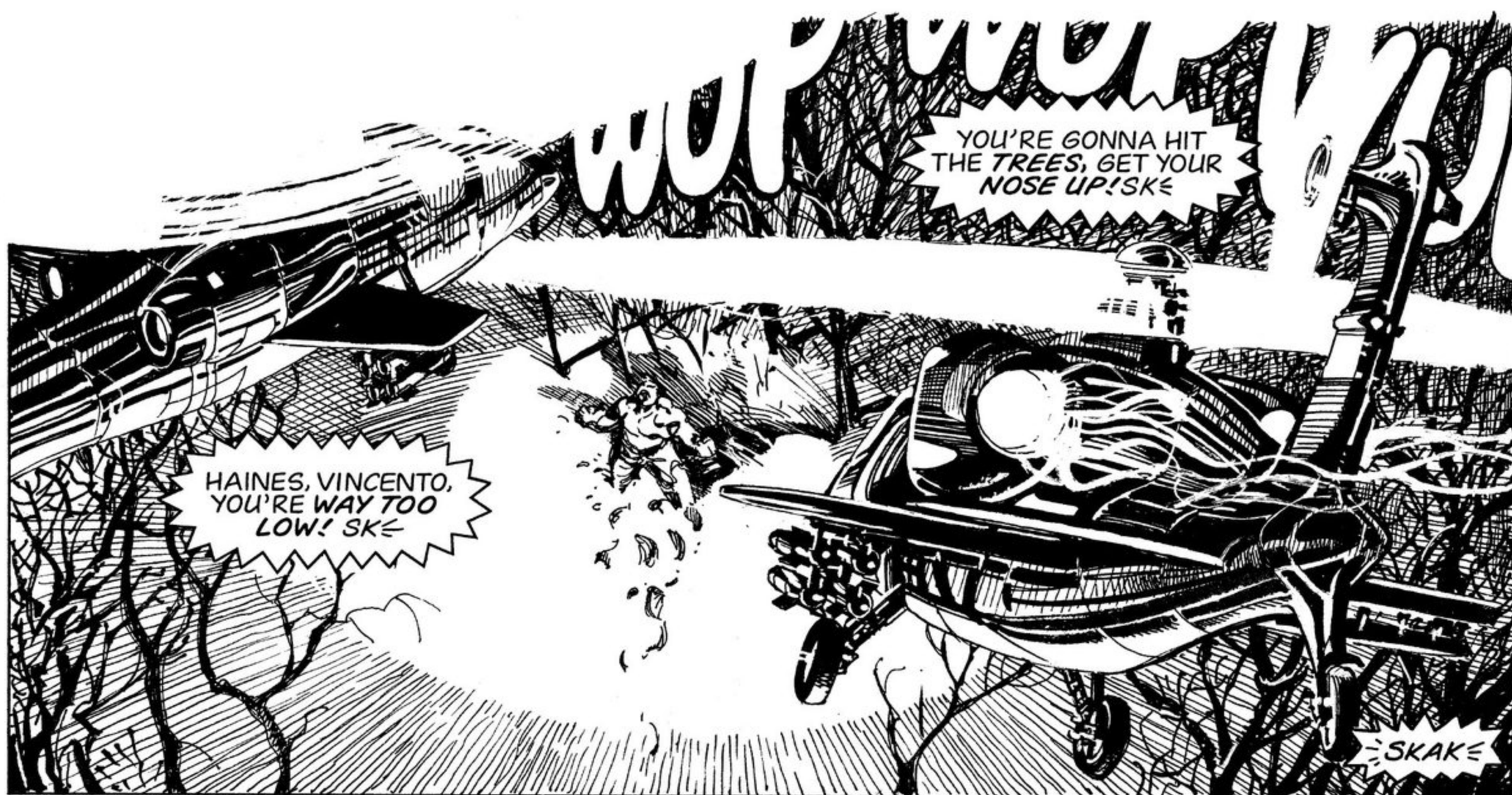


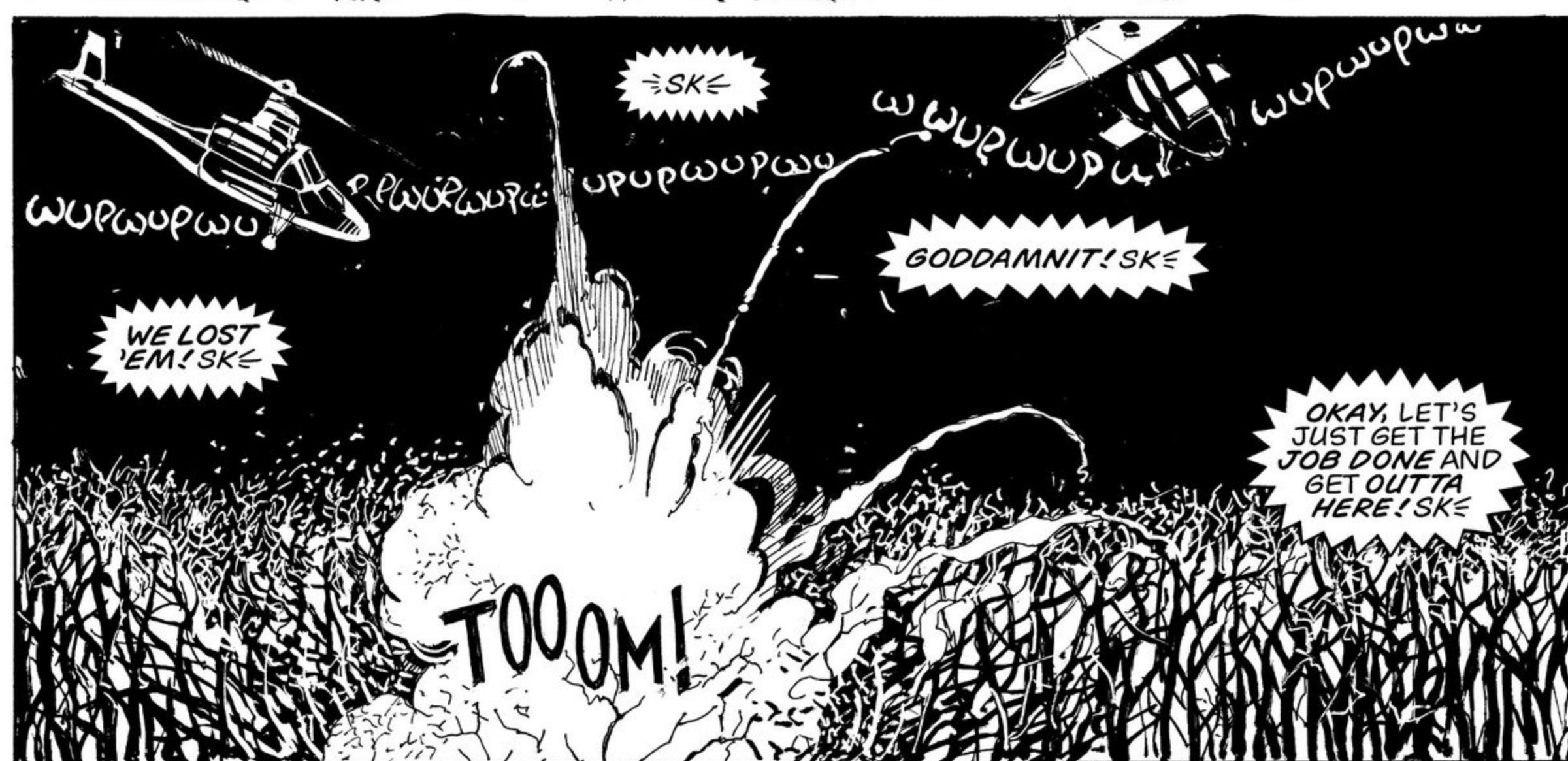






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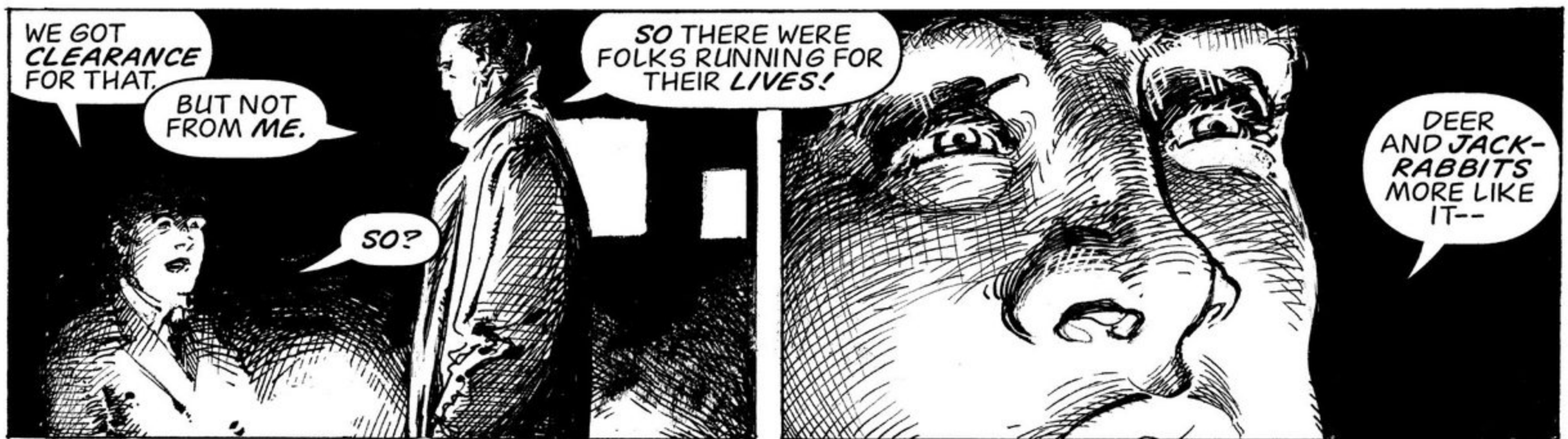


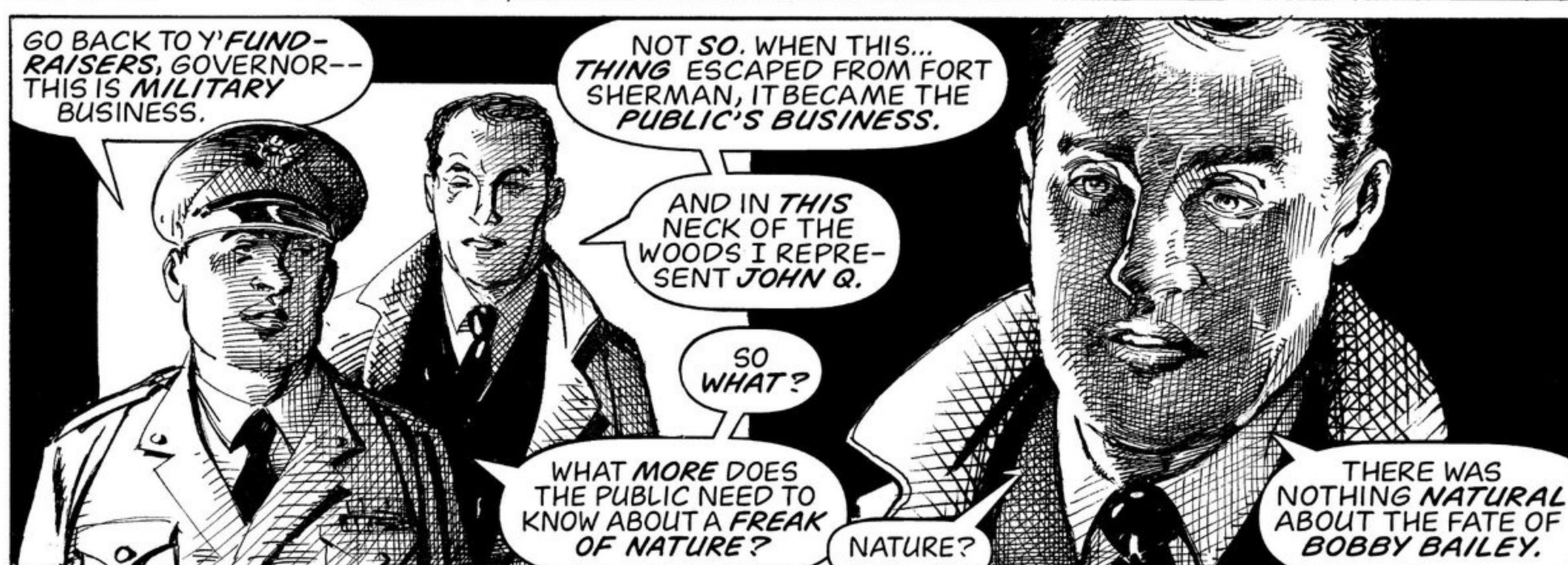
RECKON THAT'LL
DO IT SK€



Outskirts of Providence Hills



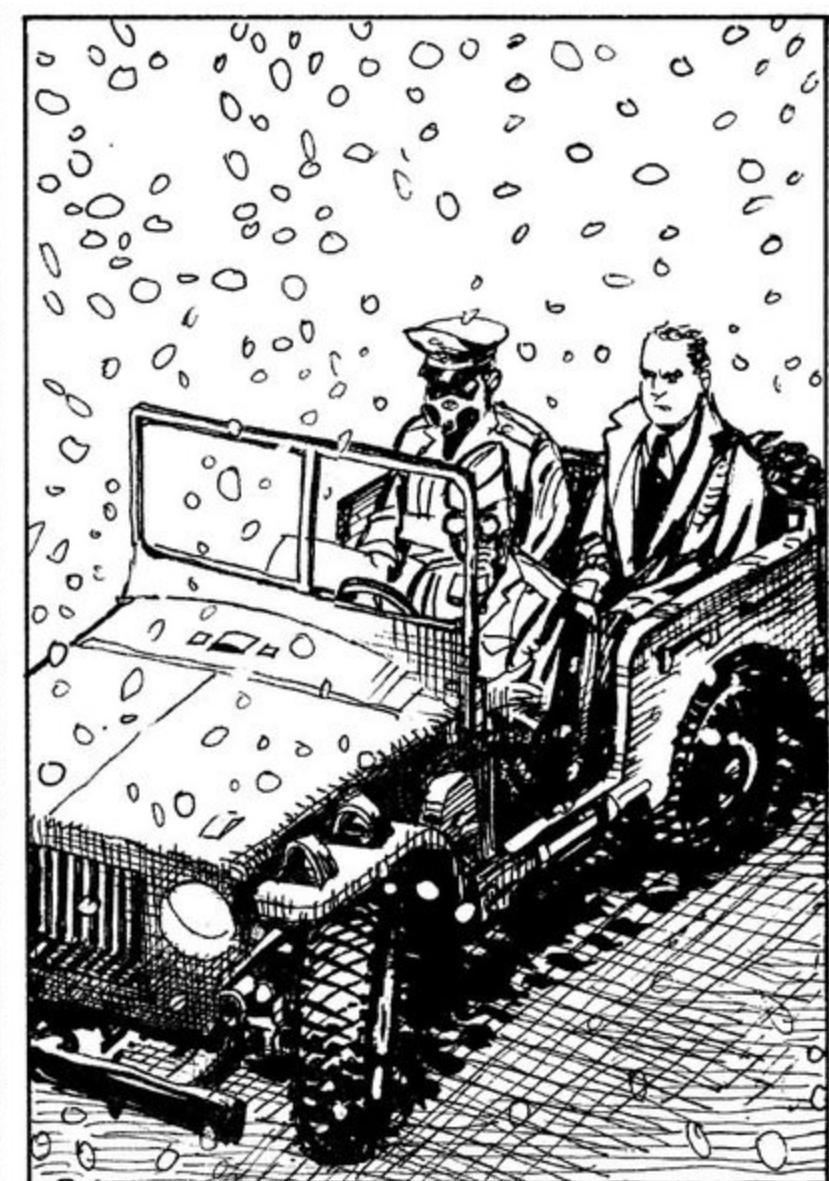
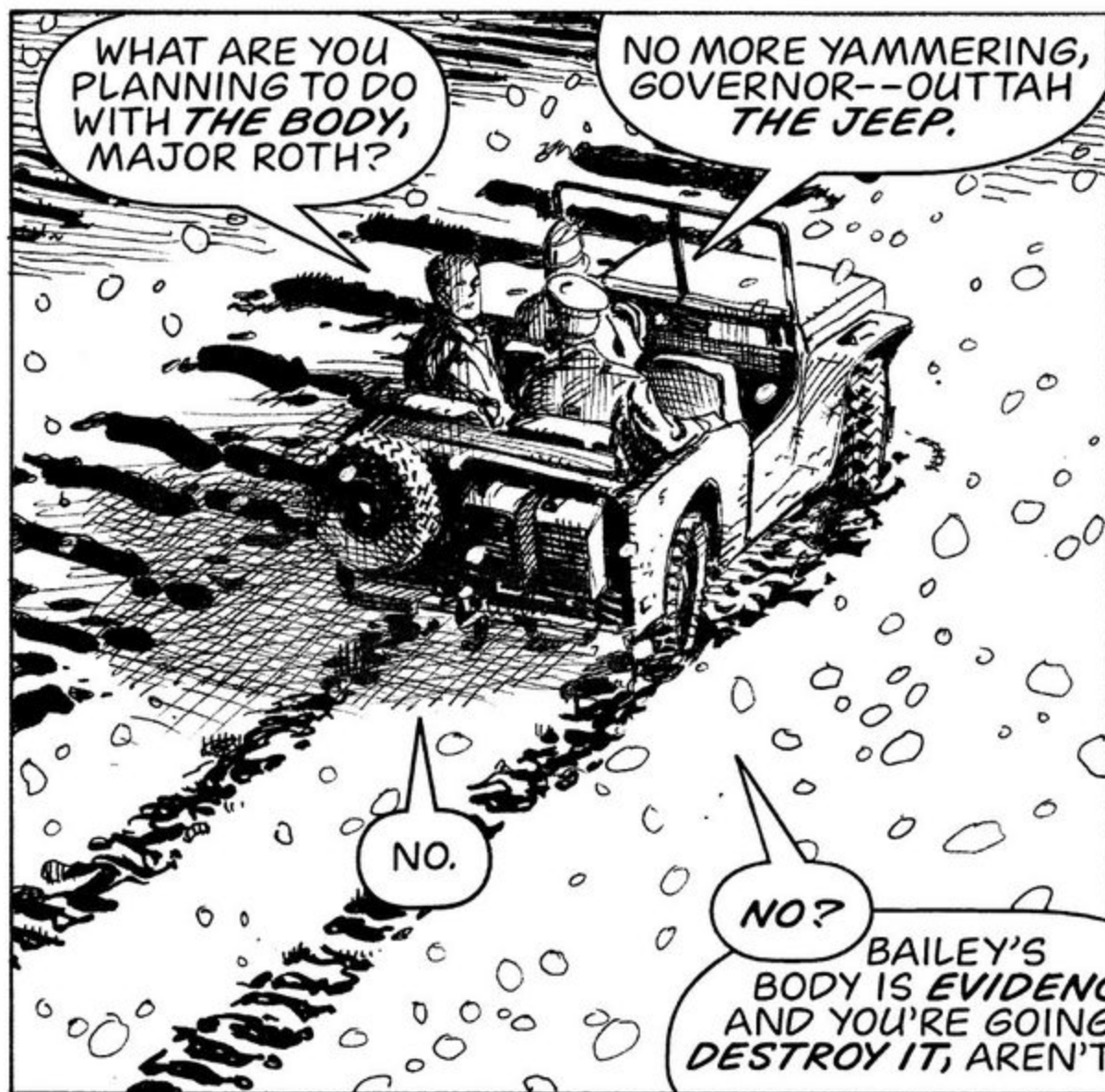






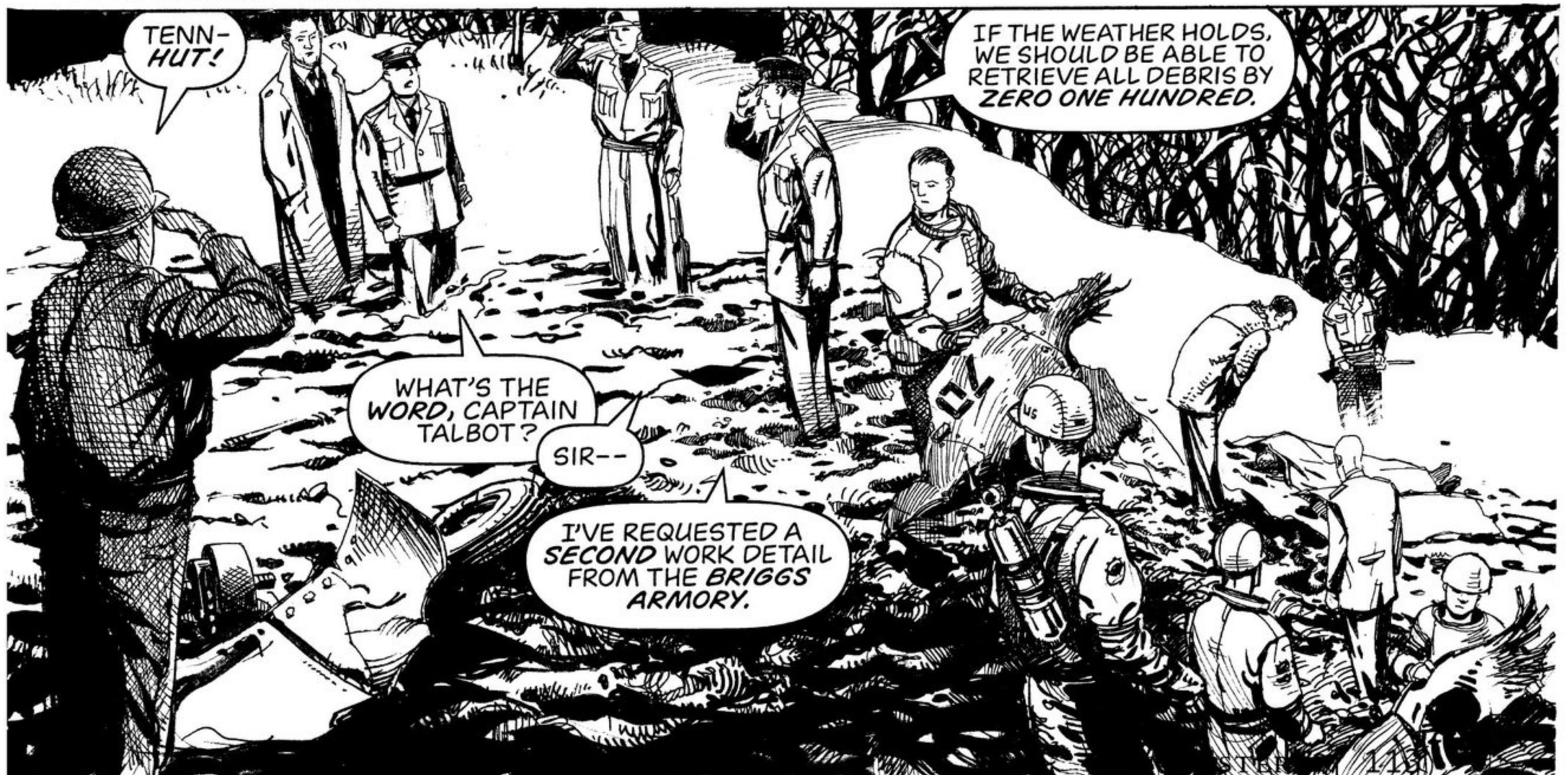






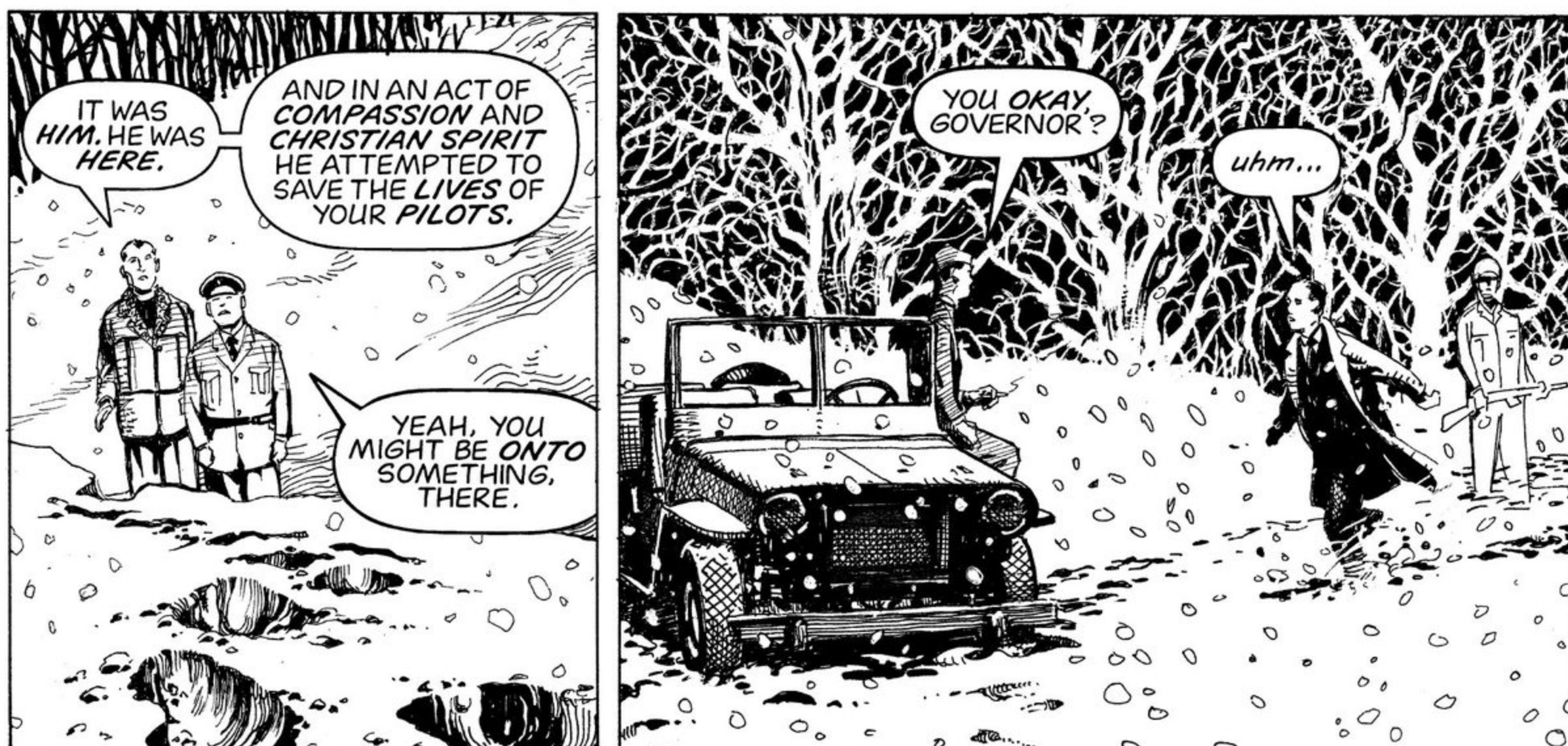


Providence Hills

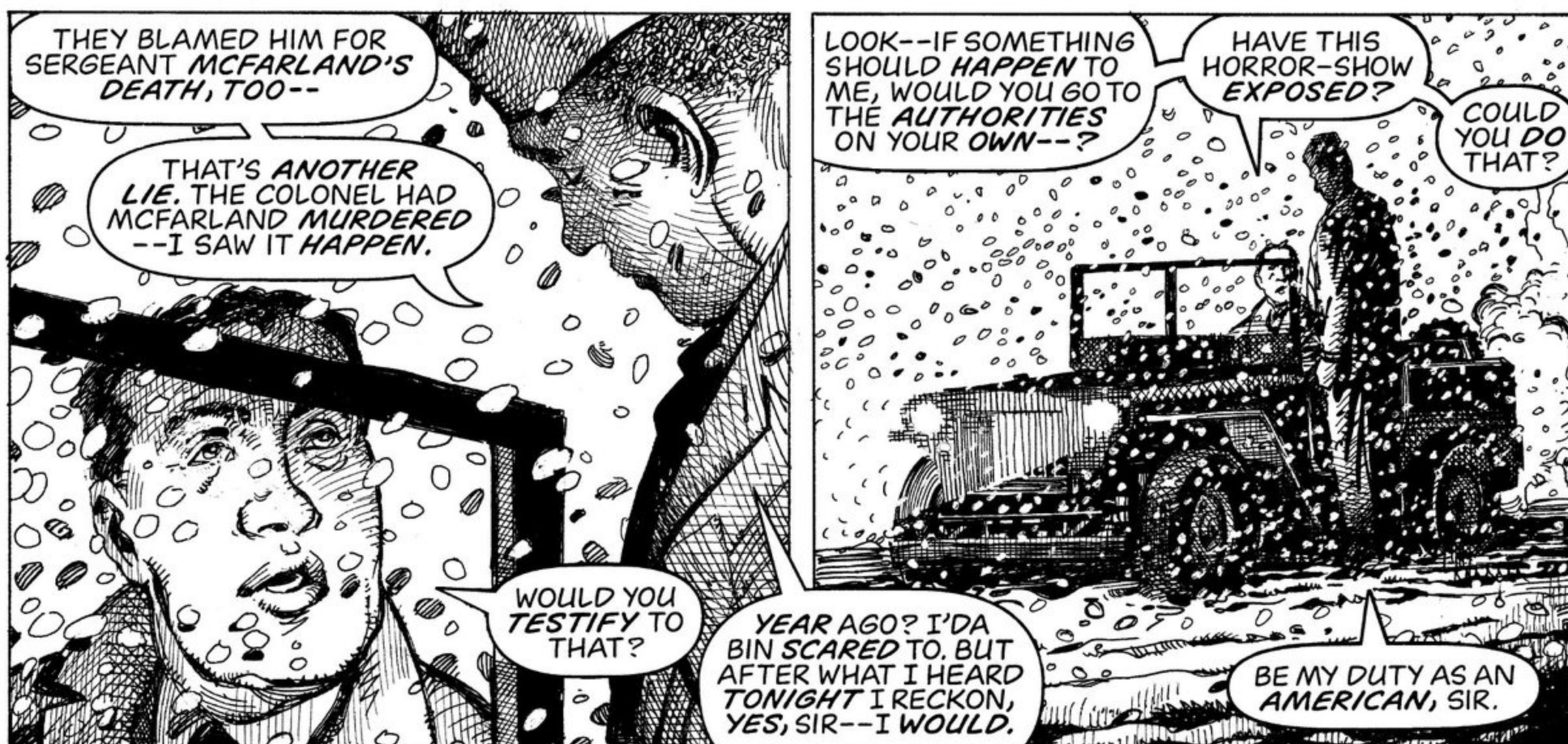










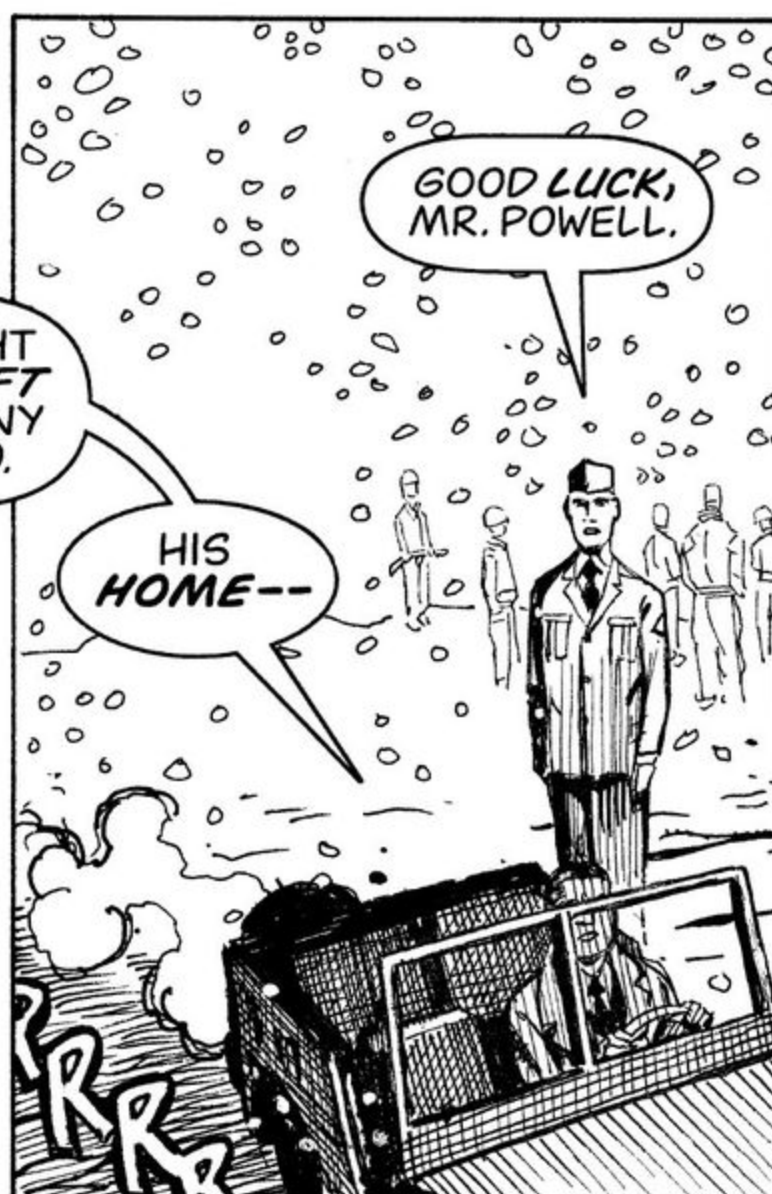




WISH ME LUCK.

WHERE CAN YOU HOPE TO FIND HIM, SIR?

MAYBE RIGHT WHERE I LEFT HIM SO MANY YEARS AGO.



GOOD LUCK, MR. POWELL.

HIS HOME--



IF WE CAN SIMPLY OVERCOME THE FEAR...



AND RISE ABOVE OUR PREJUDICES, PERHAPS WE'LL SEE WHAT IS REALLY TRUE--NOT WHAT WE ASSUME IS TRUE.

DO YOU SEE, MAJOR?



HIS UNNATURAL SIZE AND STRENGTH STRIKES FEAR INTO OUR HEARTS--

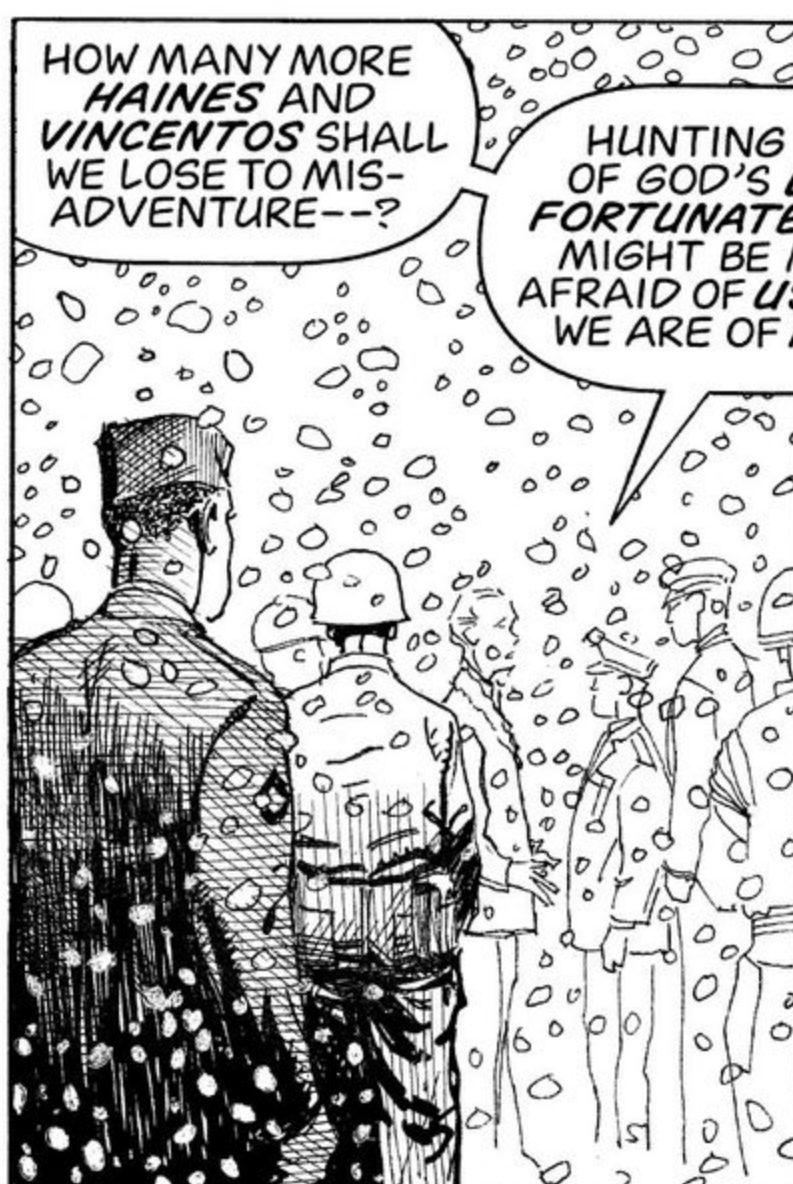
BUT DOES HE ACTUALLY MEAN US HARM?

IF SO--WHY DID HE TRY TO HELP THE TWO PILOTS?



I APPEAL TO YOU, TOO, CAPTAIN TALBOT--

FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR MEN.



HOW MANY MORE HAINES AND VINCENTOS SHALL WE LOSE TO MIS-ADVENTURE--?

HUNTING ONE OF GOD'S LESS FORTUNATES WHO MIGHT BE MORE AFRAID OF US THAN WE ARE OF HIM?



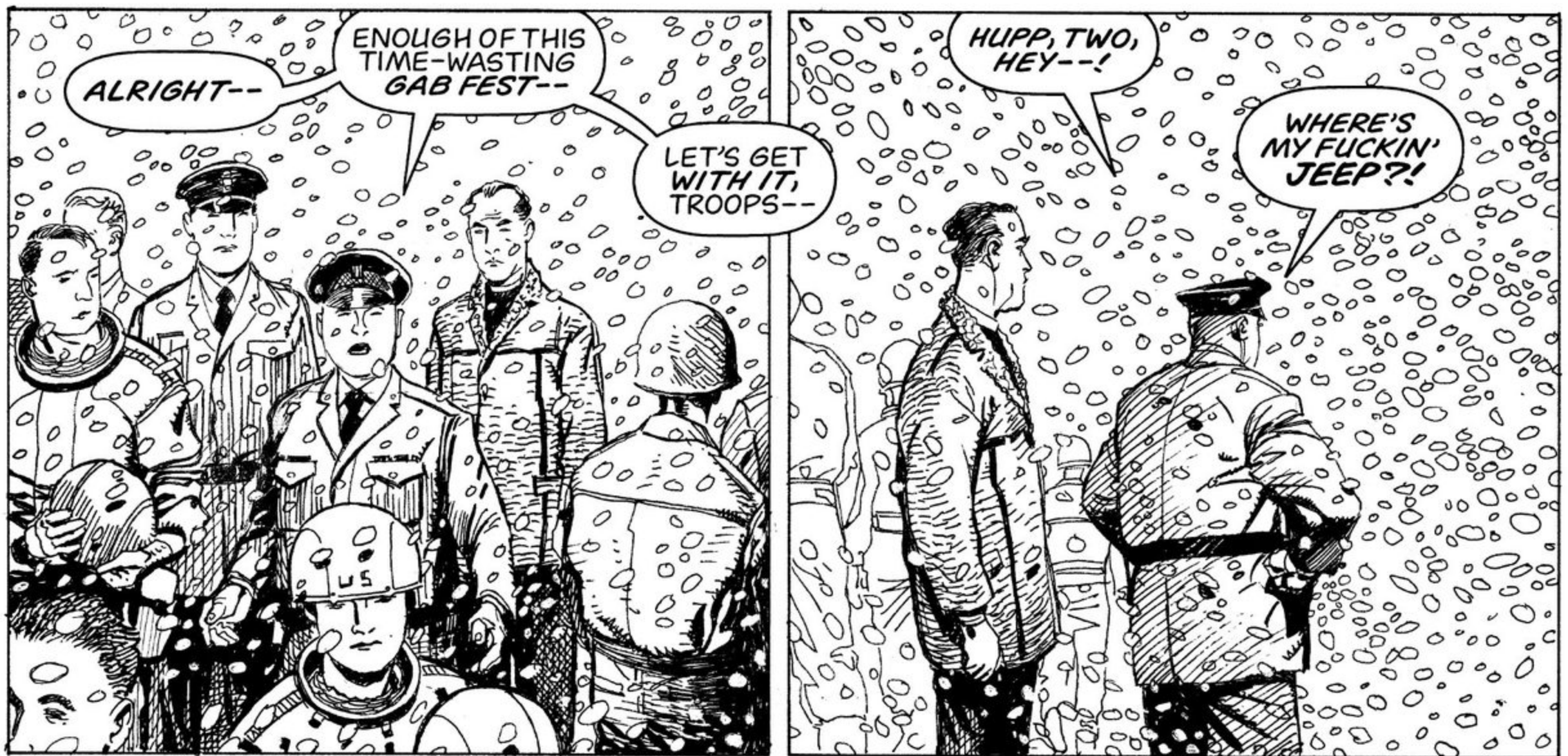
ROTH'S GONNA BUTT FUCK THAT PRIEST ANY SECOND NOW.



SO LET'S LAY DOWN OUR ARMS, GENTLEMEN--

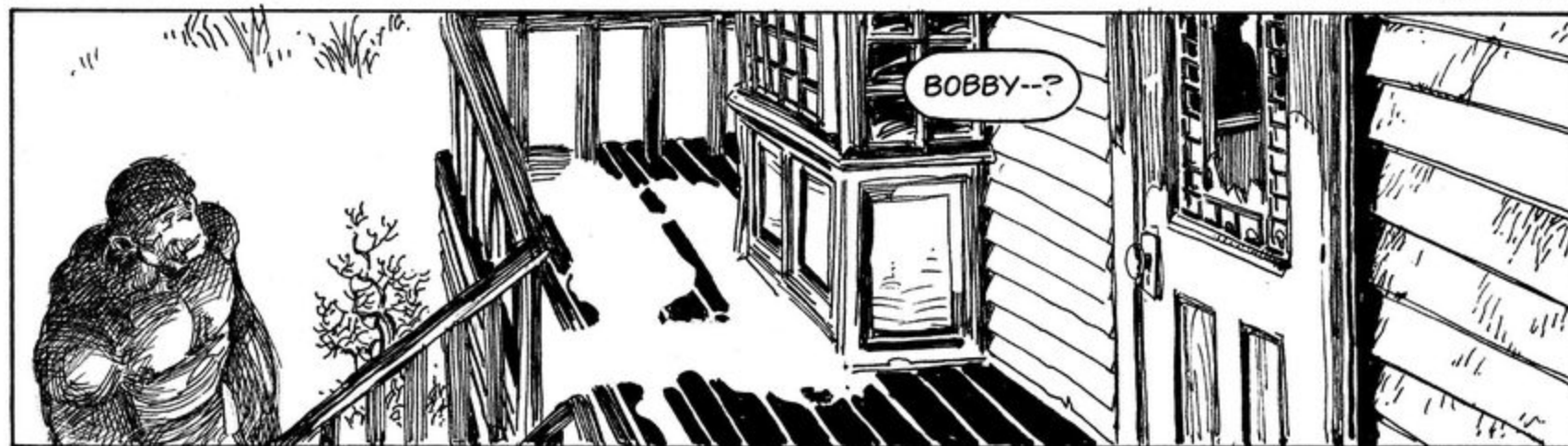
IN THE NAME OF CHRIST OUR SAVIOR.

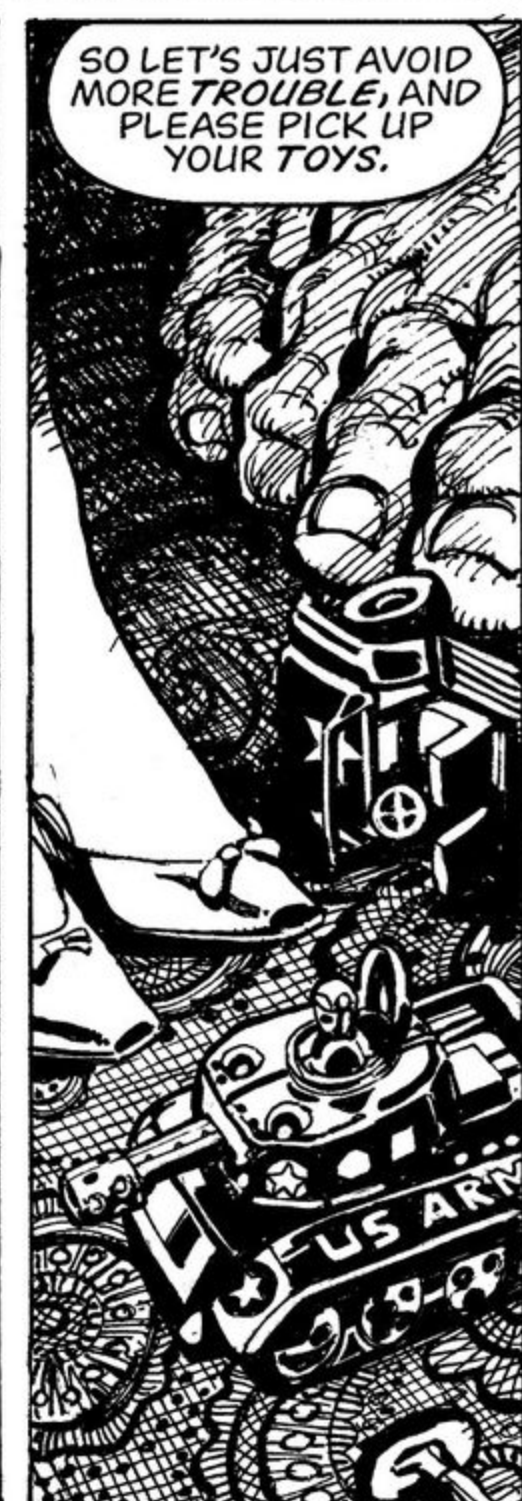




Providence Hills Thursday, November 25











I'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT THAT!

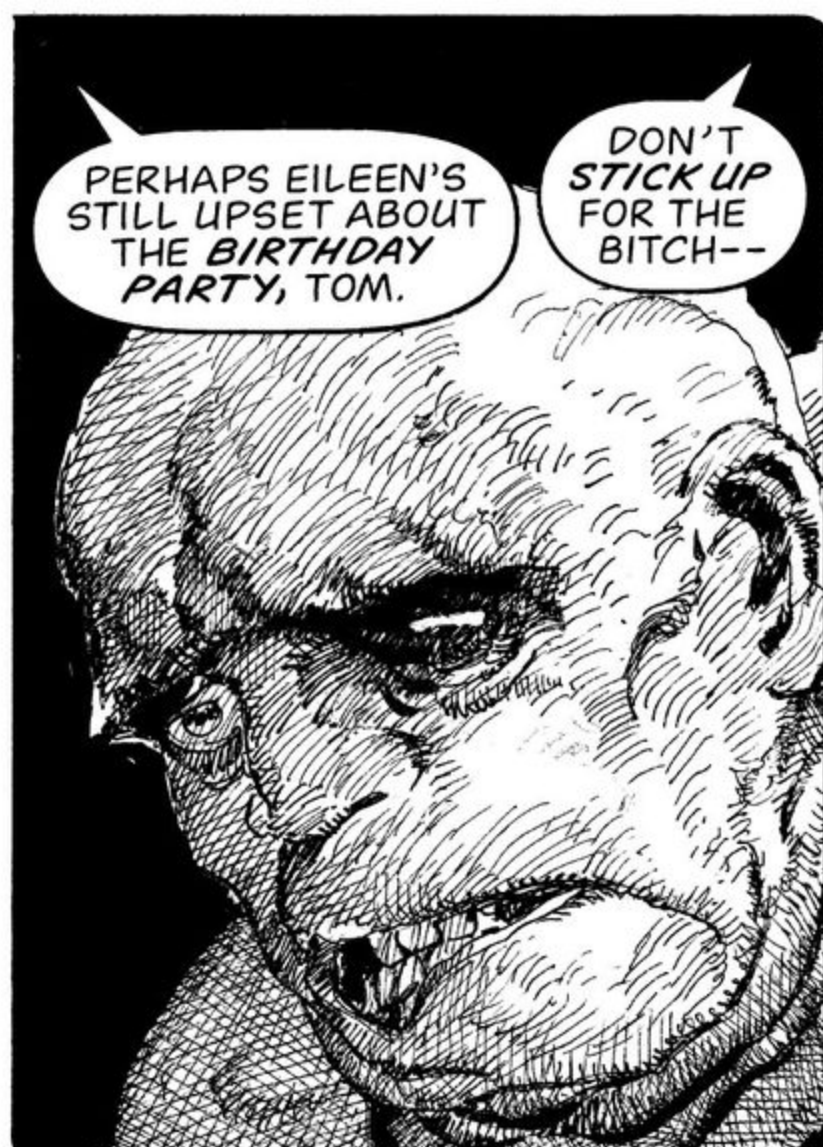
NOW TAKE YOUR TOYS UP-STAIRS!



SO--MY DAMNED SISTER'S BACK ON HER HIGH HORSE AGAIN!



HER AND MO, THE BOTH OF 'EM!



PERHAPS EILEEN'S STILL UPSET ABOUT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY, TOM.

DON'T STICK UP FOR THE BITCH--



WHERE WAS I LAST WEEK WHEN HER DAMNED BUICK WENT ON TH' FRITZ?

YOU PICKED HER UP, TOM.

DAMN RIGHT. THAT'S 'CAUSE WE'RE FAMILY, RIGHT?



TAKE YOUR TOYS UP TO YOUR ROOM, BOBBY.

SO NOW THEY AIN'T GOT TIME FOR US--



ON THANKSGIVING AND THEY AIN'T GOT THE TIME.

BUT HARRY AND MARGE ARE STILL COMING, SO THAT WILL BE NICE.

HARRY'S A TEE-TOTAL ASSHOLE.





MARGIE? IT'S JAN--
I THOUGHT YOU'D
ALL BE HERE BY NOW.
YOU ARE COMING,
AREN'T YOU?

.....

DIDN'T YOU
OR TOMMY HEAR
FROM MO?

YES, TOM SPOKE
TO MORRIS--



THAT'S TYPICAL!
I GUESS MO DIDN'T
HAVE THE COURAGE
TO TELL TOMMY
EVERYTHING.
REALLY TYPICAL.

TELL
HIM WHAT,
MARGE?

LOOK, I'M SORRY YOU'RE IN
THE MIDDLE OF THIS, JAN, BUT
Y'KNOW, AHH...WE AREN'T GONNA
COME THIS YEAR EITHER.



OH GOD--
DON'T
SAY THAT,
MARGE.



MO SHOULD'VE
TOLD YOU. HE SAID
HE WOULD.

PLEASE COME,
MARGIE-- IT WON'T
BE THE SAME WITH-
OUT YOU--AND HAL
AND THE KIDS.



NO, NO--
SORRY JAN.

BUT I'M
COOKING
A LOVELY
TURKEY.



WE JUST
DON'T WANT
ALL THE UPSET
THIS YEAR.

PLEASE
COME.

I BEG YOU,
MARGE.



I'M SORRY,
JAN. IT'S--WELL,
WE'VE ALL MADE
UP OUR MINDS.

PLEASE,
PLEASE,
MARGIE.

WE'LL TALK
NEXT WEEK.
OKAY? BYE.



Oh...
GOD











1949 St. Claire Railroad Station, Providence, Ohio Friday, March 4





--FATTEN YOU UP
WITH SOME GOOD
HOME COOKING!

HERE WE
ARE, TOM.

WELCOME HOME,
MY LOVE! WELCOME
HOME!

IS IT AS YOU
REMEMBERED?

BIT
CLEANER,
MAYBE.

BOBBY AND I
SCRUBBED EVERY-
THING FROM TOP
TO BOTTOM!

I'LL LEAVE YOU
TWO BOYS TO CHAT
WHILE I PUT THE
COFFEE ON.

♪ DADDY'S
HOME ♪



HOW DO YOU
TAKE IT,
DARLING--?

STILL THE
SAME?

CREAM AND
TWO SUGARS?

DADDY'S HOME



HAH! IT'S BEEN
SO LONG I BET YOU
THOUGHT I'D
FORGOT! HA HA!

BOBBY? SHOW
DADDY WHAT YOU
PRACTICED.



DADDY--? AT
EASE SOLDIER AND
TAKE A LOAD OFF!

TAKE
THAT DAMNED
STUPID COSTUME
OFF BOY!



March 5, 1949

Well, it's finally happened. Tom is HOME!!
Bobby and I picked him up    
at the station.

I made an early dinner of a T-Bone and
garlic mash (his favorite) with apple pie
and cream. He loved it and couldn't get
enough, so I gave him the last of mine.
He was so worn out he went straight to bed
without even undressing. This morning he
had some coffee and went back to sleep
for the whole day.

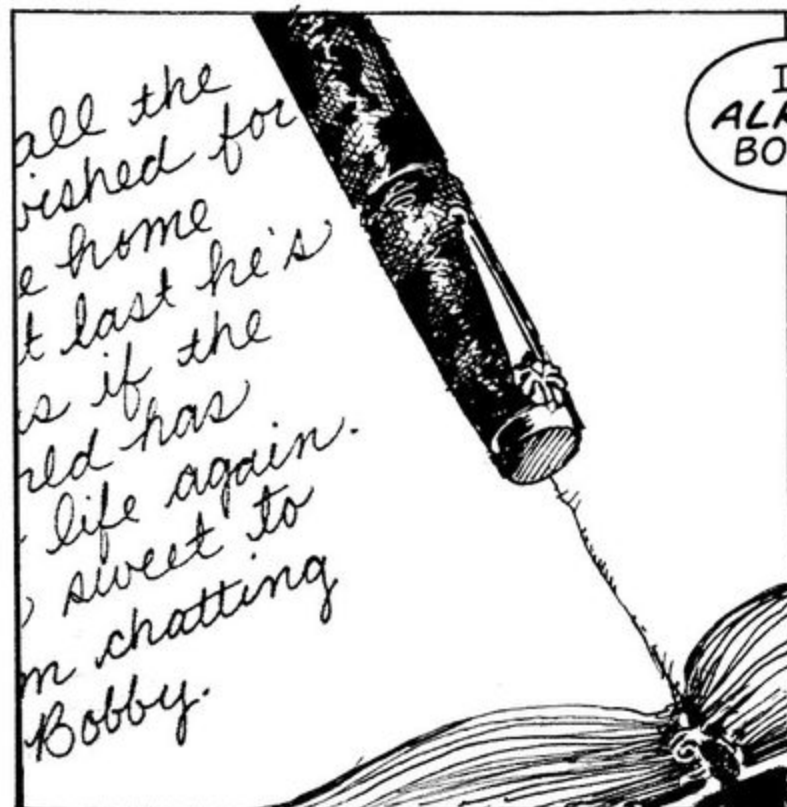


It's a bit disturbing to
see Tom with grey hair
(well, it's white I guess),
and he's lost so much
weight, too, but he'll soon
put that back on. I do
like his new mustache,
very debonair I think,
a bit like Clark Gable.
I talked with Harry &
Marge and they said they
and Mr & Eileen are all on
for a reunion next Saturday.
Marge said she'd do all
the cooking, and she and
Ei will do the dishes.
How nice! It'll be a
great old time.
I can't hardly believe
that Tom's back home
after all these years!
Thank you God for
being so benevolent
and so everything.
You have answered
my prayers.

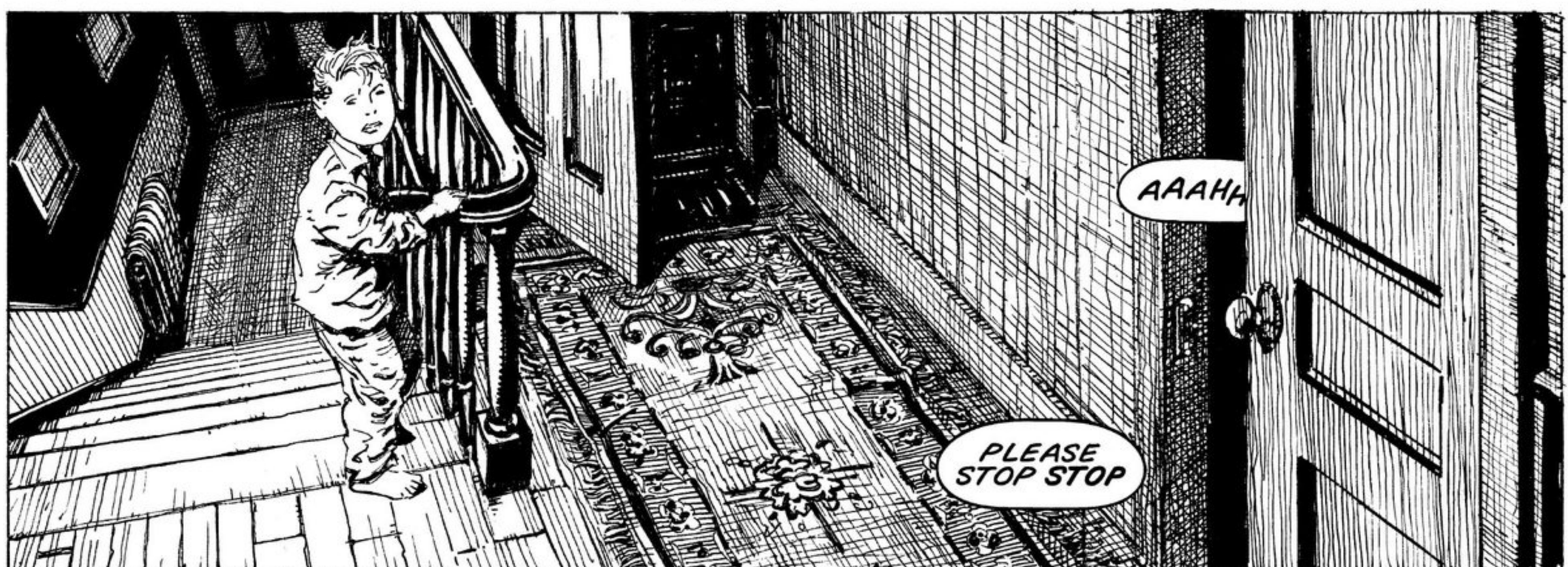
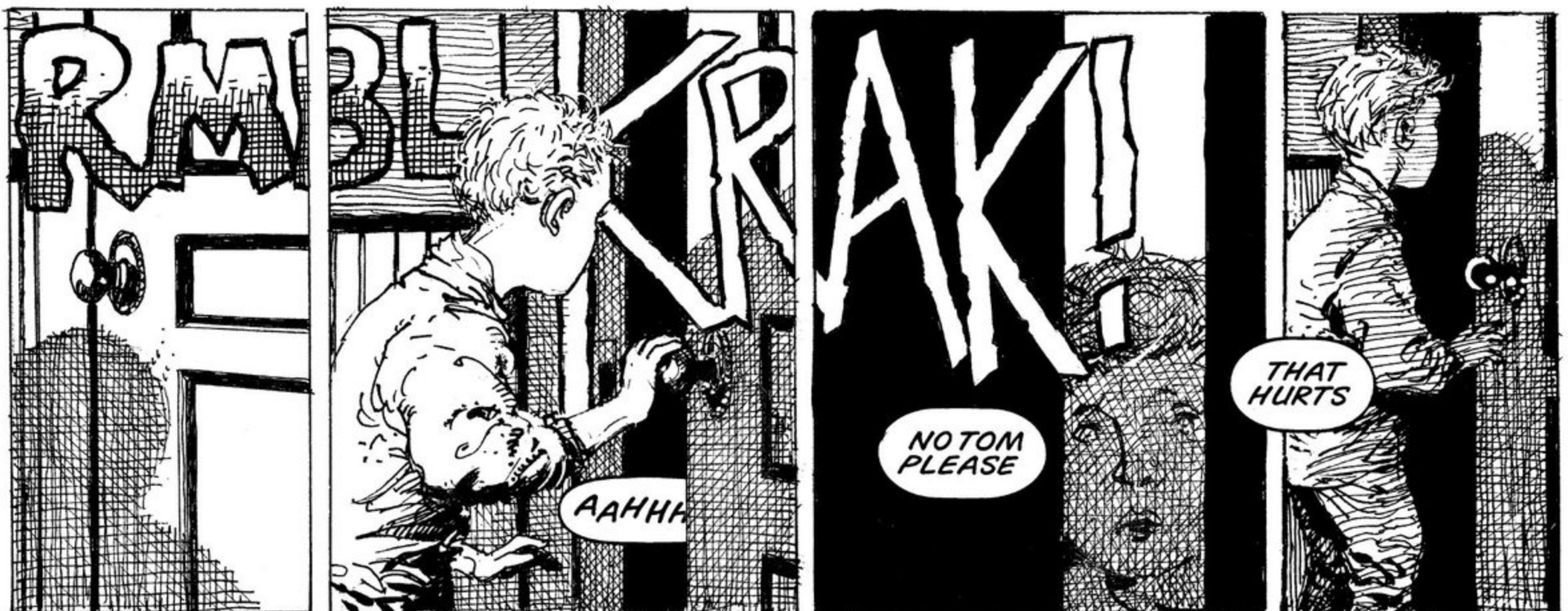


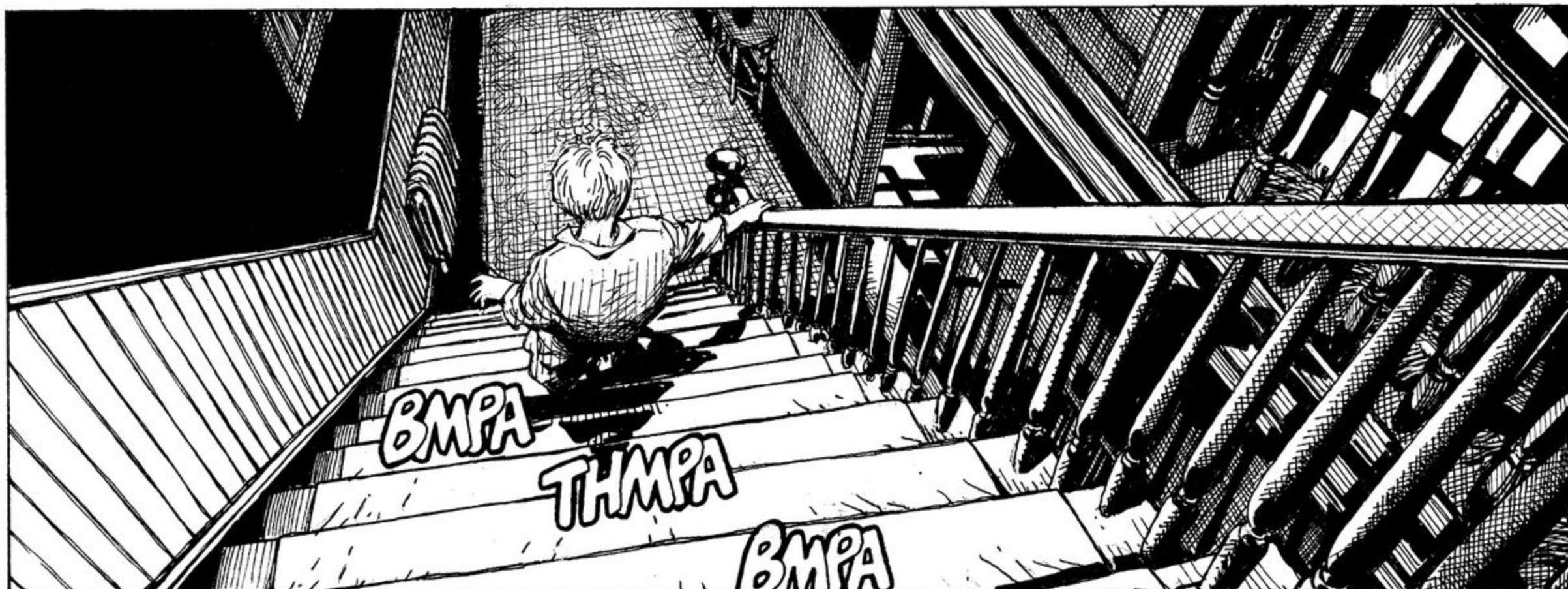
Saturday, April 2





Sunday, April 10



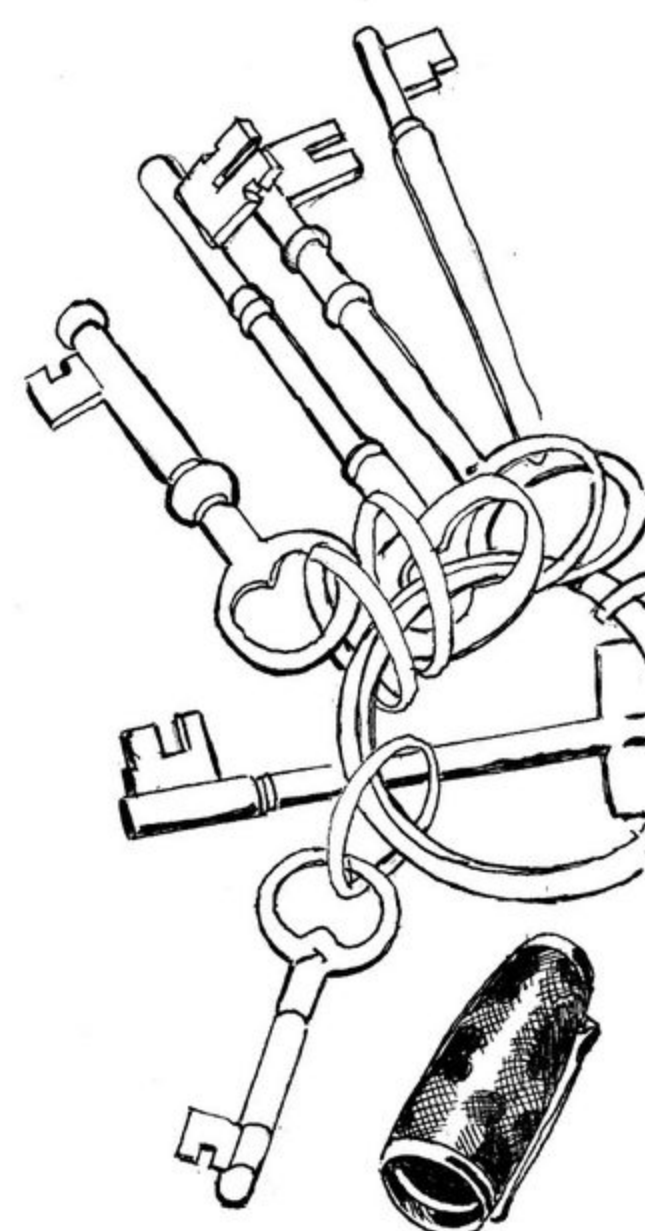


April 13,

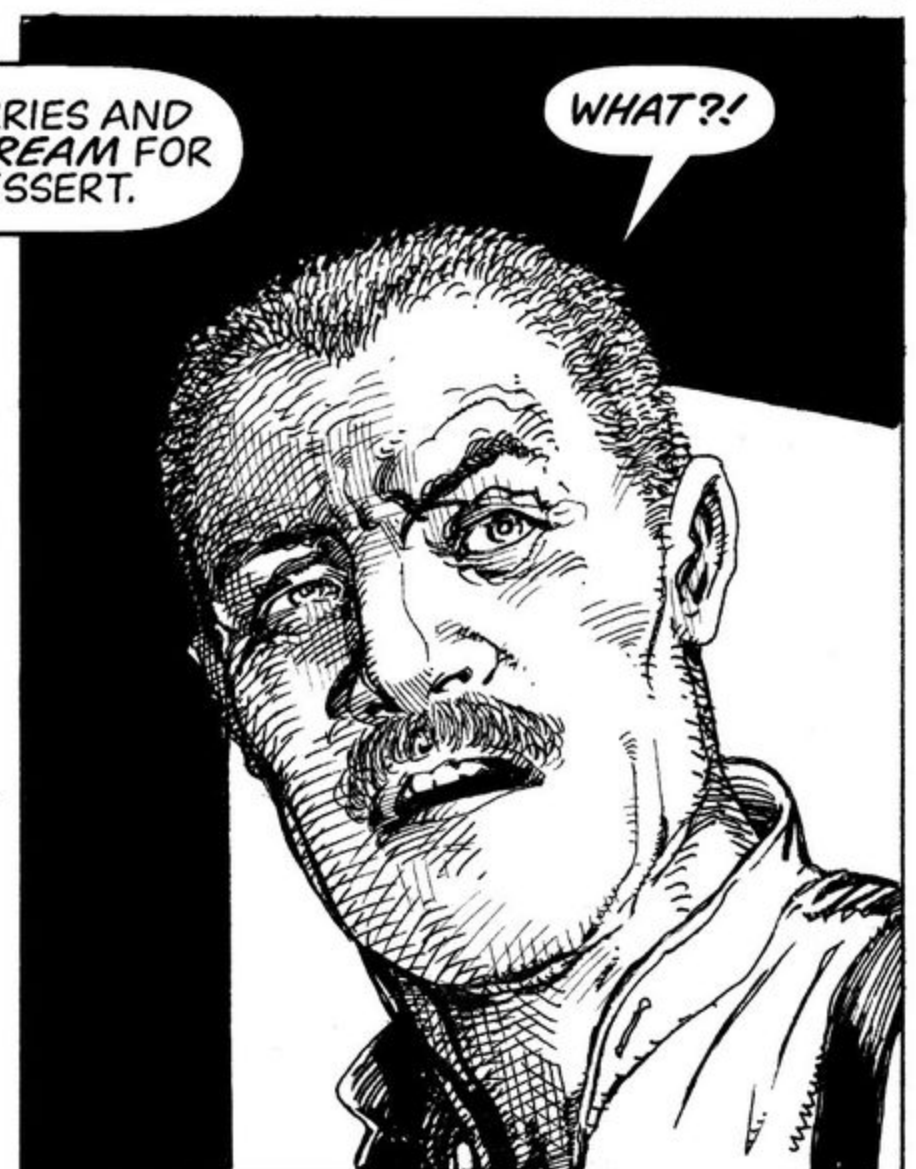
There's been such stormy weather all week long. Thunder and lightning all through the night sometimes. Poor Bobby has been so upset having to stay in his room all alone.

April 20,

Havent written in a while. Tom is having difficulty settling in. I know things must seem so strange after being away so long. I wish there were more I could do for him, but I try my best all of the time. I do wonder how Tom's nose got broken but I'm afraid to ask unless I stir up some memories we are he might be trying to forget.



Monday, April 25





May 2, 1949

Havent written in a few weeks. I guess I've been busy adjusting to having Tom back in the house after so long.

All the routines that Bobby and me had come to think of as normal have had to be shifted about or just dropped.

Our biweekly trips to the Bijou have been cancelled totally. It's such a shame because Bobby loved going to the movies, but Tom says he hates movie theaters and I guess he just doesn't want us going out and leaving him alone.

Shopping day is now Tuesday instead of Friday - don't know why.

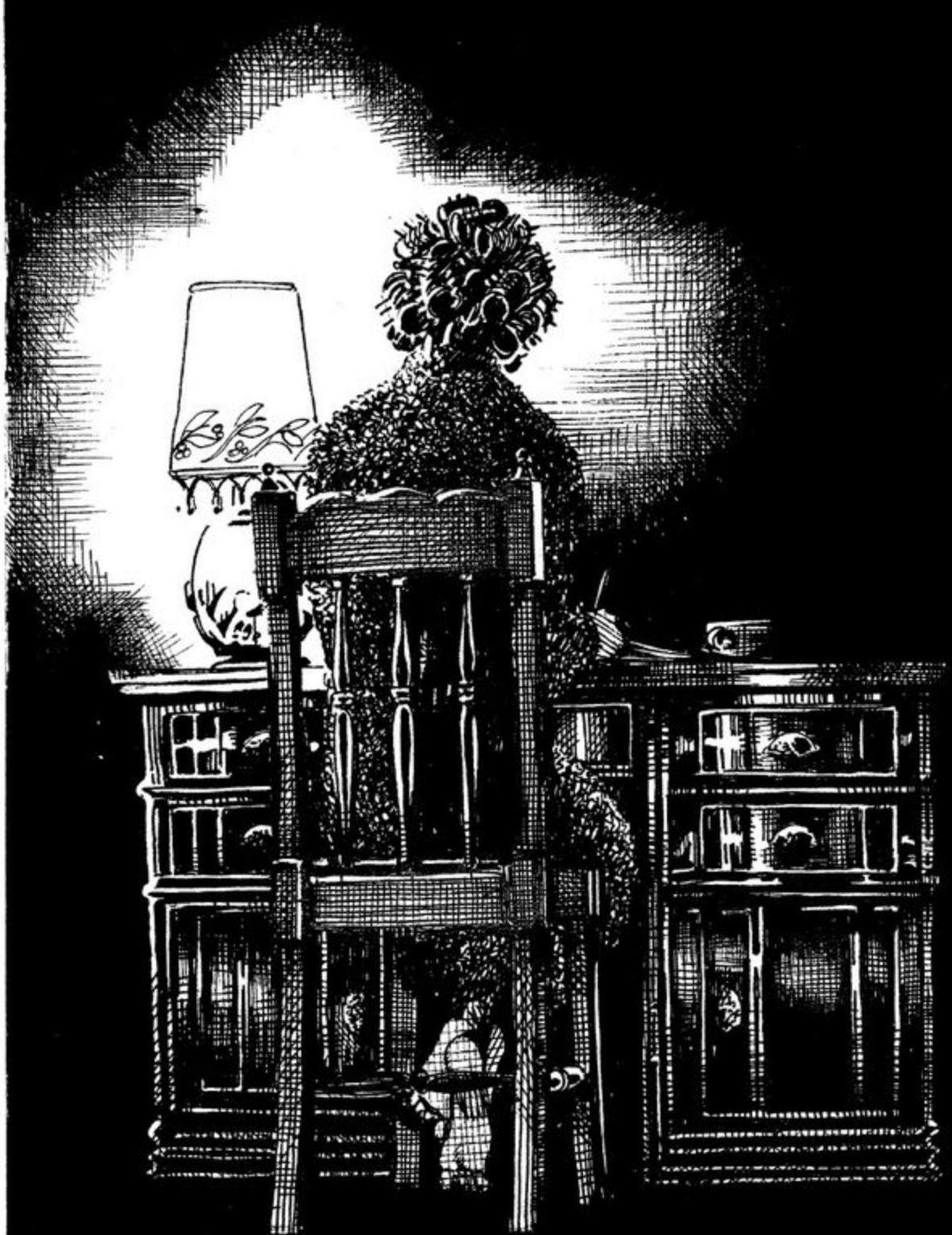
Yesterday I made mom's double egg recipe for pigs in a blanket and Tom went crazy, saying I should never make it again. He actually threw the plate off the table. I can't understand his reaction. He used to love mom's recipe.

I tried talking with him this morning but he just isn't communicative at all and he just pretty much shut me up. I know it'll take some time for Tom to get used to everything again. He's been through such a lot, I know. I just wish he'd talk to me about it.

We still haven't had the family over at all. I keep making excuses but Tom just doesn't seem to be interested in seeing them.

I think Morris is beginning to take offense.

It's late.



May 11, 1949

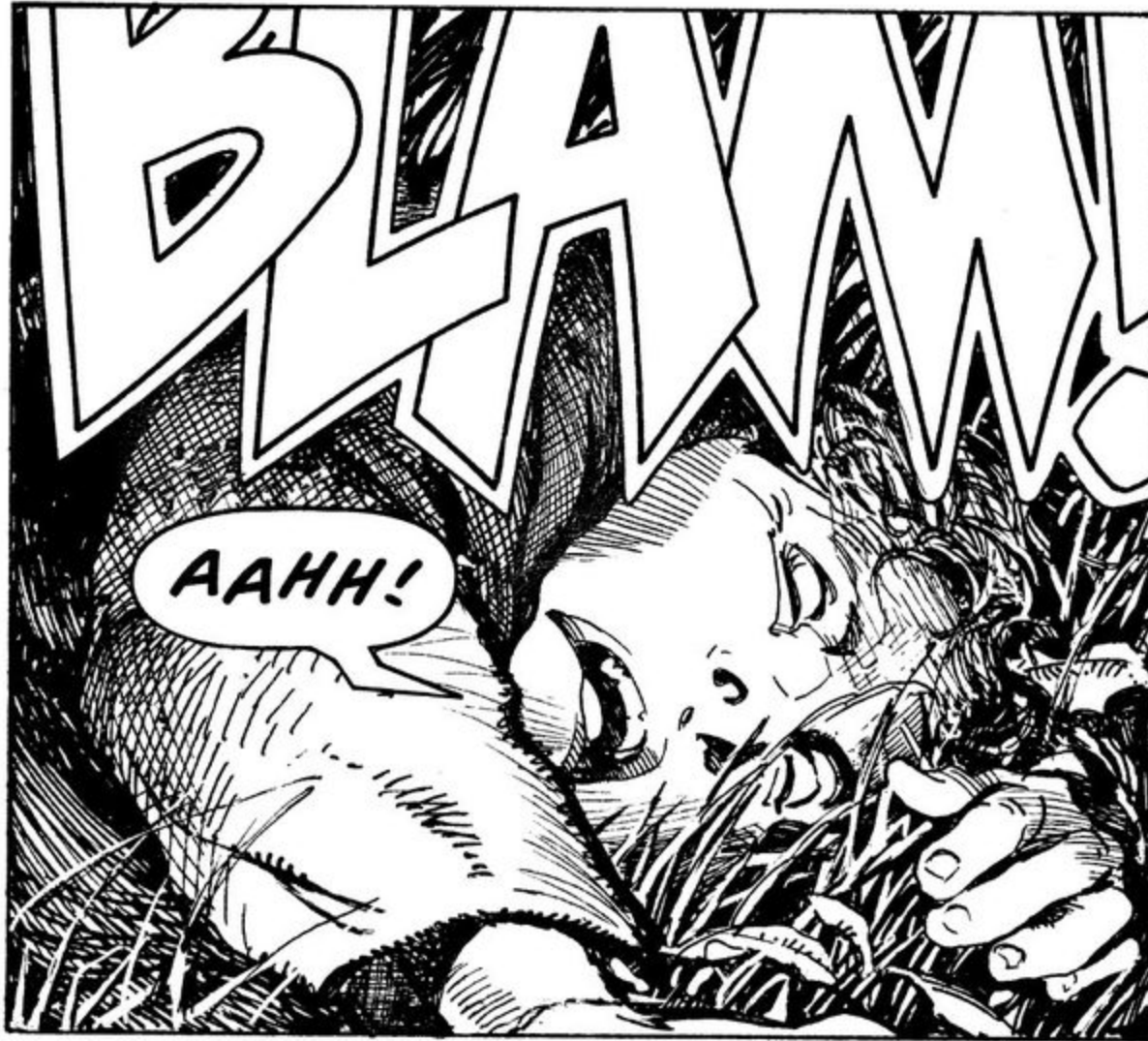
It's been such nice weather lately. I caused a little upset yesterday and Tom has been quite annoyed w/me ever since. I mentioned how I thought he should pay a little more attention to Bobby and how left out he feels. Poor Bobby was longing for his Daddy to come home and now that he's here it's as if Tom has no interest in him at all. I can see the look of disappointment on Bobby's face when I ignore him at the dinner table. It's all ~~very~~ ~~poor~~ such a shame.

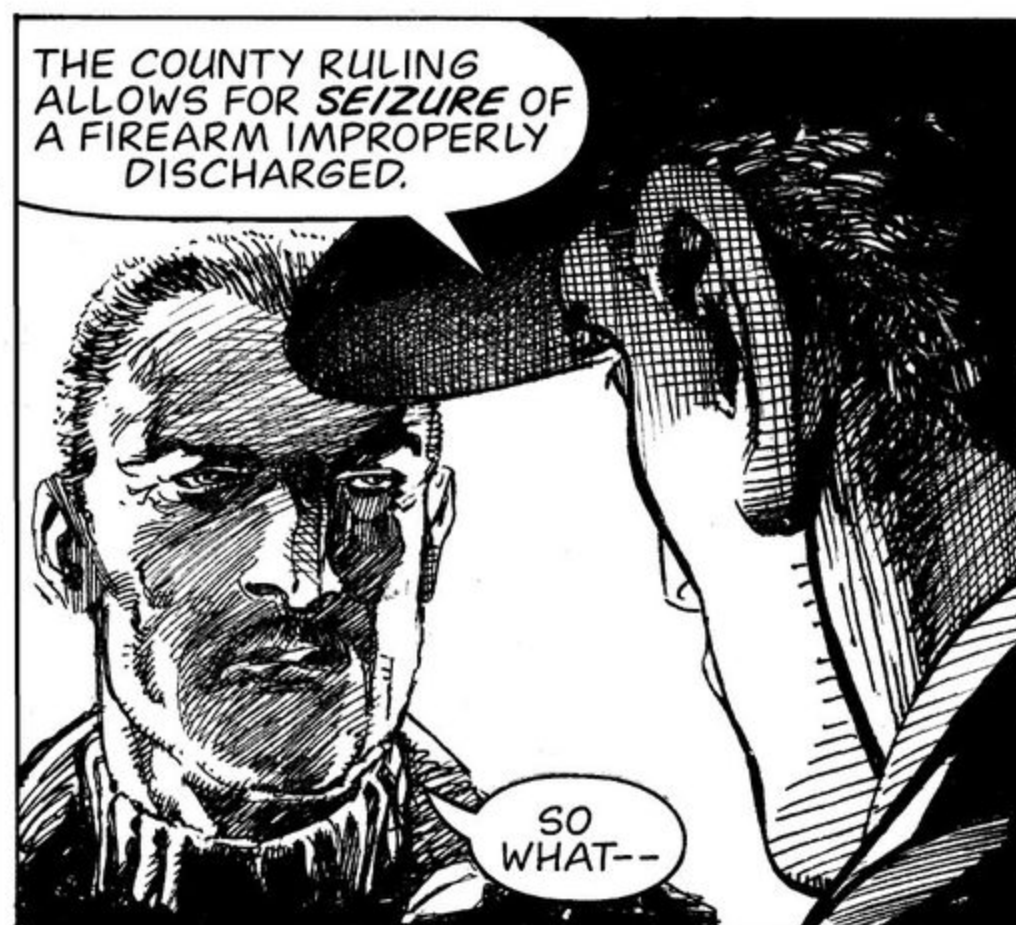


I think that Tom really thought about what I said the other day because he actually talked to Bobby this morning and at lunch too. I completely stuck my neck out and suggested to Tom that he go w/ Bobby to his little fishing pond off of Geneva Turnpike.

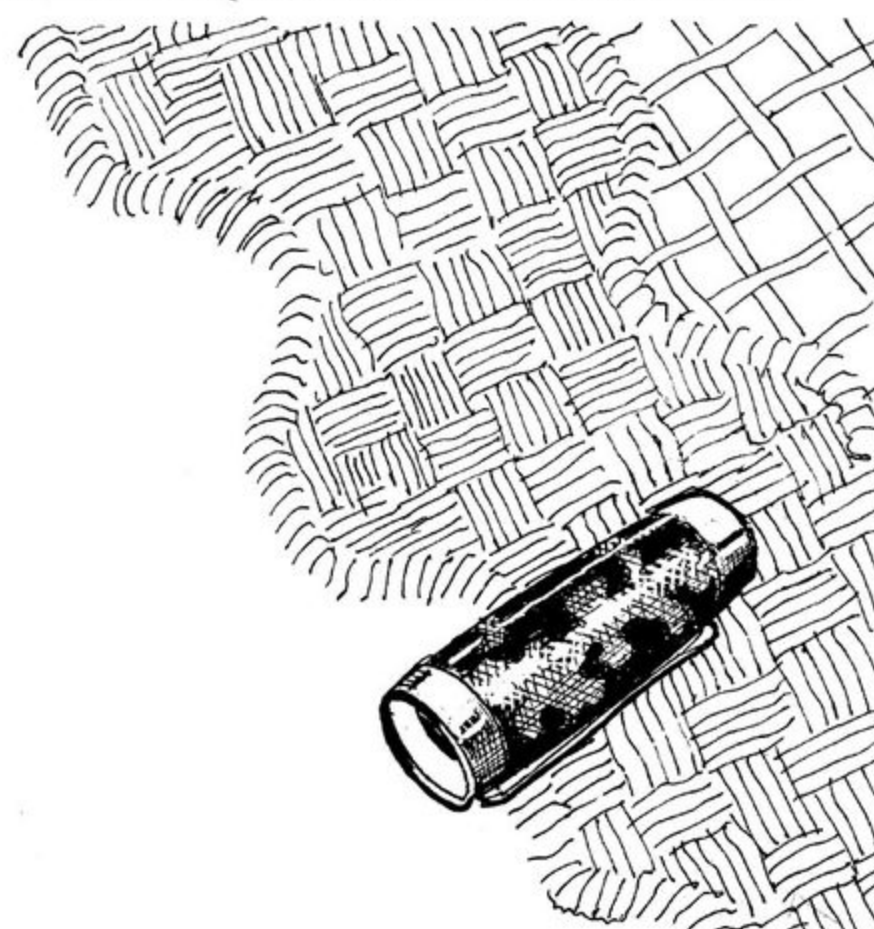


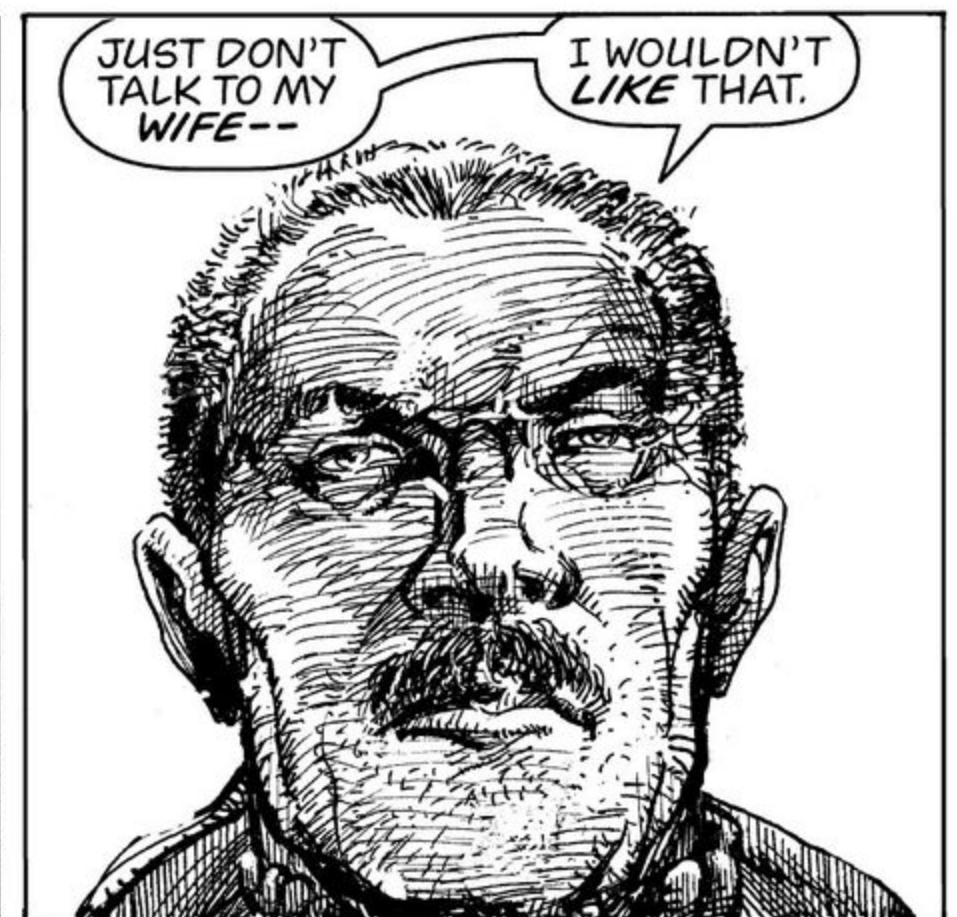
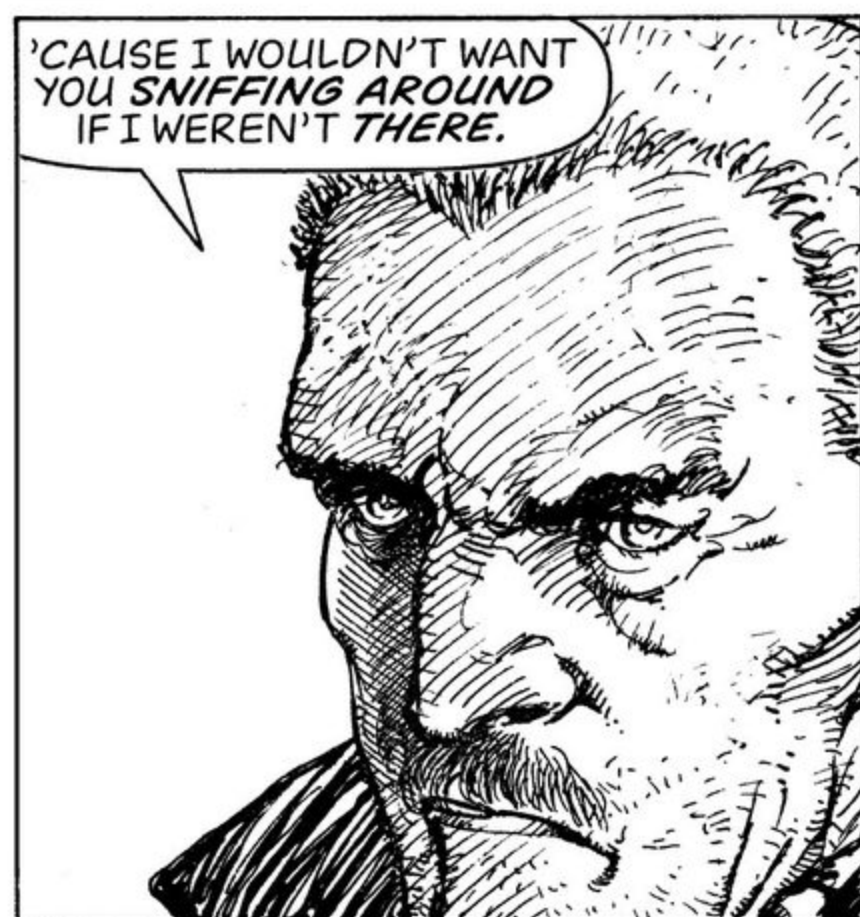
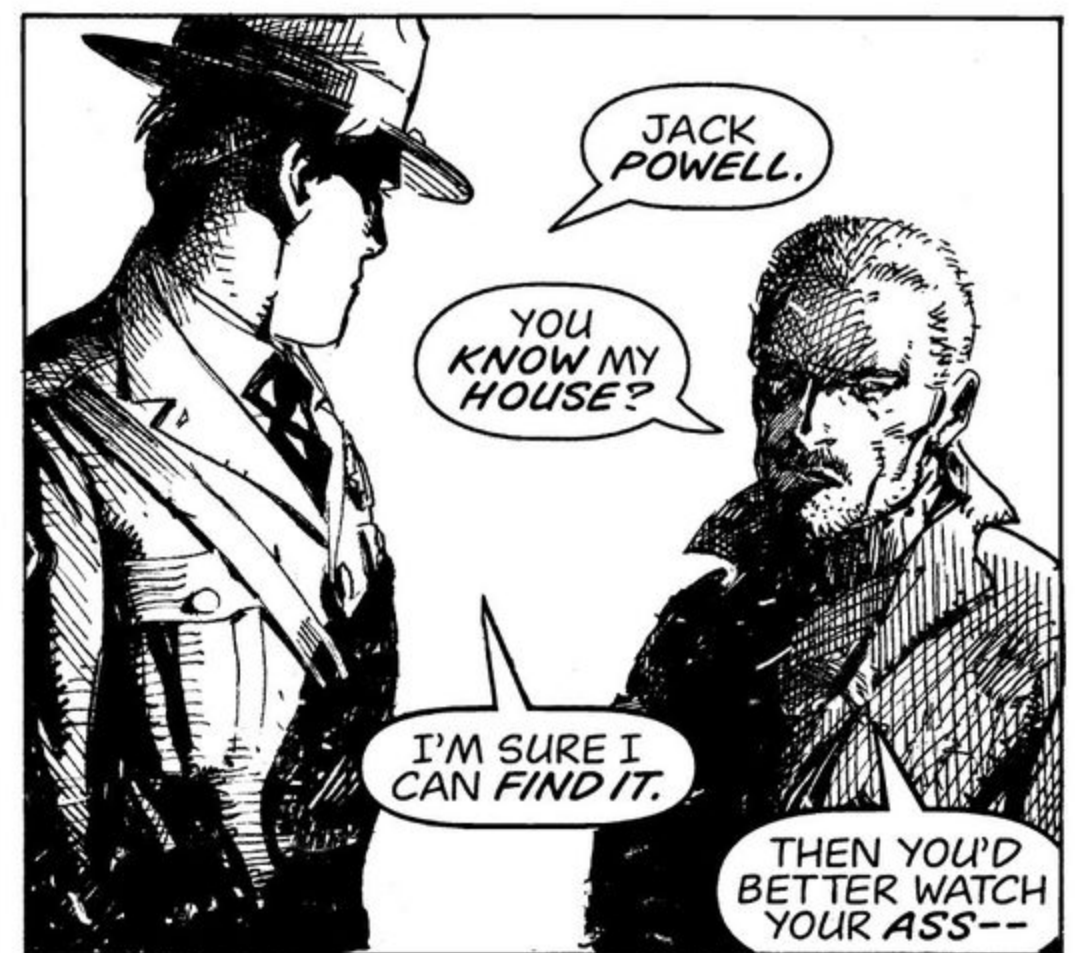




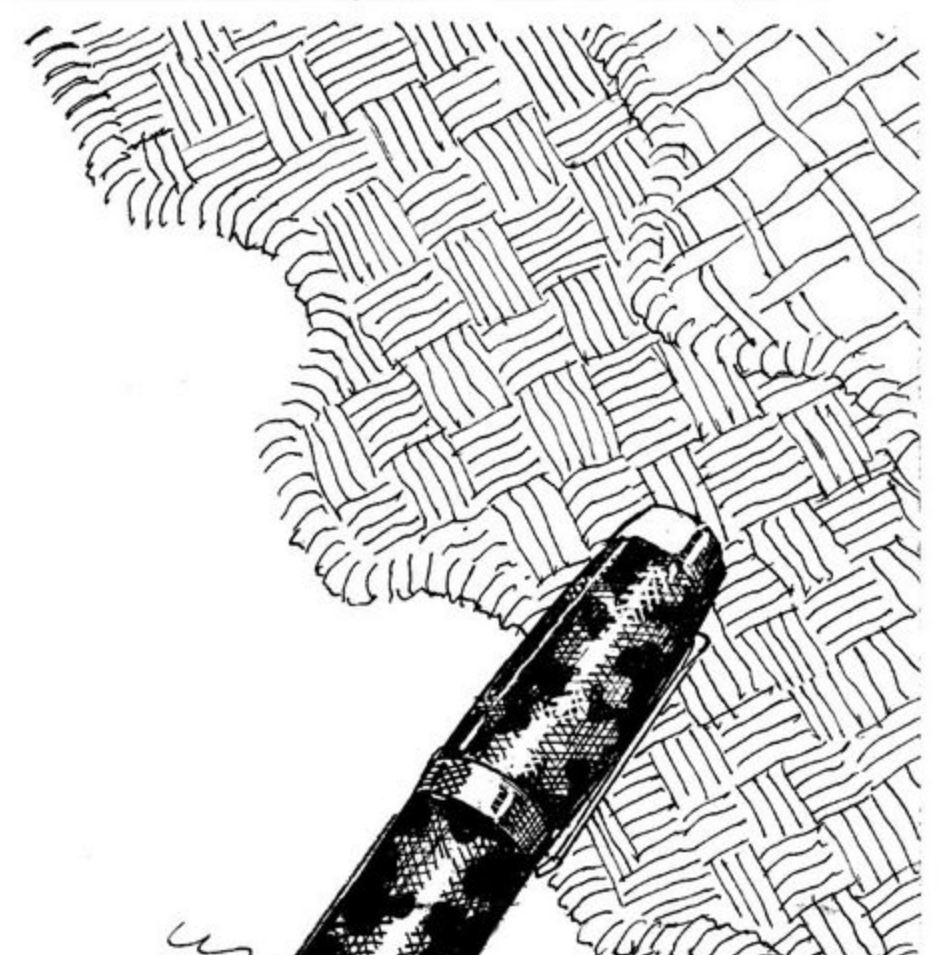


I can't help but think this is something very special. Like a new beginning perhaps, and Tom has come around and is adjusting to home and family life once again. I'm so pleased for Bobby going fishing with his daddy for the first time.





Eileen called with a bee in her bonnet. It's been months now and I can't keep making excuses like this. Perhaps now that Tom is more relaxed and agreeable he might consider having his family come visit for the first time. I'm making pork chops tonight.

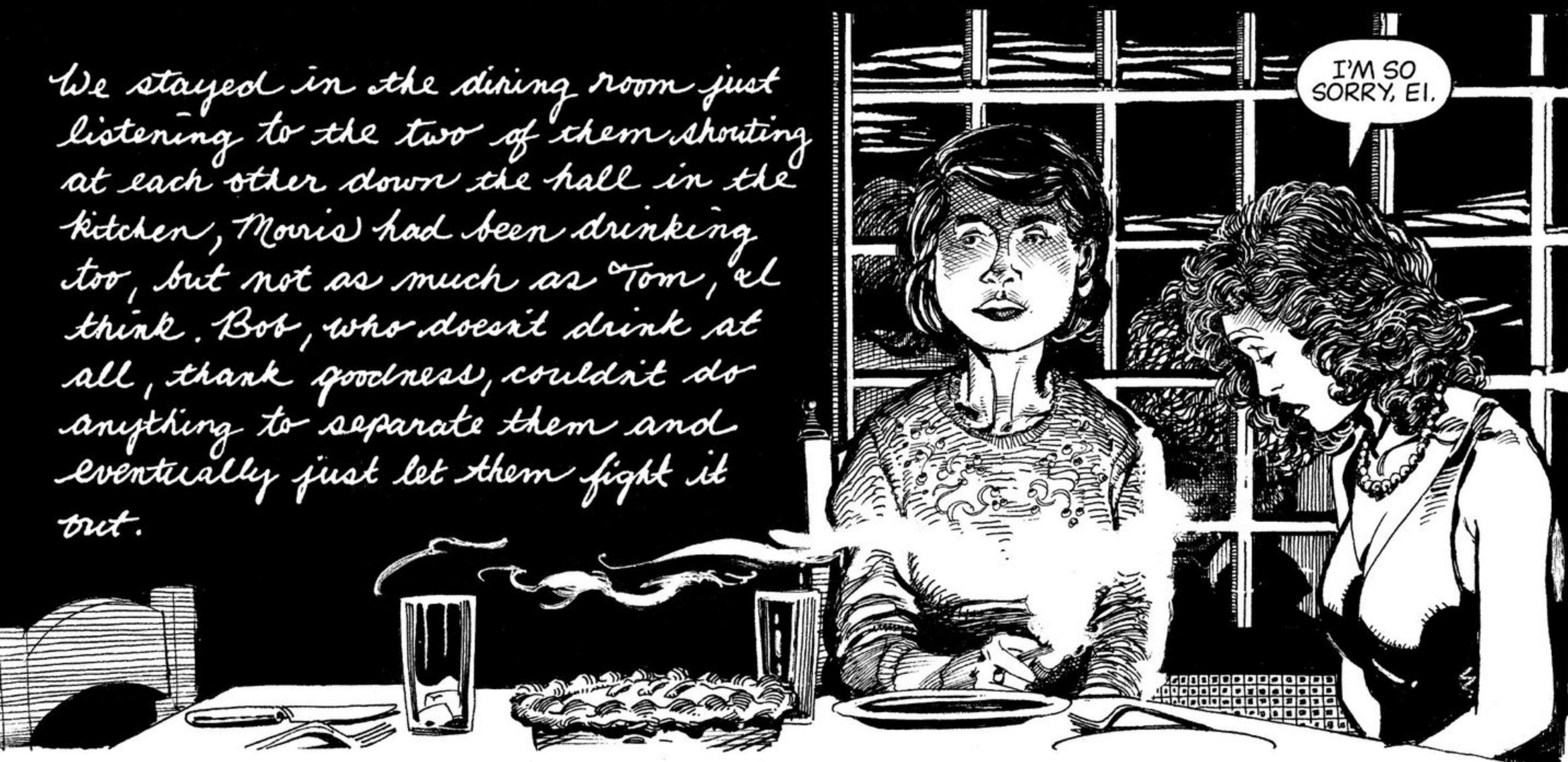


May 20, 1949

Well, we finally had the family over last night, Bob and Eileen, and Morris came alone because Margie had to stay home with Carol-Anne as she has a fever. I made a big pot roast and Eileen brought her gooseberry pie for dessert. I wish I could find something good to say about last night but it's really difficult. Tom seemed to be moody and I guess he's picked up these drinking habits from his army days. He smokes now, too. I'm glad Margie didn't bring the kids after all because I think it would have been very unpleasant for them to endure.



We stayed in the dining room just listening to the two of them shouting at each other down the hall in the kitchen, Morris had been drinking too, but not as much as Tom, I think. Bob, who doesn't drink at all, thank goodness, couldn't do anything to separate them and eventually just let them fight it out.



I sent Bobby to bed early, but I know he must have heard all of the shouting and cursing anyway. I'm so ashamed of the way it went and I must have called Eileen a hundred times today. She keeps saying it's all right but I know it isn't because Morris wouldn't even come to the phone. Tom has been sulky all afternoon and didn't go in to the hardware store like he said he would.

He cut his hand on something in the yard and when I tried to help he pushed me and got really abusive. Tom seems to be having real difficulties settling back into life here w/ Bobby and me. I know it's only been a few months and I know everything takes time and I shouldn't worry, but he seems so different nowadays. Not the man who went away to war.



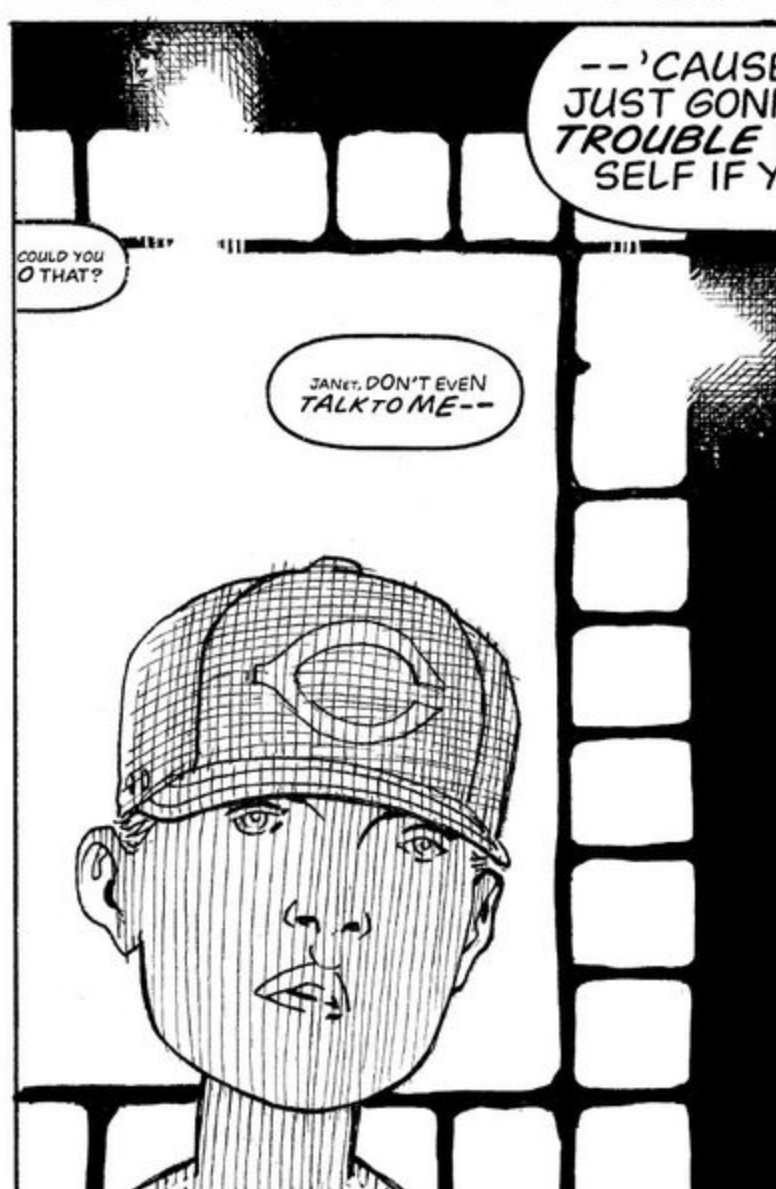
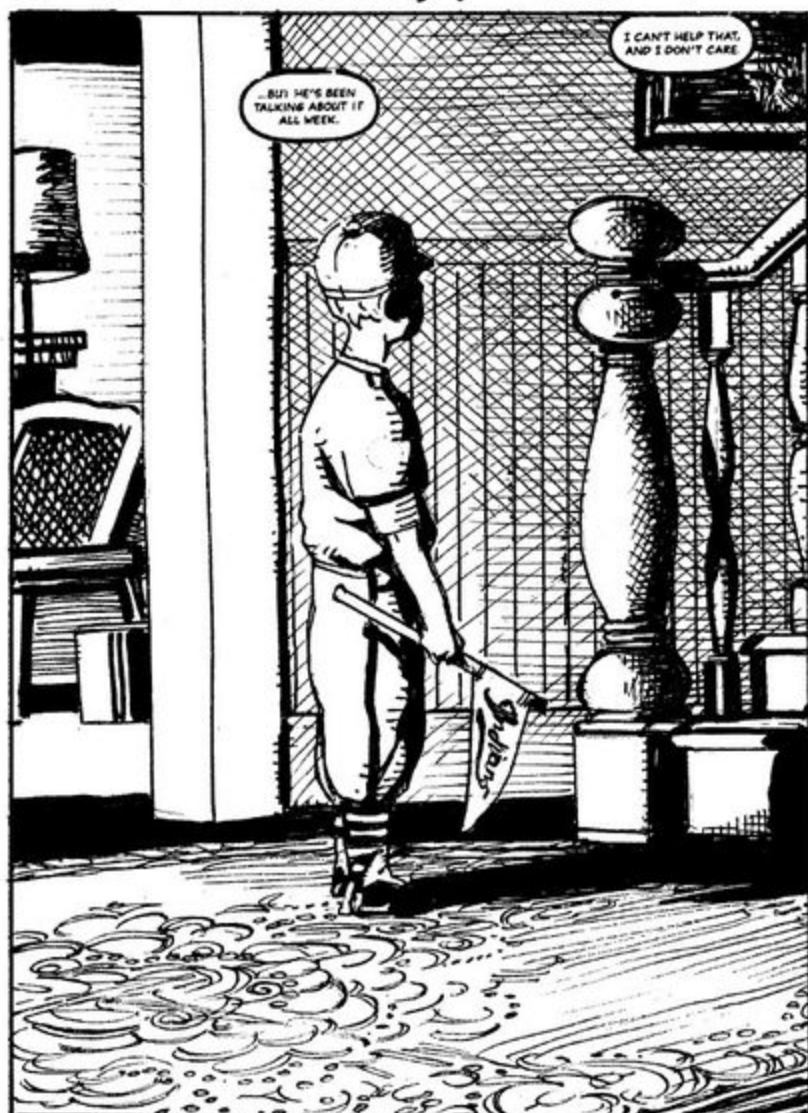
Poor Bobby hurt himself again today. I swear I've never known a child to become so accident prone. I'm leaving his dungarees to soak overnight, but I don't think the blood will come out without a real bleaching. Been really humid all week.



MY GOD--HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO KEEP DOING THINGS LIKE THIS TO YOURSELF?

DON'T CRY, BOBBY. MOMMY'LL MAKE IT BETTER.









June 5

Seems that every time I sit with this diary nowadays there's new trouble to write about. It's almost as if Tom is ~~so determined to~~ it's almost as if Tom would rather not have come home at all. We seem to be constantly at odds with each other. It seems to me that he'll deliberately say something, make some statement or something, only to contradict it later on after I have believed. He keeps doing this all of the time. It's like he wants to drive me crazy. So far, this has just been confusing



But now I can't help but think that Tom is being deliberately vindictive. After promising Bobby that he'd take him along to the Indians game today, T just outright refused to do it. He just walked out leaving B standing there. What a really cruel thing to do.

Poor little Bobby, all dressed up with his cap and pennant. We both sat on the stairs and cried together. Poor baby. I do so wish there were more children of Bobby's age in the neighborhood. I'm sure he must get so lonely playing all by himself during summer recess. He's too small to be going off on his own, so he only has the front yard to play in. Carol-Anne is the only

other child around here, but

Margie (or maybe Harry)

• does (or both, come to

think of it) doesn't

seem to like the idea

of them playing together.

Perhaps this is because

of Tom (?). He's been so

antagonistic toward both of them since he

came home. How could a man change so

much, I wonder? It's not as if T was

a tank commander or anything, he was

just a German translator. How much

awfulness could he have been a party to

if he was just a translator? Tom won't

talk about it at all, and I am afraid

to ask anymore. It's disturbing to





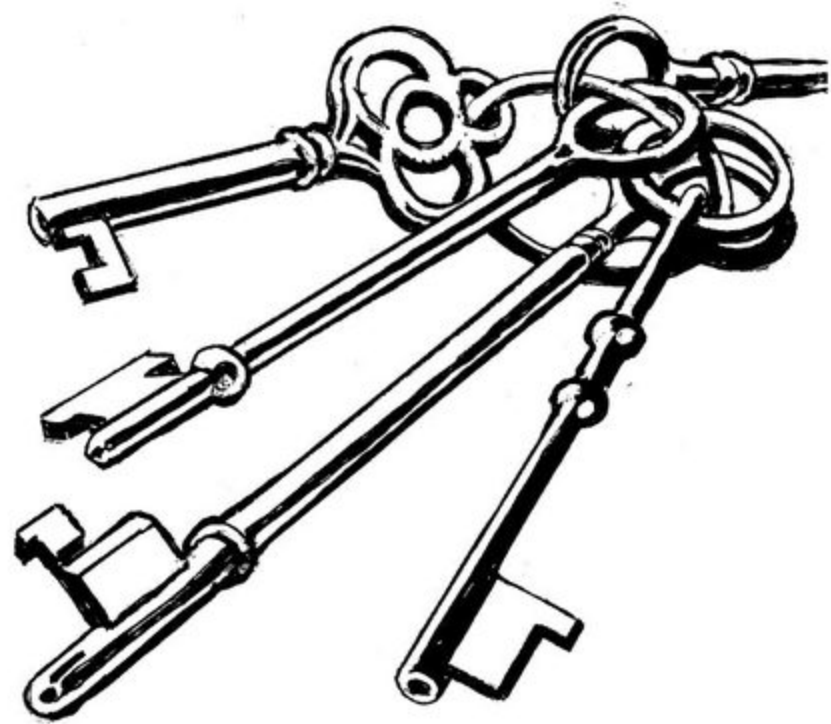
know that Tom is keeping ~~so is a man so~~
~~secret~~ these secrets from me. Perhaps I will
never know the truth.

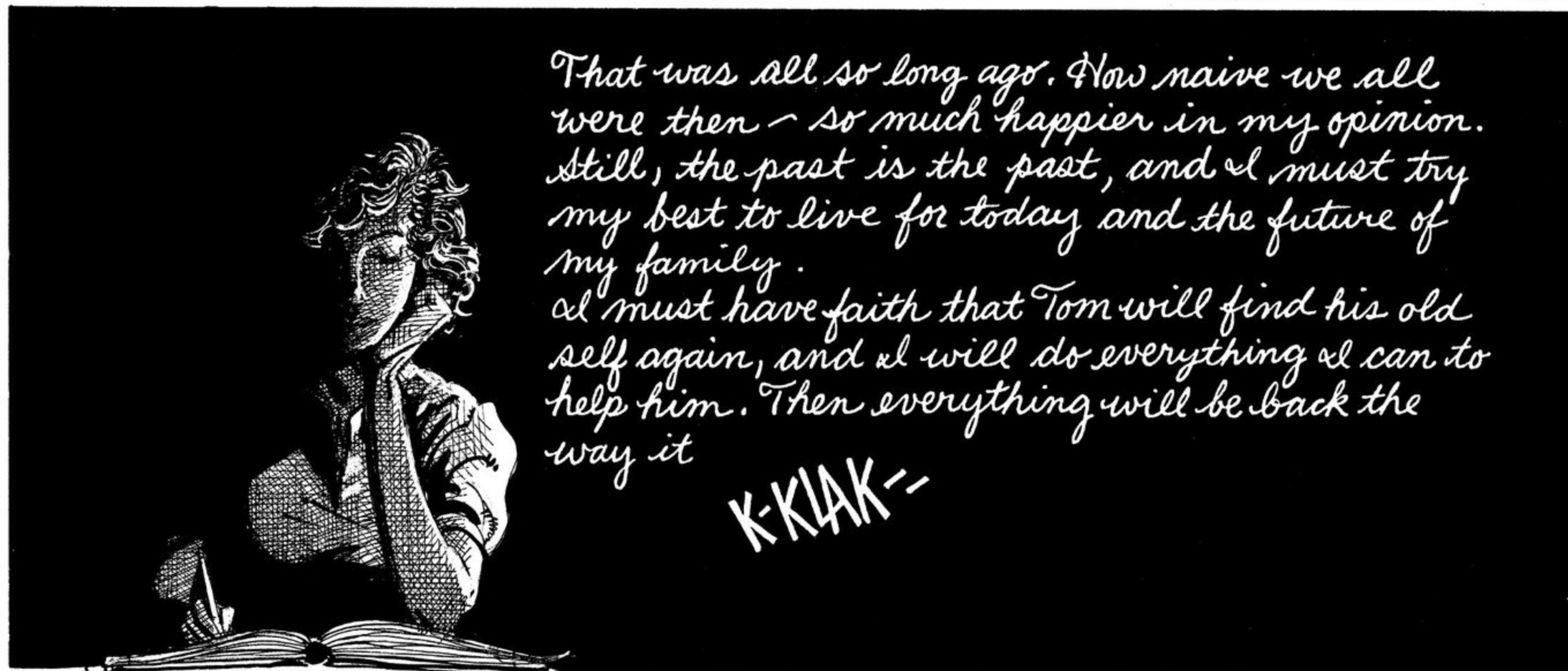
It's late, about 10:30 ~

I said the game could go long, so I guess it
did. I keep thinking of him leaving this
morning in that awful corduroy jacket that he
only wore once when we were dating. When
I first saw him in it it was so ugly and
ill-fitting that I burst into laughter thinking
he was pulling my leg. I suppose he was ~~angry~~
upset w/me over that. But we were
soon having fun again.

In those days before the war
we were always laughing and
having a good time. Tom was
such a charmer and I was so
in love with him.

It seemed like there was
nothing he wouldn't do to
make me smile.











Sunday, June 5





LOCAL MAILMAN BEATEN SENSELESS
No Motive Determined
Forty-one year old Ferris Gibbs, a well-liked mailman in the area, was found bloodied and unconscious in the alleyway behind Artie's Cedar Street bar last night. Police have ruled out robbery as a motive as Mr Gibbs' wallet was found on his person. He was in guarded condition at press time.





The home of Morris and Eileen Ronsadt Monday, June 6





TOM GETS
VERY ANGRY.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S GOT INTO
THAT MAN.

HE SHOUTS AND
CUSSES.

HE WAS
ALL PANSIES AND
POETRY WHEN WE
WERE KIDS--

DAD WAS
WORRIED HE'D
GO BALLET
DANCING!



HE WAS DRUNK
LAST NIGHT--

HE DRINKS
TOO MUCH.

HE CAME HOME
WITH BLOOD
ON HIM.

MO'S NO TEE-
TOTALER, MIND.

I WAS THINK-
ING, EI...



WHAT IF BOBBY
CAME TO VISIT YOU
AND MORRIS
MORE OFTEN?

ON HIS OWN
I MEAN. I'LL
DROP HIM OFF
FOR YOU.

HE WON'T BE IN
THE WAY. HE COULD
LISTEN TO THE RADIO
AND HAVE SUPPER
WITH YOU ...

STAY OVER,
SOMETIMES.

STAY
OVER?

JUST ONCE IN
A WHILE, EILEEN.

WELL, I
DON'T KNOW
ABOUT THAT,
JANET.



I GUESS IT'S
UP TO MO.

THE ROOM'S GET-
TING DARKER.

IT'S JUST THE
SUN AND SHADOWS.
HAVE A COOKIE.



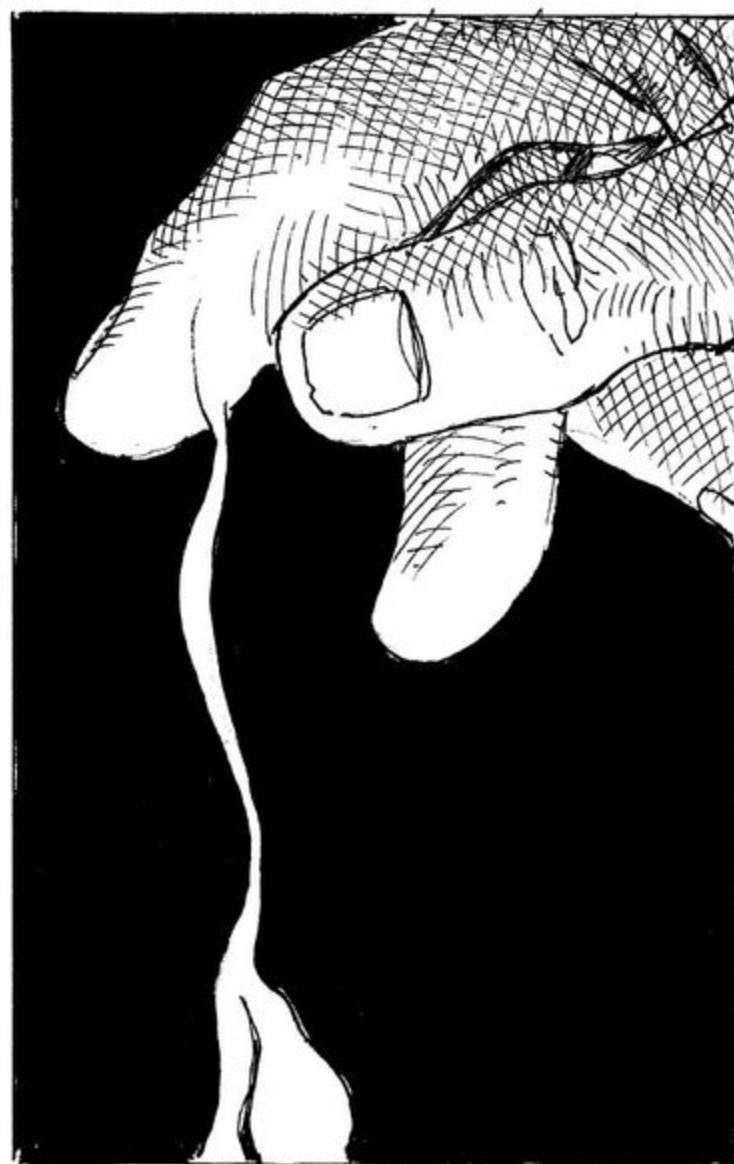
AAHH!
A SPIDER!



A SPIDER CAN'T
HURT YOU--



THERE--
I GOT IT.



2:31 am

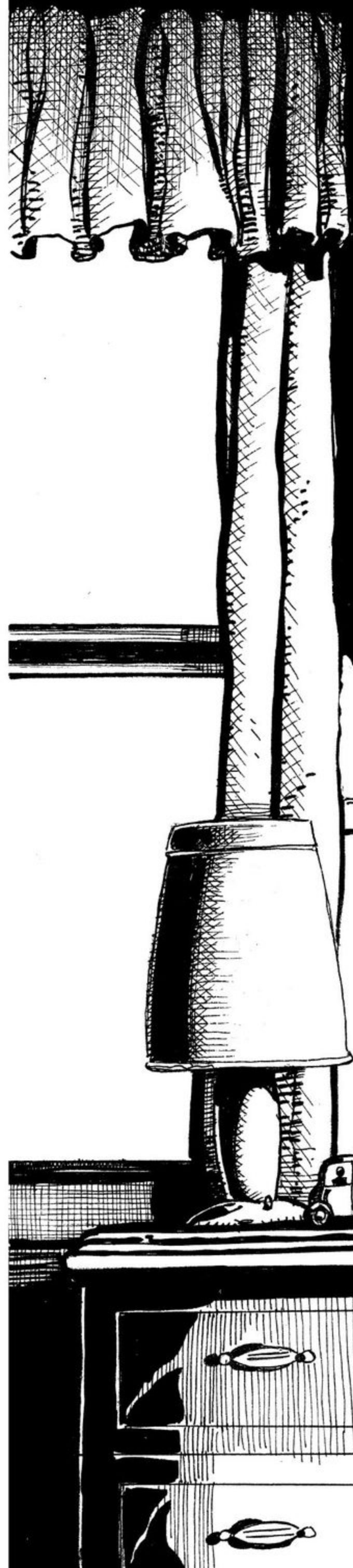
I stopped by Eileen's today and she
I'm more and more concerned about
Tom and I wish I had somebody to
talk to about it. He's been
staying out quite late in the
evenings and usually comes
home smelling of whiskey. He
can be quite beligerent and
I've stopped keeping his plate
warm in the oven.

Tom is just not the man he
was before going to war. He
must have suffered terribly
is all I can think of. His
~~time in the debriefing~~
~~must have been traumatic.~~
He doesn't act like Tom,
he doesn't talk like Tom.
It's almost as if he
isn't really my husband
at all, just someone who
looks like him if he
were 15 years older.



9:30

Oh God, I just had a dreadful fight with Tom this evening - just an hour ago. He's gone out now (probably to the bar on Cedar) but I'm still shaking. I saw him slap Bobby across the ~~the~~ head when he'd forgot to pick up his toys from the kitchen ~~and~~ and take them upstairs. Oh God - poor Bobby. I've never seen him so terrified. I just couldn't control myself and I shouted at Tom (can't remember what) and Tom just blew apart and hit me really hard ~~me~~, and Bobby was already in tears. I just can't understand what possesses Tom these days. He's become so moody and violent. I can't believe he hit Bobby that way. Poor Bobby, he has a big red welt across his forehead, and he's still sobbing upstairs, I can hear him from down here. That's the front door, Tom is back. It sounds like he's very





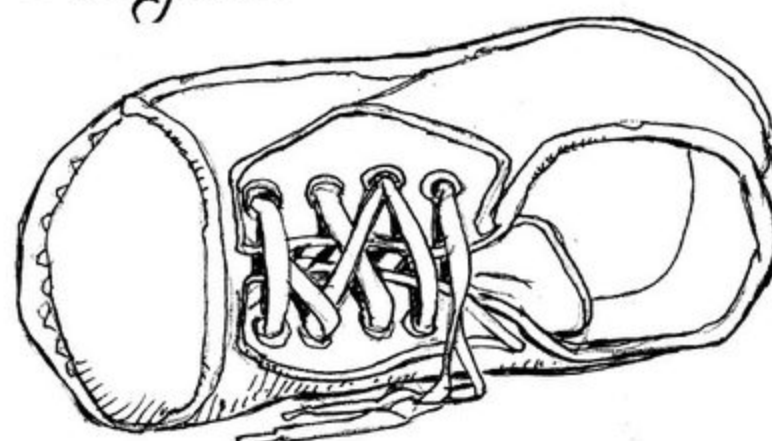


August 17,

We all had the most terrible time last Wednesday. Somehow Bobby fell off his bicycle and hurt his eye.

Bobby had a terrible accident on his bicycle last week. The doctor at the hospital ~~said~~ was worried that B might ~~only~~ have only partial sight in his left eye.

Poor Bobby really hurt himself last week. When he fell off his bicycle in the garden.





Sept 10, 1949

I haven't written for ages, I can't seem to concentrate long enough. I don't seem to know what I'm doing anymore.

Bobby's second inspection at the eye clinic went poorly today. She said that even the cheapest glass eye was necessary to prevent further loss of tissue and possible diseases. She just wouldn't accept that we can't afford it, and she's right, of course. But I couldn't explain the situation w/Tom to her.

I'll have to find the right time to ask him again, but I just know that it's going to upset the relative calm around here since the bicycle accident.

Tom has been very repentant, I must say. He's brought me flowers a few times and he's even promising to buy B. a new bicycle (although I'd prefer the money to go toward the costs of the eye). But despite this and a few other changes for the better (who knows how long they'll last?), I can't seem to feel ~~com~~ comfortable around Tom anymore. I pretend that I am — I smile and make chit chat, I cook and sew and all of that, but inside me I feel that a lot has changed.

Something that keeps
He's back, must close

11:30 p.m.

Something that keeps getting to me is that almost every time I notice that Bobby isn't around, or if he isn't where I expected him to be, my heart stops

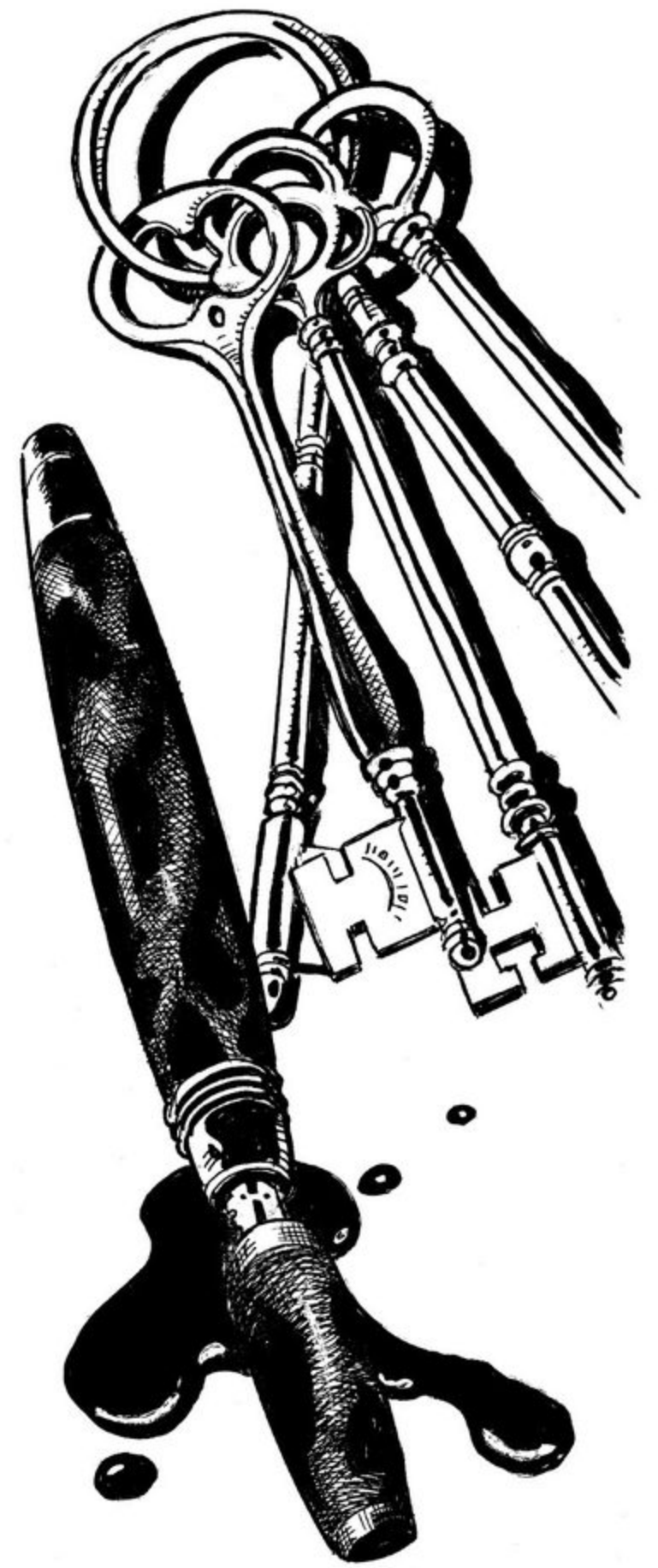
beating. Then I have to run around the house looking for him. I don't dare call out in case Tom realizes that I'm in a complete panic that he's beating his son again.

I still relive it ~~all over again~~ in my dreams. B. with his bloodied face all ~~blown up~~ like to bulging, and Tom screaming some obscenities in German like those newsreels of Hitler at the rallies. I'm almost afraid that I'm shouting in my sleep and Tom lies there wide awake watching me go through it again and again.

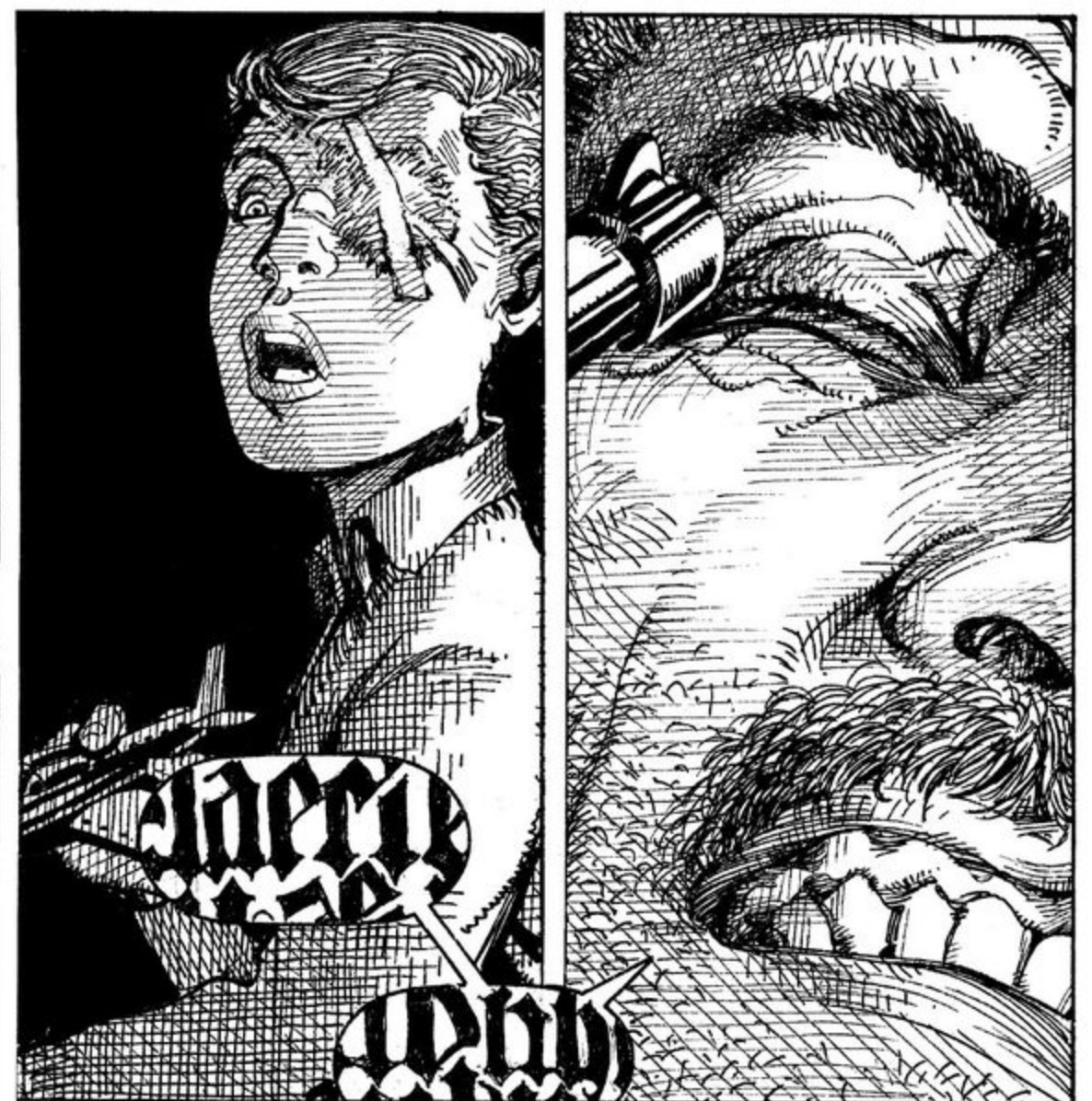
I don't know how long it will take for me to get over all of this. And God only knows how Bobby feels. I can't seem to talk to him about it, he's just too young I guess. One good thing, I suppose, is that B. might have been knocked out unconscious through most of it, so perhaps he doesn't remember much.

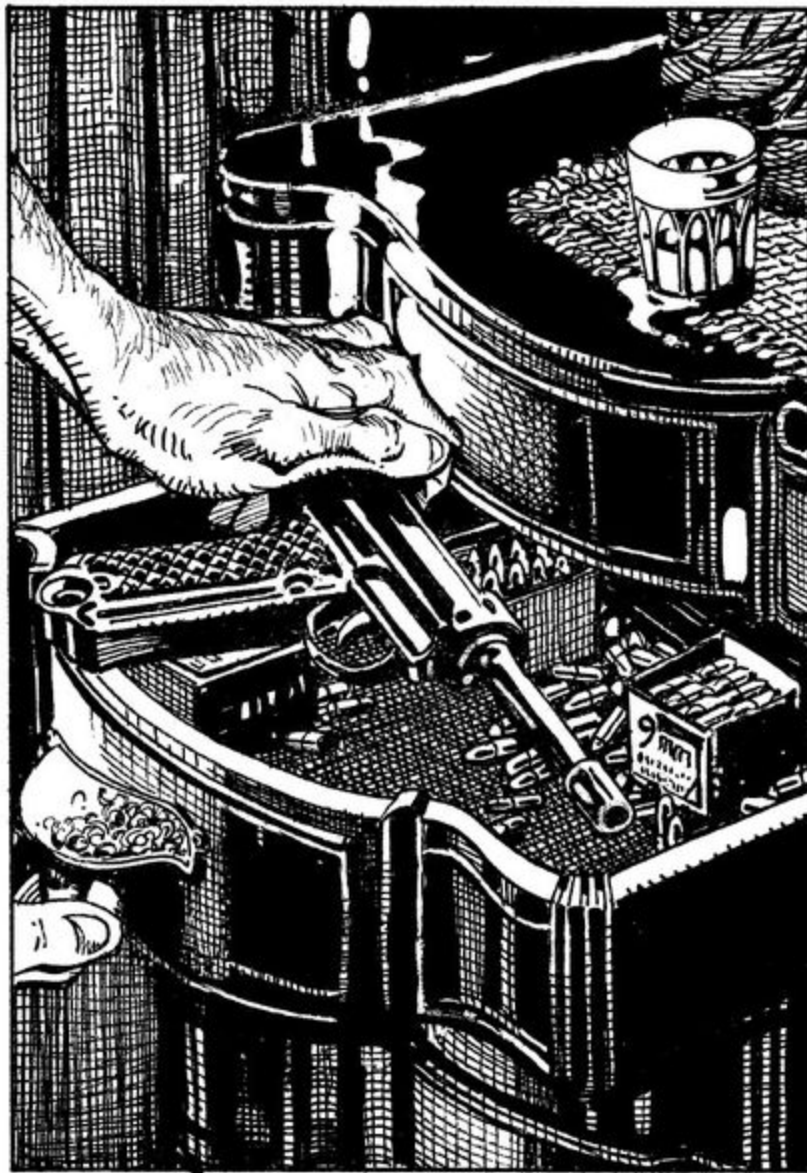
Well that's my hope anyway.

It's midnight, I should turn in. I hope I don't wake T.







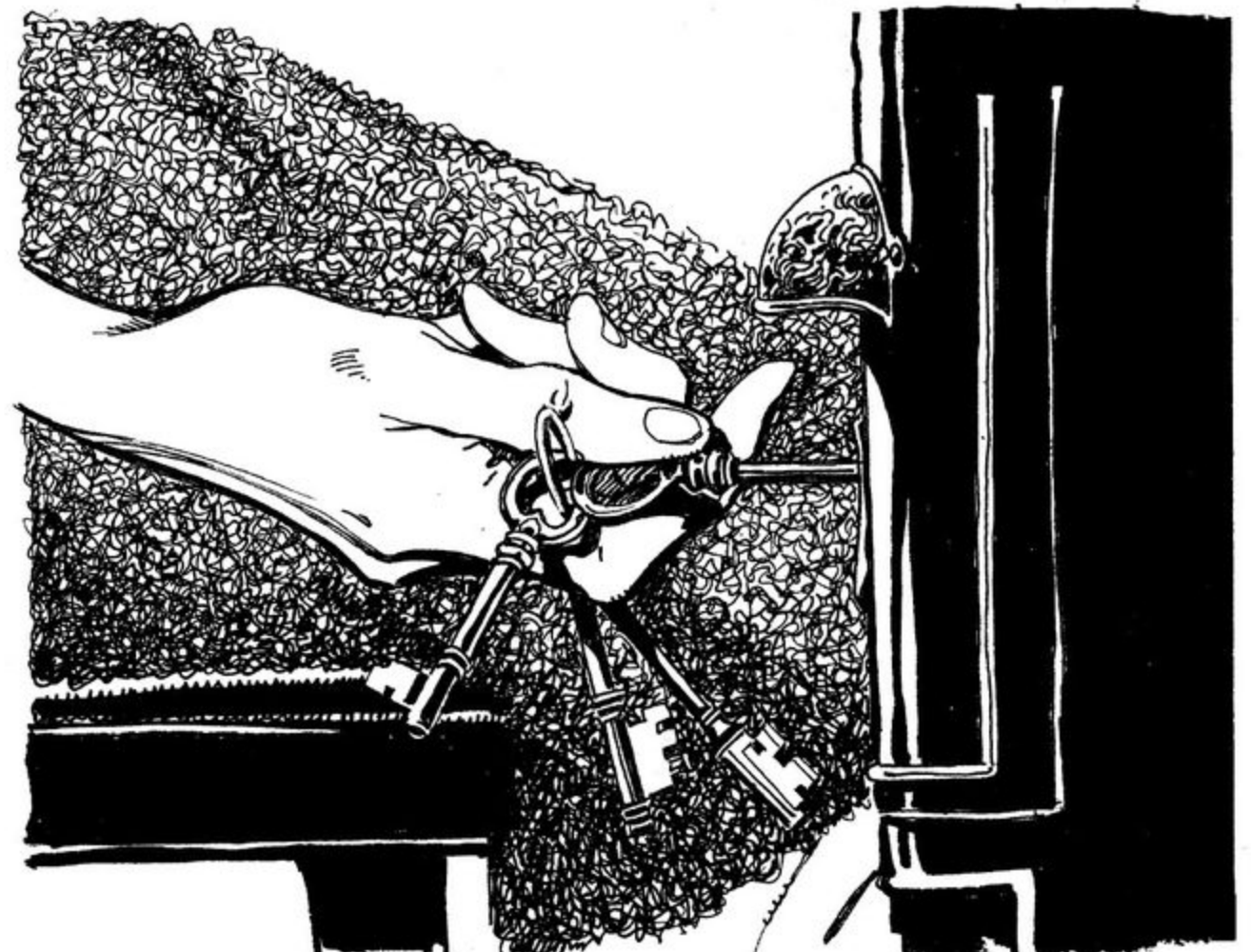
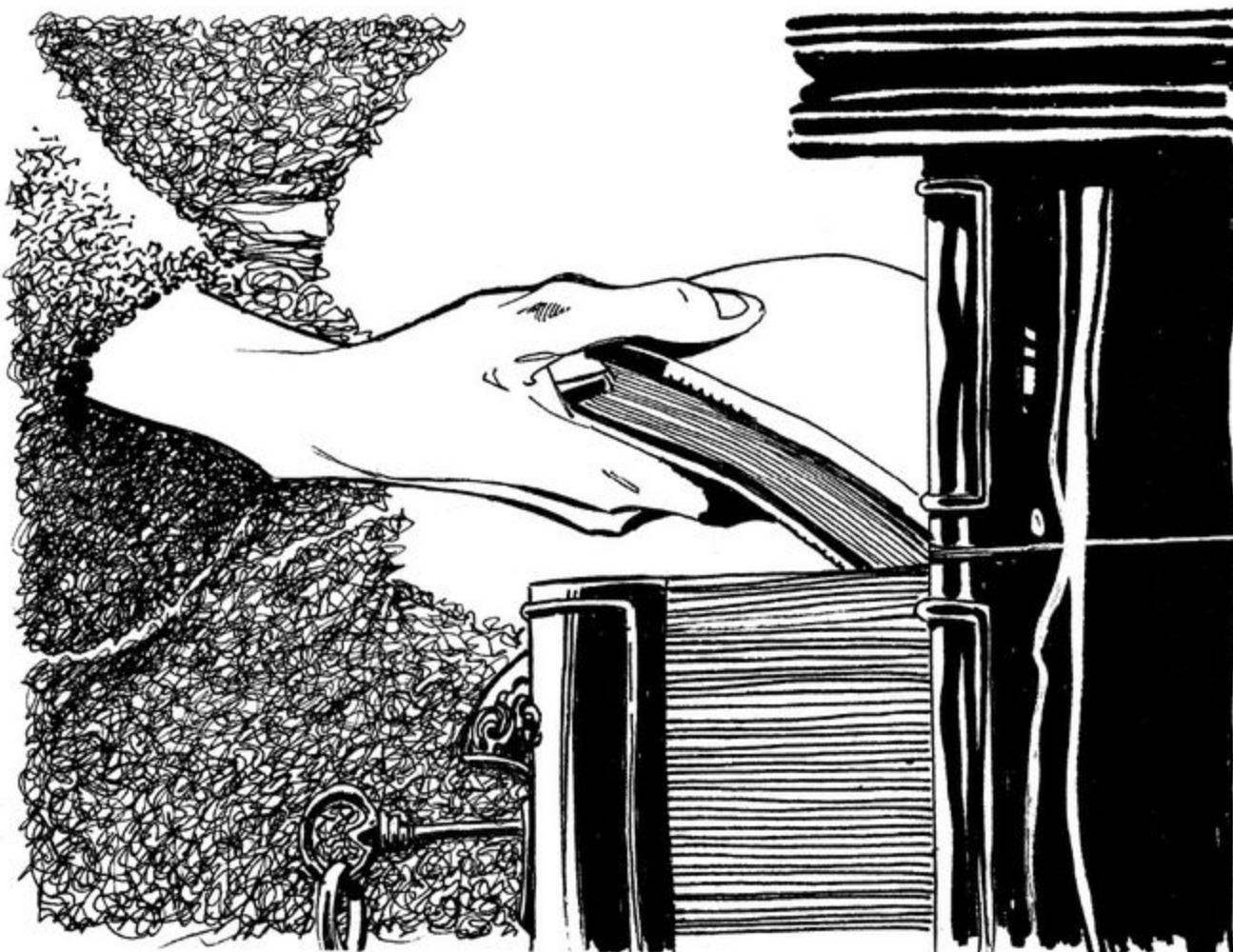


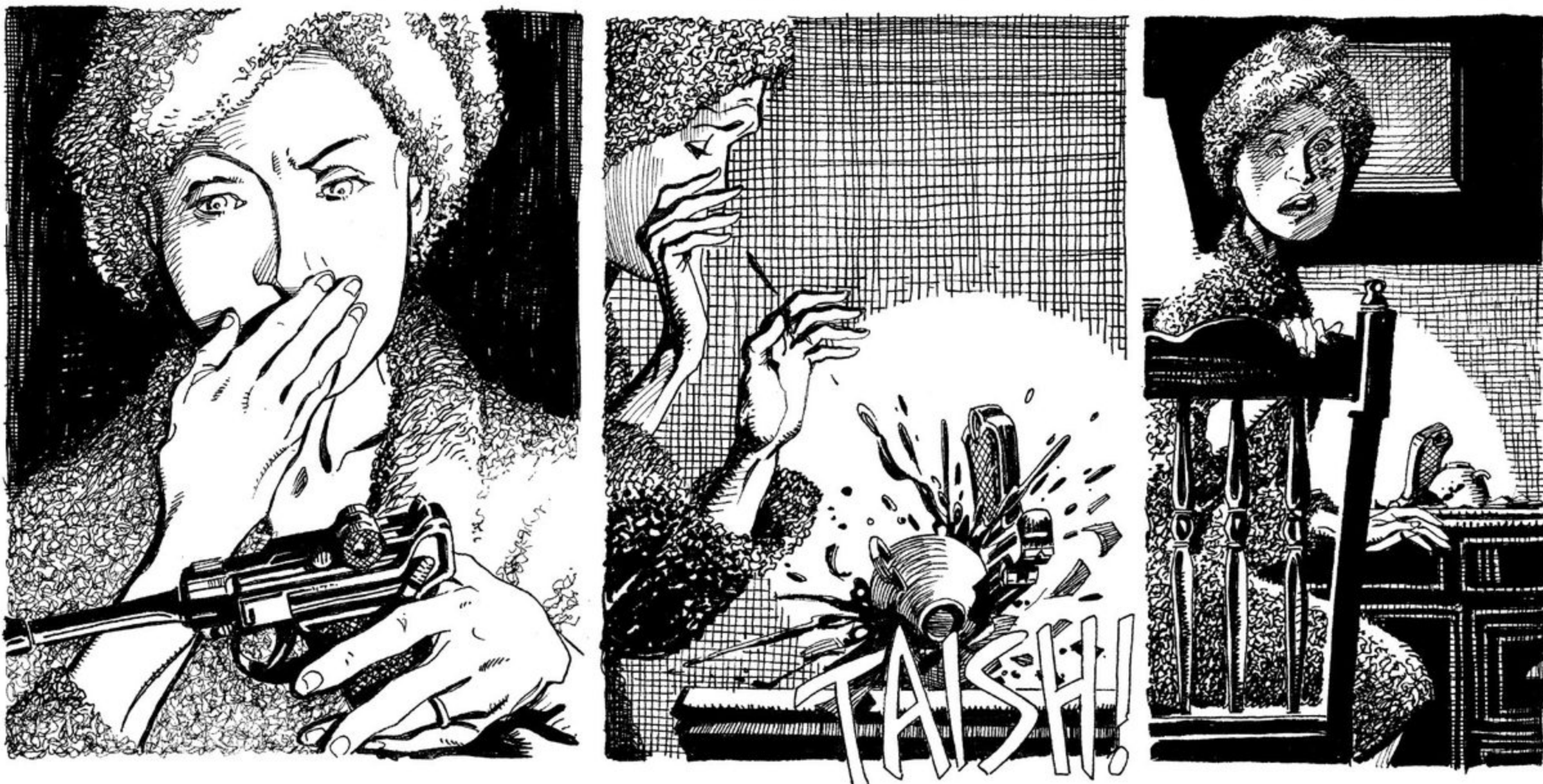
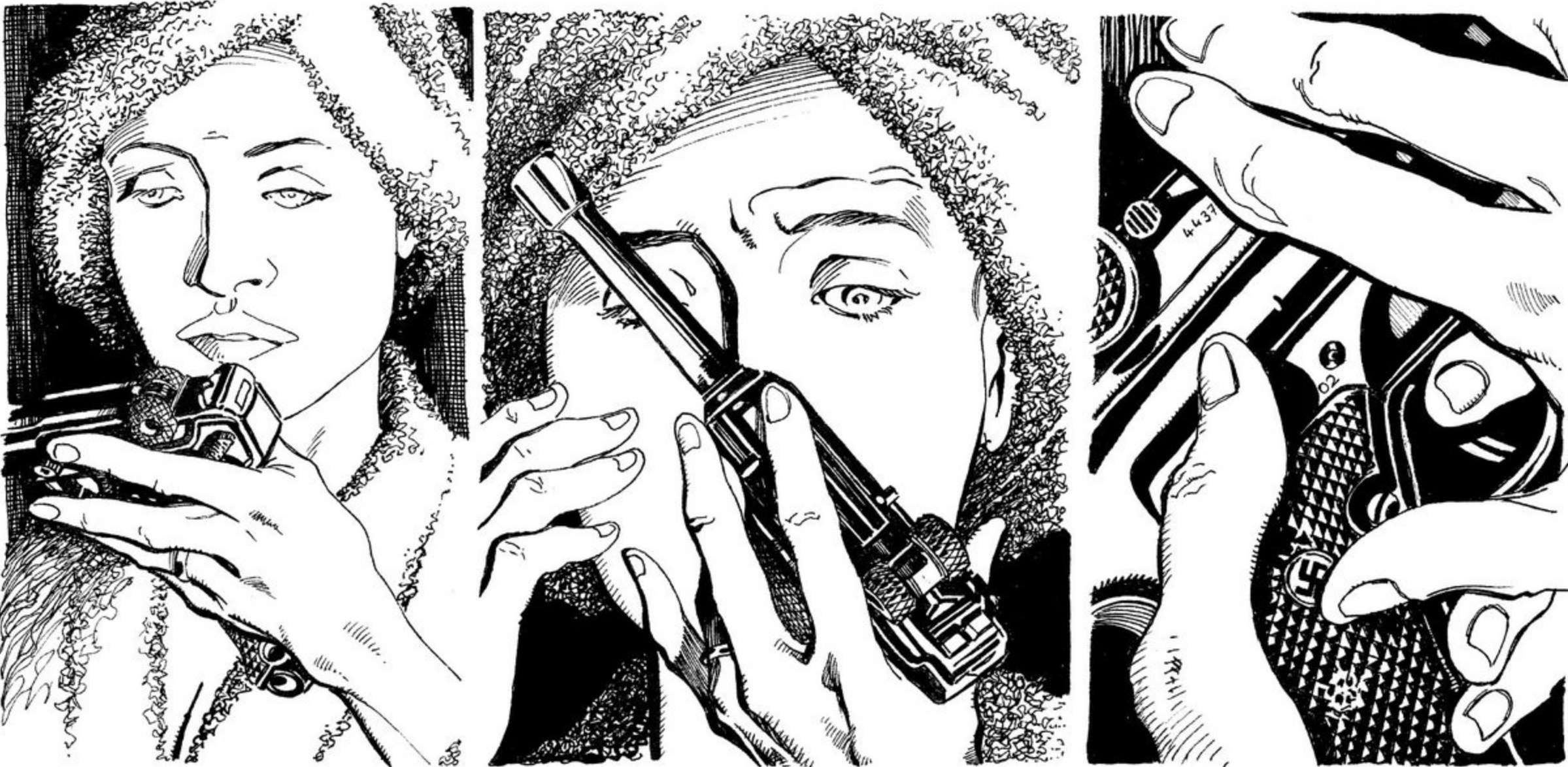
October 26, 1949

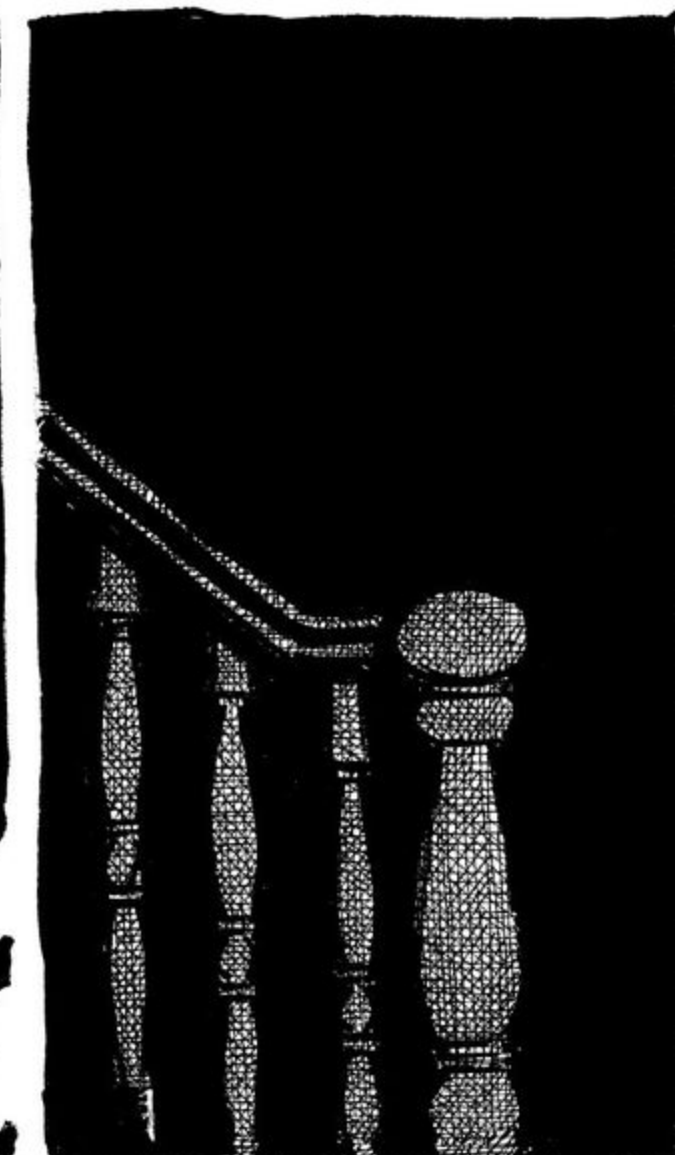
I'm very tired as I write this, so I may not write for long. I ran into Jack today as I was coming out of the market with Bobby. It was so awkward and I didn't know what to say to him at all. He couldn't help but notice the bandages on Bobby's face even though I made him wear that silly hat. I lied and said he'd got into a fight at school, completely forgetting that school doesn't start 'til next week. I don't know if Jack caught that. I should've stuck to the bicycle accident, but I was flustered.

Jack was so wonderful and so concerned for Bobby and me, I just wanted to take him in my arms right then in the street with everybody watching. Jack was telling me where he'd been all these months, and if it was supposed to be Top Secret or something it didn't matter because I wasn't really listening, I was just gazing into his deep brown eyes all the time. I feel so cared for when Jack talks to me. The way he looks at me, I know he's still in love with me and I know no matter that it can never be, that I shall always love that man so much.

Oh dear God, please don't let me even think these sorts of things.







October 27, 1949

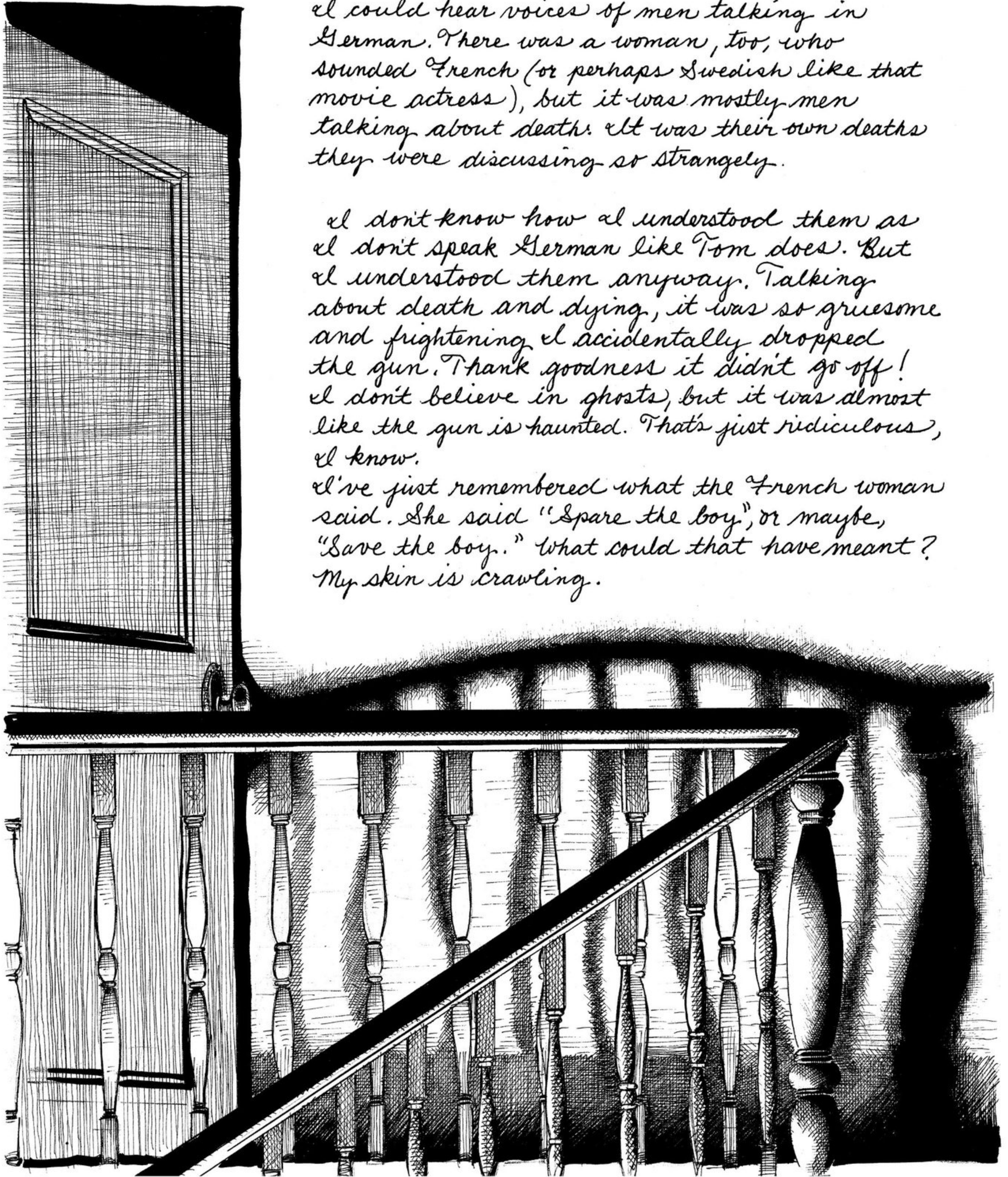
This has been on my mind all day. Last night I had such a strange experience. Normally I hate guns and the "souvenir" Tom brought back from Germany is so ugly, but for some reason I took it out of his drawer and held it for a while. I just don't know why I did this. The thing frightens me. It has a Nazi sign (insignia or something I can't remember what it's called) right in the middle of the handle, and it's black and heavy like something that's evil.

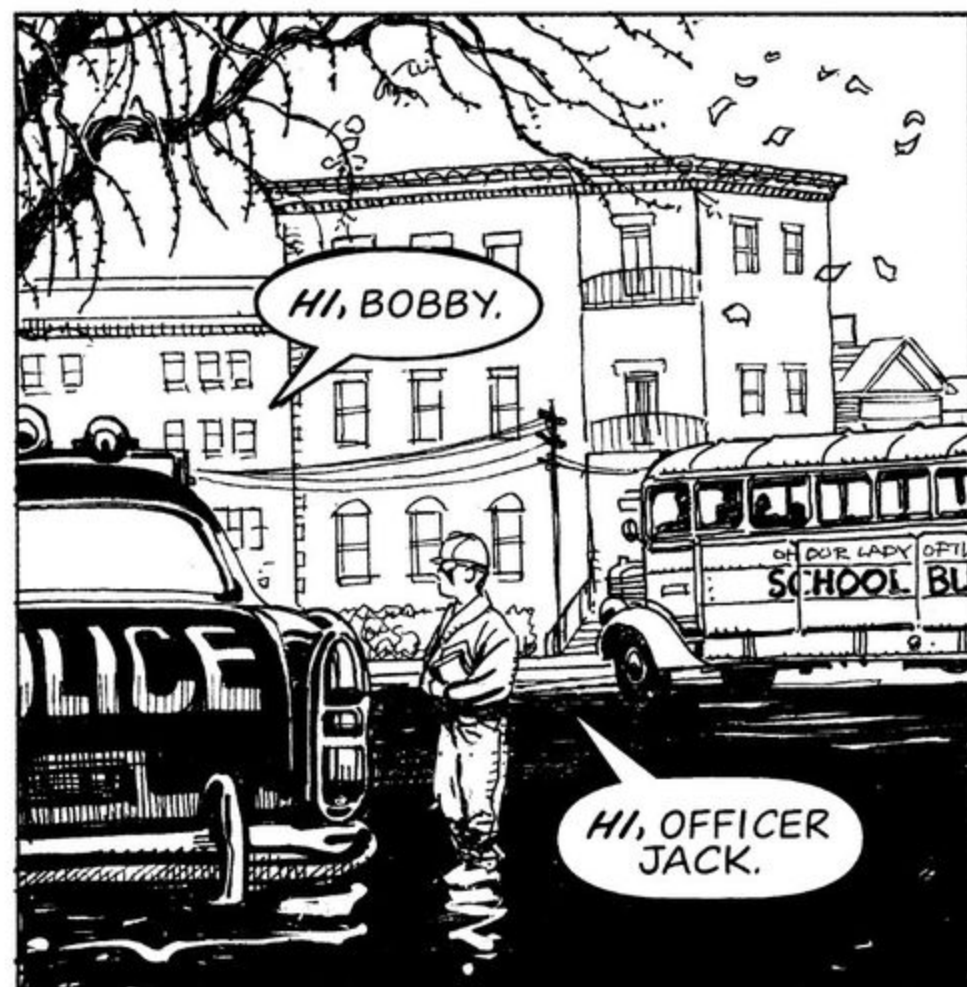


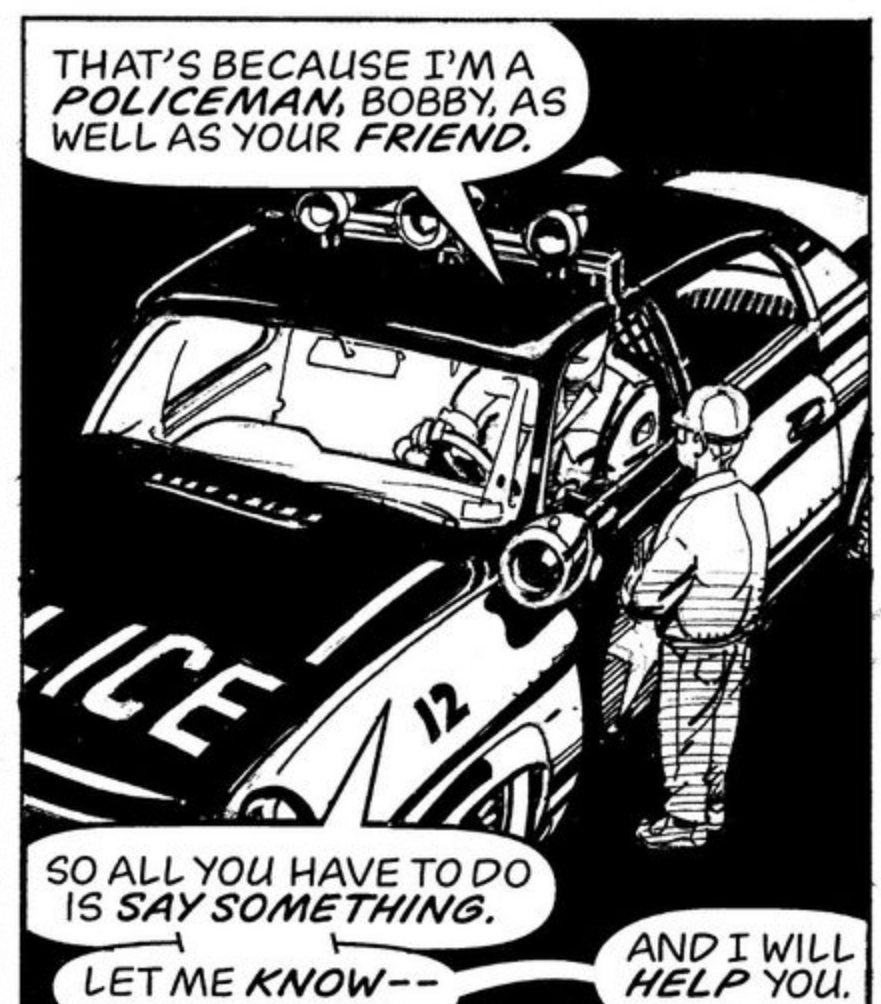
While I was holding it I started to hear voices! I know how ridiculous that sounds, but I can't forget it and it's worrying me so I thought that writing about it would help somehow. ~~There was~~ I could hear voices of men talking in German. There was a woman, too, who sounded French (or perhaps Swedish like that movie actress), but it was mostly men talking about death. It was their own deaths they were discussing so strangely.

I don't know how I understood them as I don't speak German like Tom does. But I understood them anyway. Talking about death and dying, it was so gruesome and frightening I accidentally dropped the gun. Thank goodness it didn't go off! I don't believe in ghosts, but it was almost like the gun is haunted. That's just ridiculous, I know.

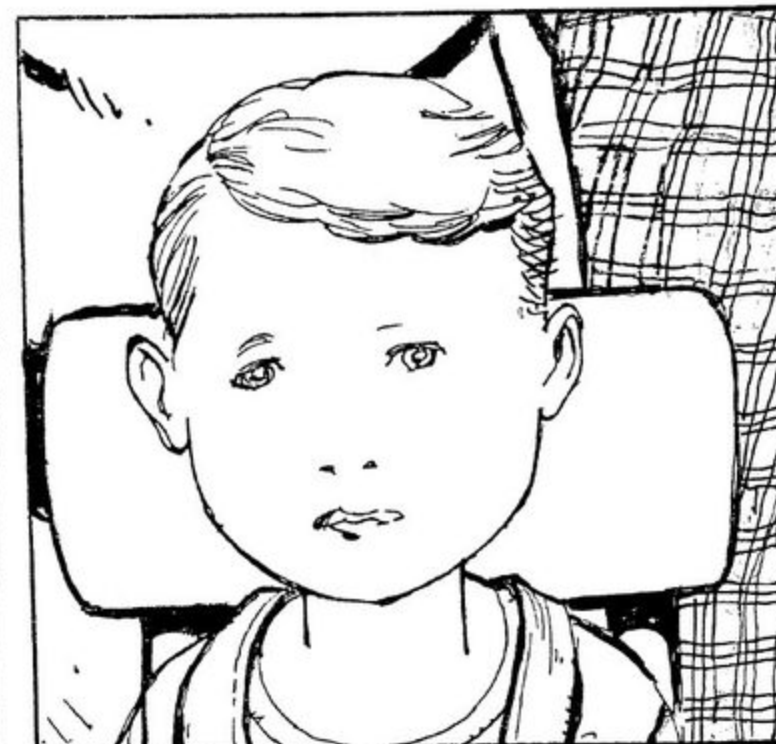
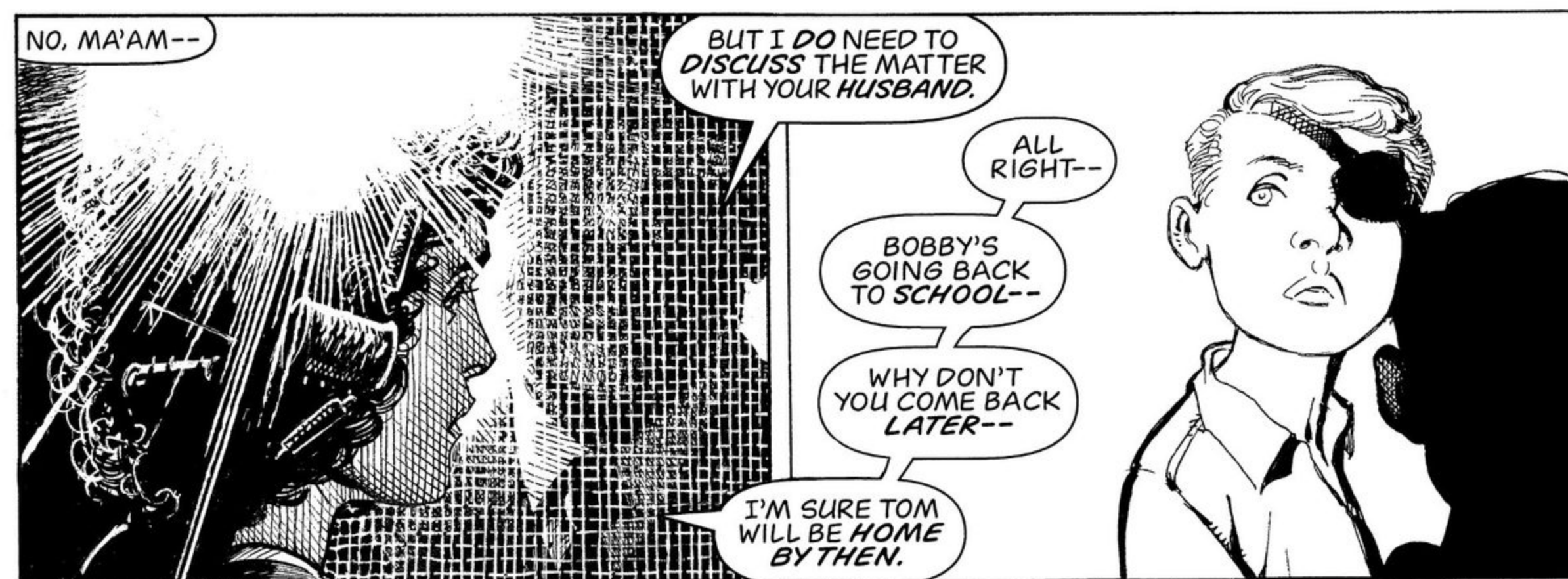
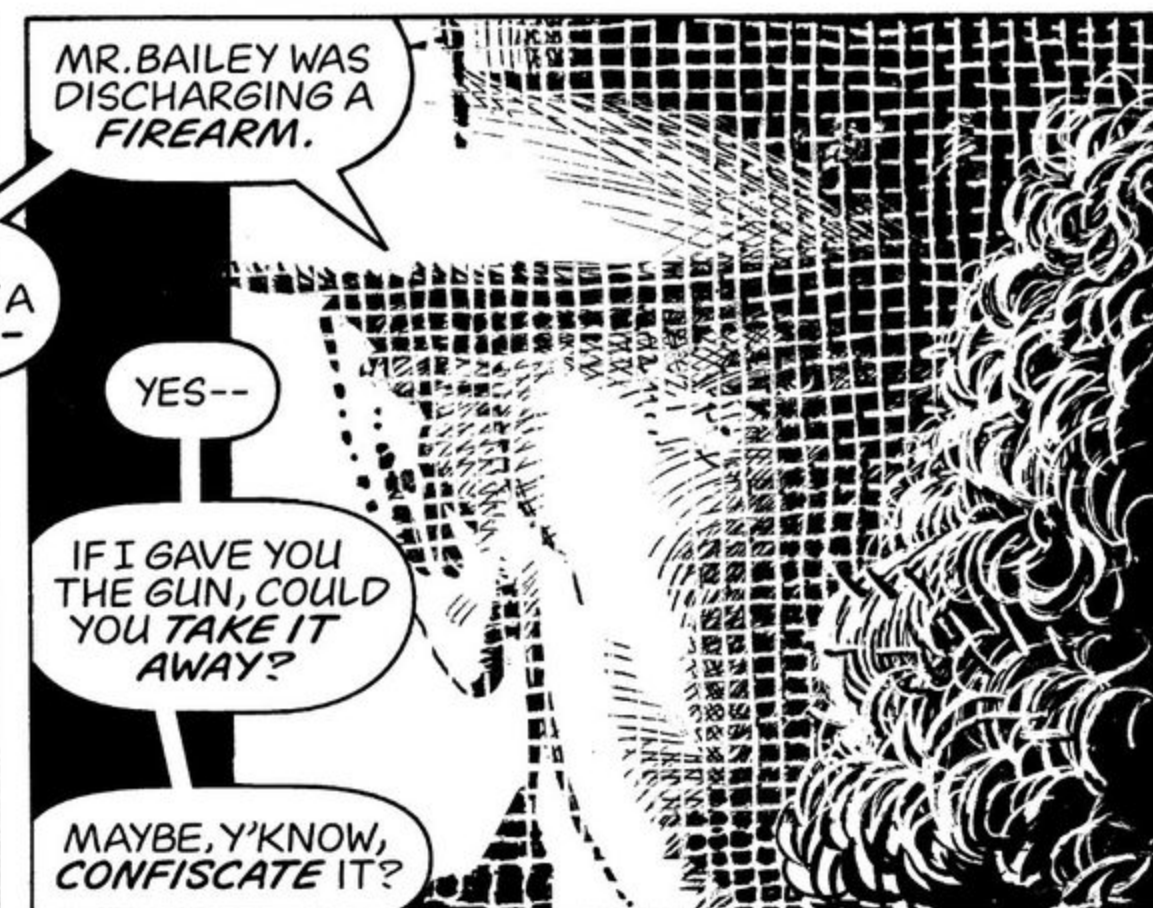
I've just remembered what the French woman said. She said "Spare the boy", or maybe, "Save the boy." What could that have meant? My skin is crawling.







Monday, November 7







Oh, HE'S STILL THERE?

YES, MA'AM.

THEY DIDN'T SAY THAT.

WHY CAN'T HE COME HOME LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE?

IT'S A BIT COMPLICATED...

FROM WHAT I'VE LEARNED, HE'S HELPING THE GOVERNMENT IN A SPECIAL--Uh--



WELL, IT'S A BIT OF A EUPHEMISM, BUT IT'S WHAT WE CALL DEBRIEFING.

ARE YOU WITH THE GOVERNMENT?

I'M SORRY-- WHAT THEY CALL DEBRIEFING.

SO, WHAT IS THAT?

WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS, MRS. BAILEY--



WHEN YOUR HUSBAND'S LEAD UNIT FOUND A COMPOUND IN GERMANY IN FORTY-FIVE--

THEY'VE...DISCOVERED SOME EVIDENCE OF THE SO-CALLED WAR CRIMES THAT'S BEEN IN THE NEWS.

Oh, GOD...



HE'S OKAY, BUT THE BRASS OVER THERE'RE INVESTIGATING IT AND THAT'S PRETTY MUCH IT, REALLY.

SO THE UPSHOT IS THAT MR. BAILEY WILL BE AIDING THE S.I.A.

WHAT'S S.I.A.?

SPECIAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY.

I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THAT.

THEY--THEY'RE KINDA PRIVATE PEOPLE.

BUT THEY DON'T THINK TOM'S DONE ANYTHING WRONG, DO THEY?



I ASSURE YOU, MA'AM, HE'S BEING TREATED REAL WELL, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.

HARD TO SAY JUST NOW, MRS. BAILEY-- THE GOVERNMENT, AS USUAL, IS SLOW BUT THOROUGH.

WELL... WHEN WILL THIS BE OVER--?

IS THERE AN ADDRESS WHERE I CAN WRITE TO HIM?



I'LL SEE WHAT THE POWERS THAT BE SAY ABOUT LETTERS, MRS. BAILEY.

I'LL LET YOU KNOW AS SOON AS I DO.

WILL YOU BE BACK?

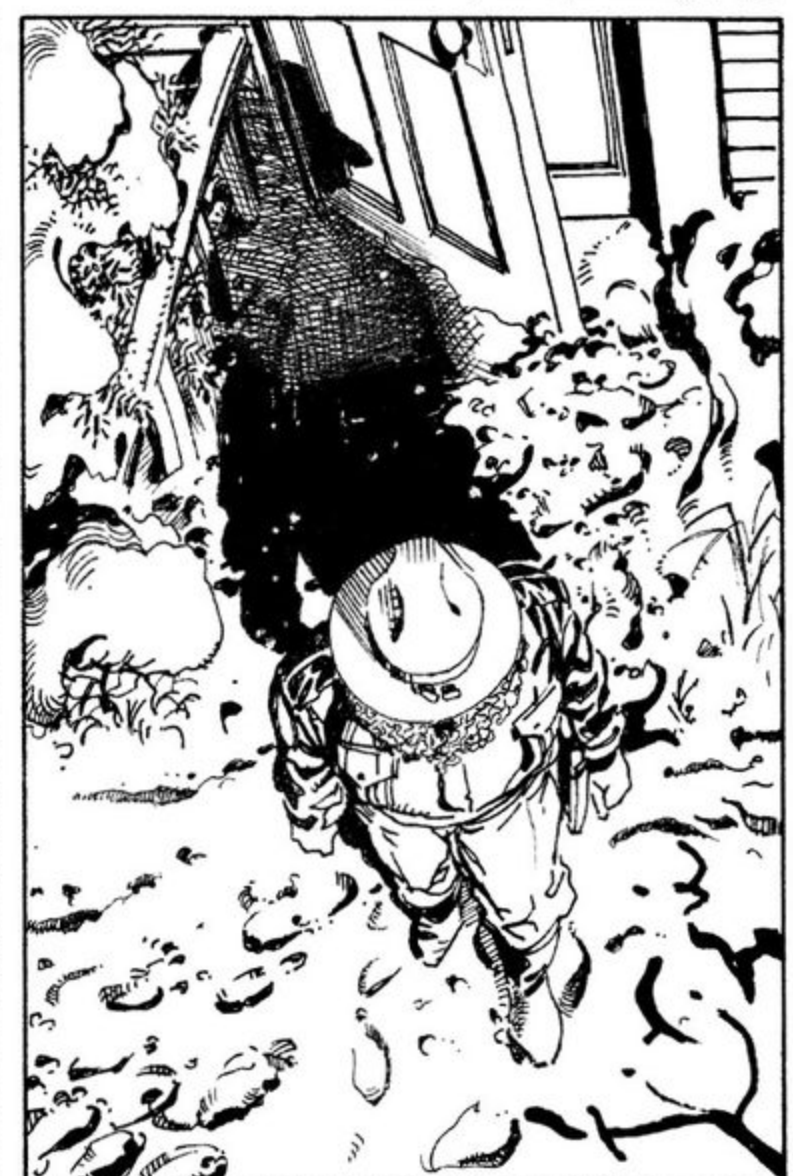
YES, AND I PROMISE TO PHONE AHEAD NEXT TIME.



THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE, MRS. BAILEY--

LOOK AFTER YOUR MOM 'TIL YOUR POP GETS HOME, BOBBY.

yu-up!



December 8 1947

Along w/ the bad news about Tom this afternoon I was visited by a police officer who had information about Tom's current situation in Germany.

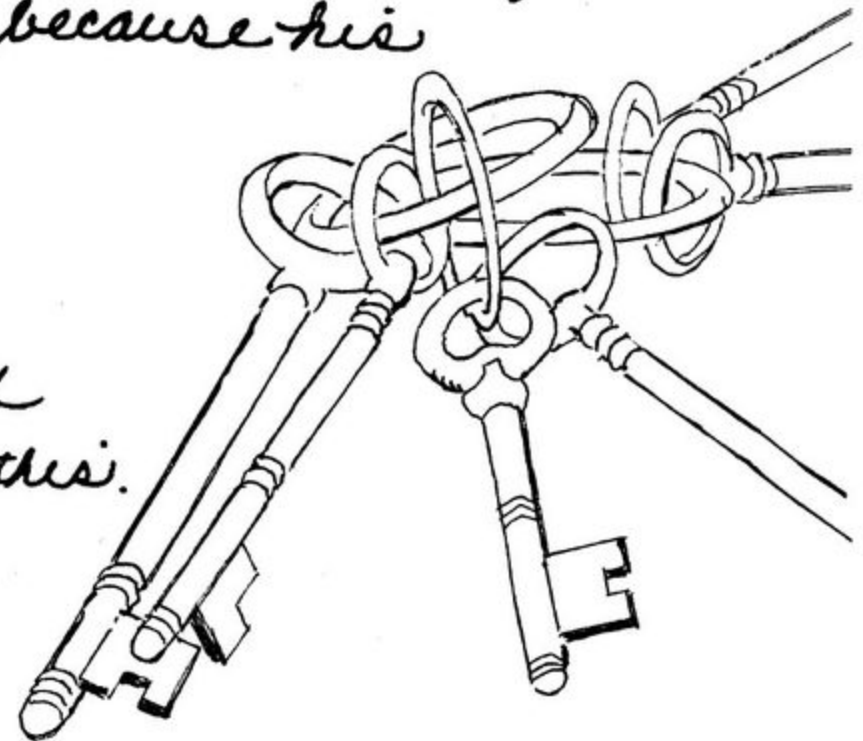


Police officer Powell seems to be working for government or the ~~army~~ army. He told me that Tom is helping out in some investigation into German war crimes. I can't pretend to understand what that means but it's good to know that if Tom is to be held up it's at least for a good reason. I wonder if this is why

Tom stopped writing, because his work is very secret.

Dec 13

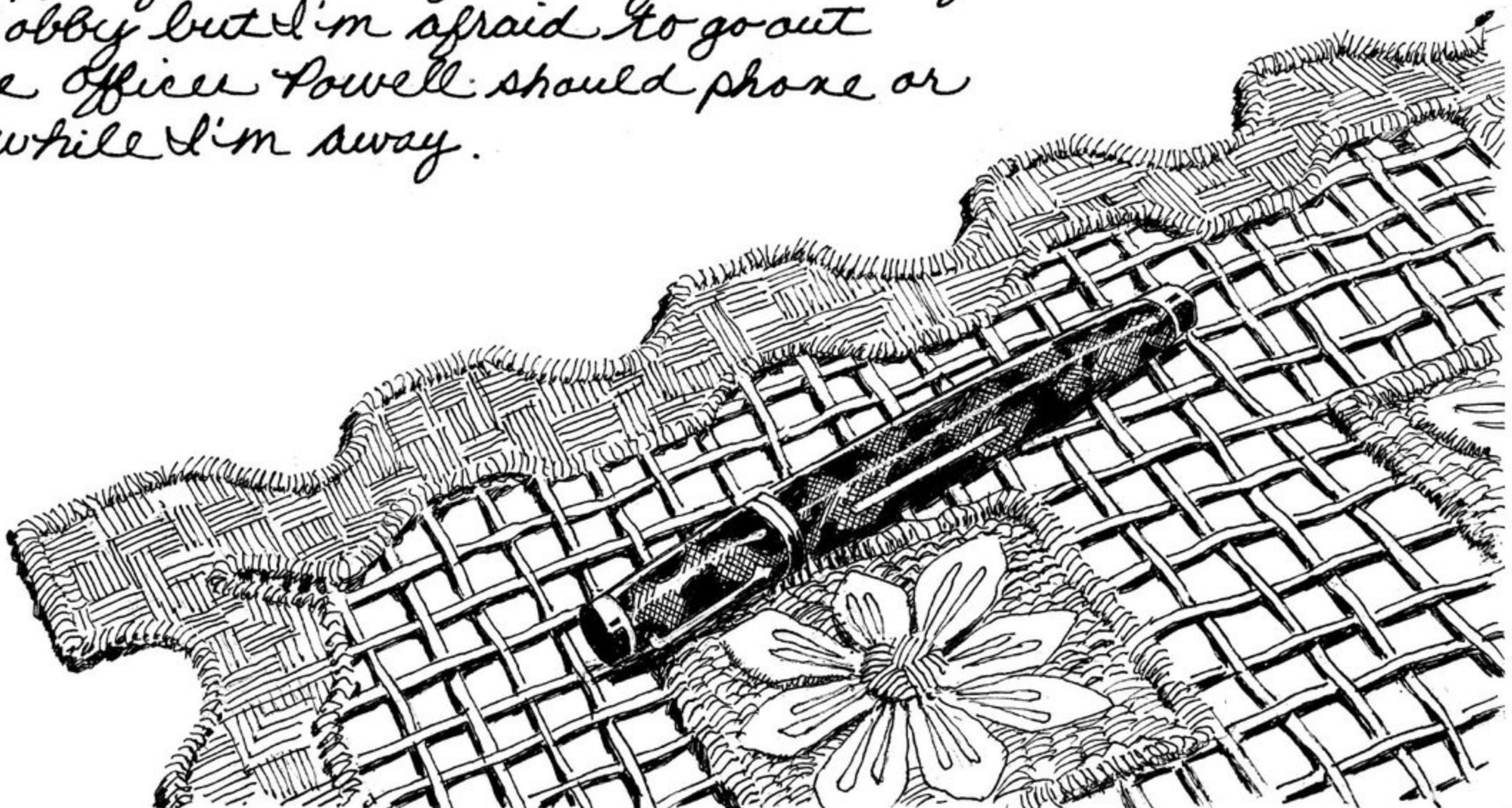
I've been waiting forever to hear from Officer Powell again but he hasn't called or come by. I'm feeling very frustrated over this.



Bobby's sniffles are better now. Expected to snow again.

Dec 17 1947

It's Christmas week and I've hardly any spirit for it, so to speak. I must try to go shopping at least for to get something for Bobby but I'm afraid to go out incase Officer Powell should phone or visit while I'm away.







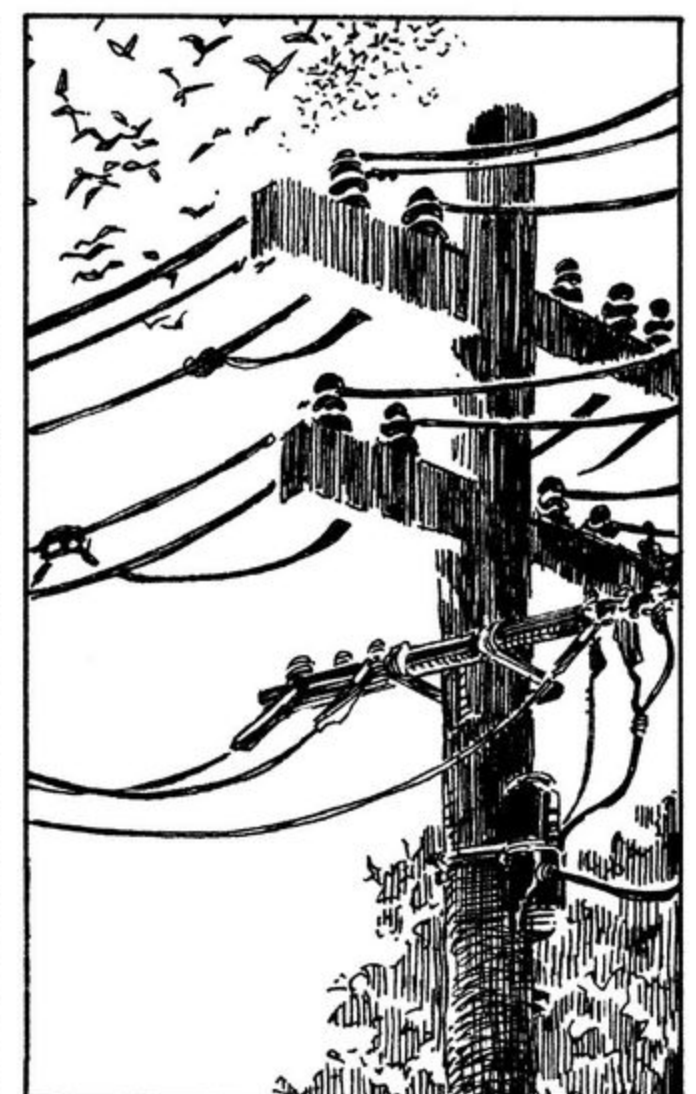
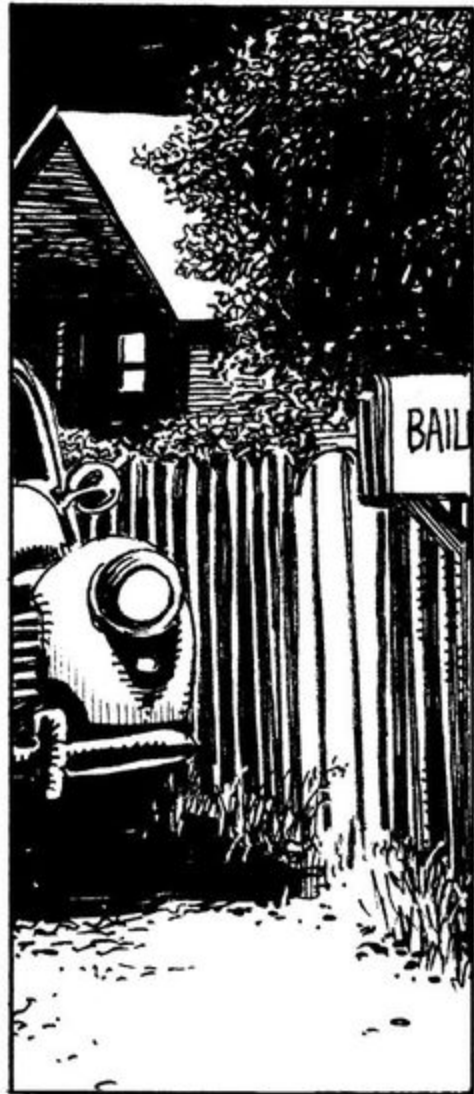








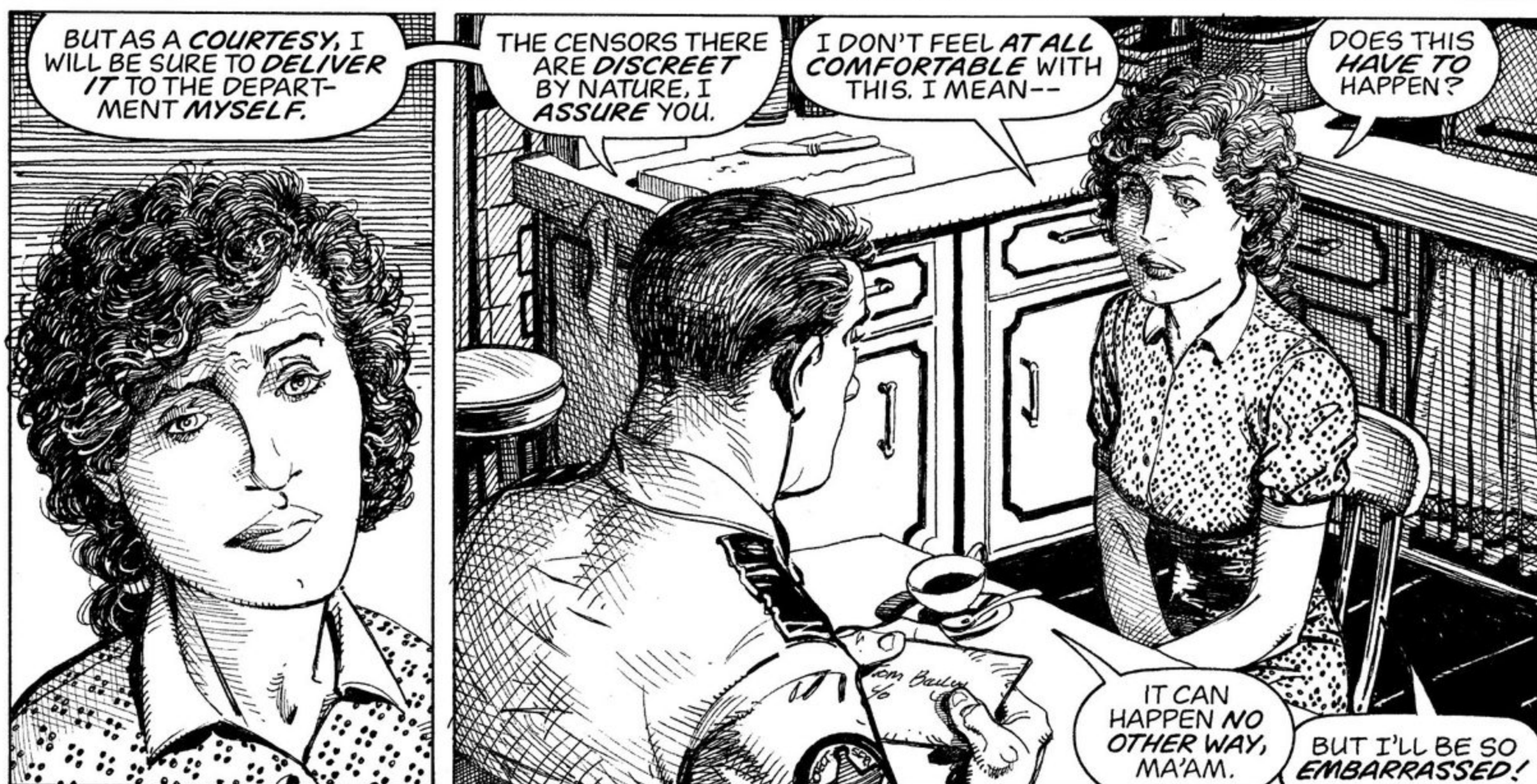
Sunday, April 4



Monday, April 5



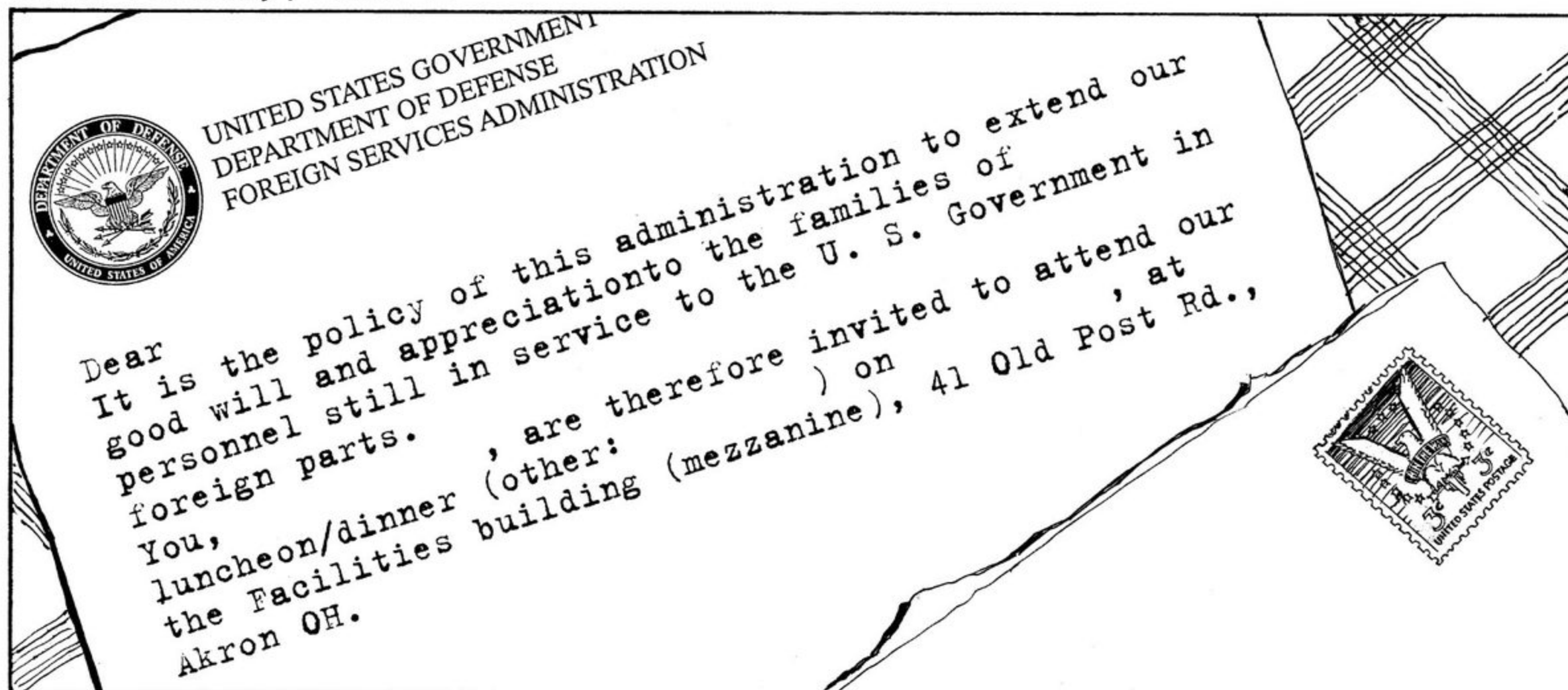
Saturday, May 15





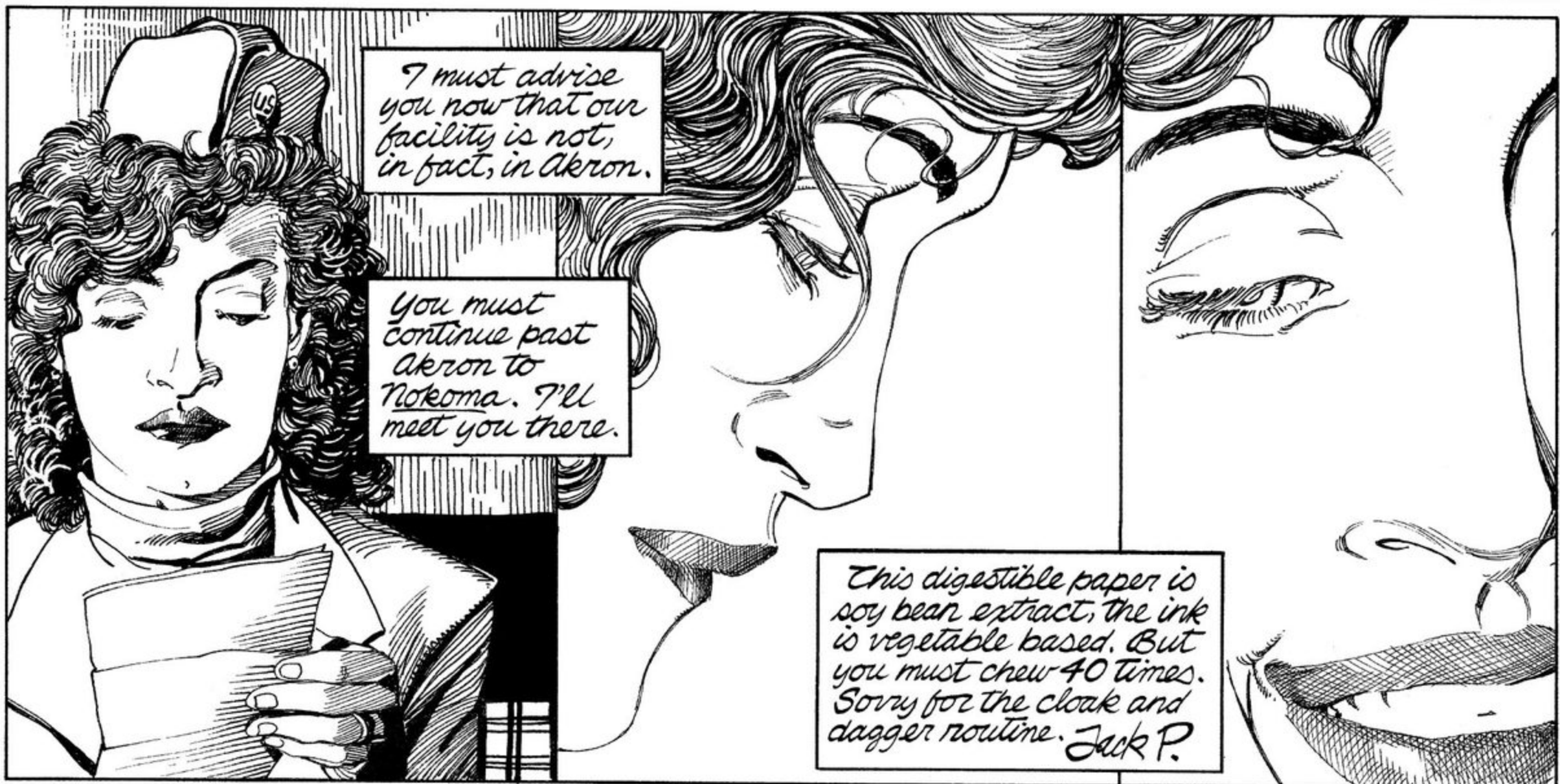
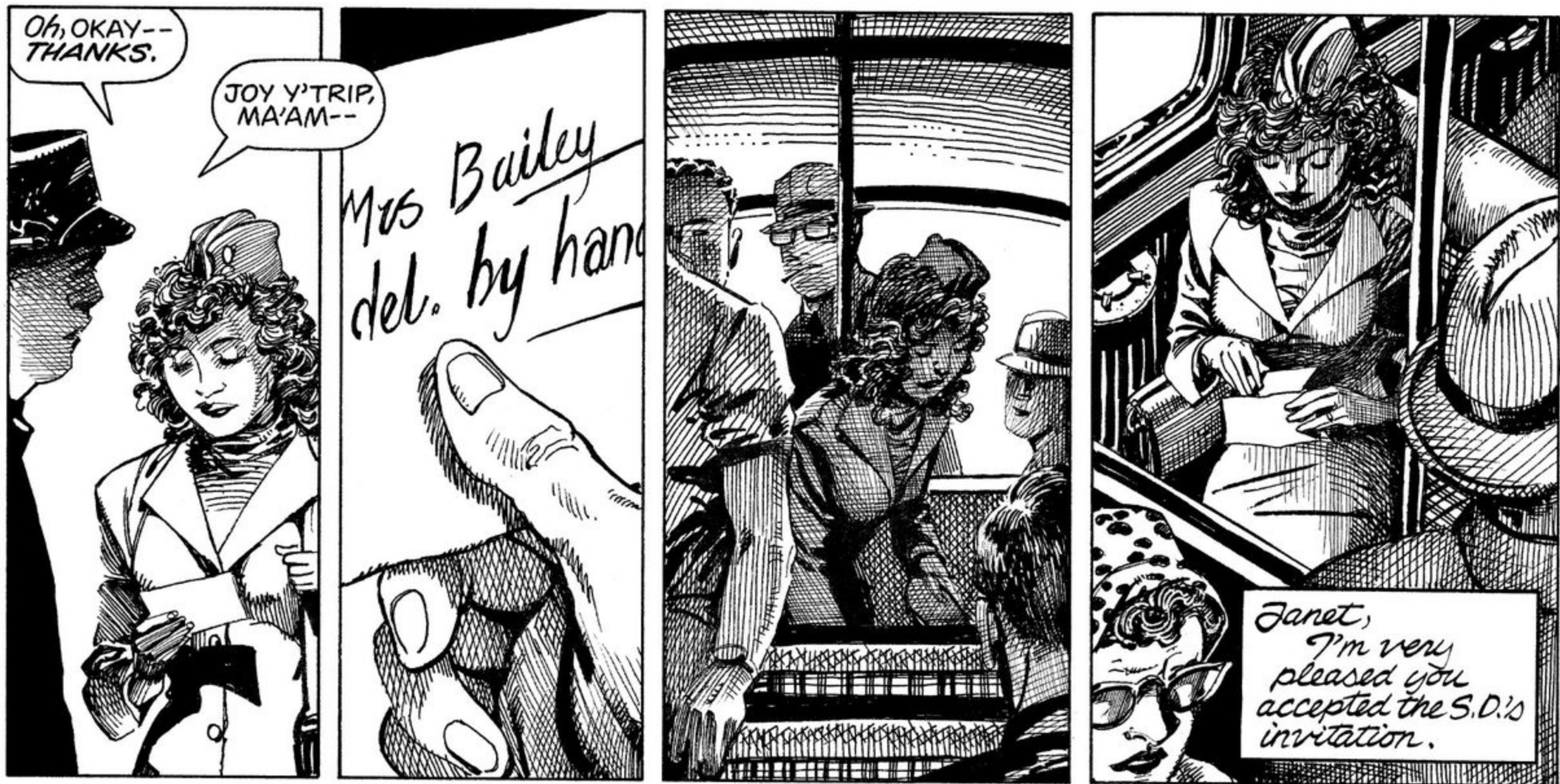


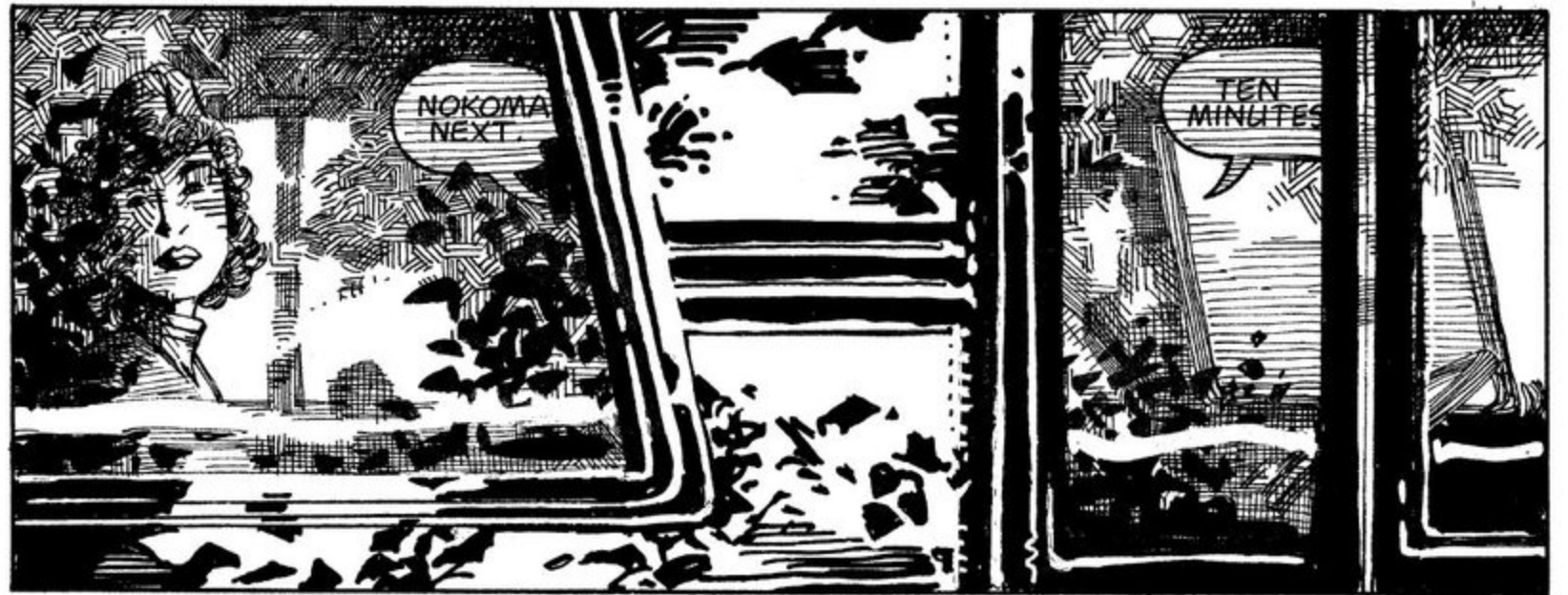
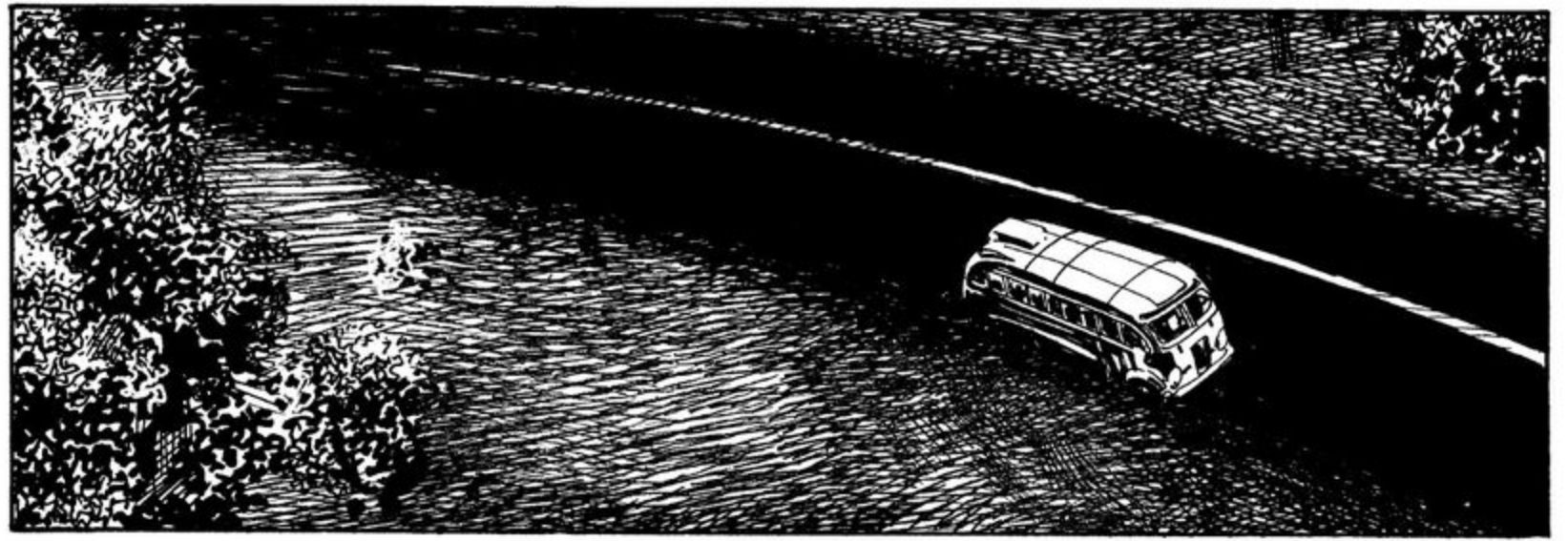
1948 Tuesday, June 1

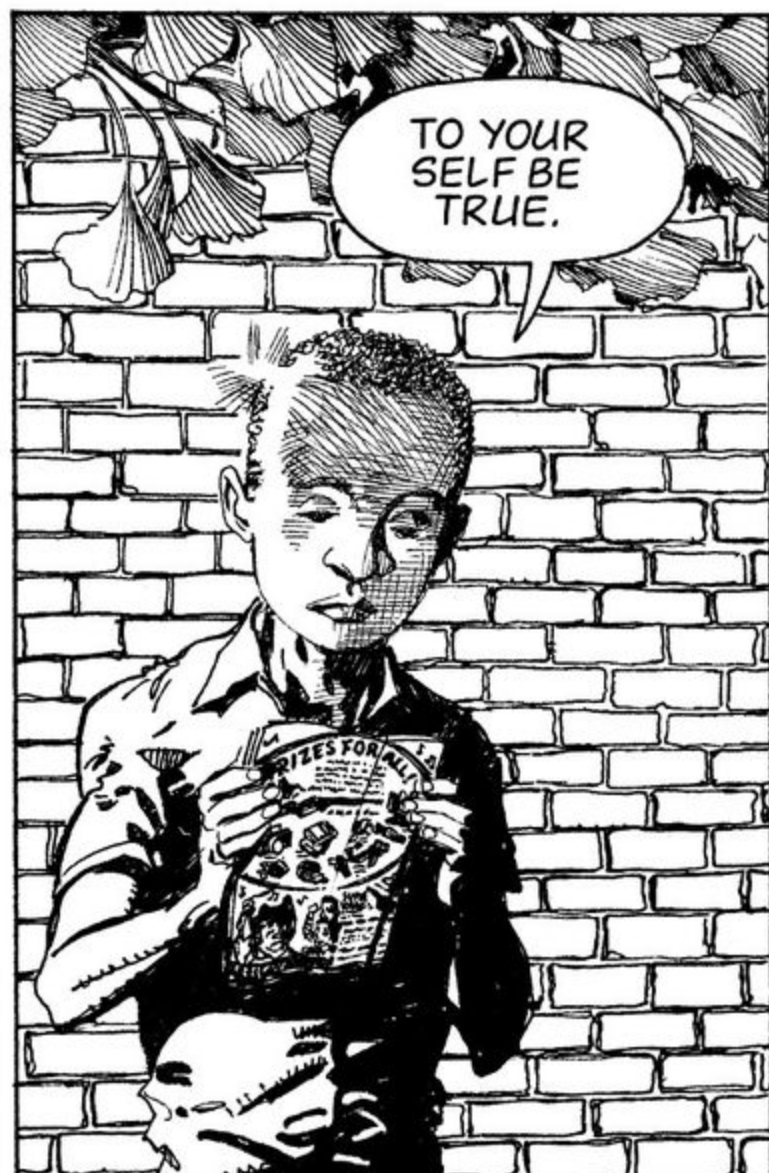


St. Claire bus station Saturday, June 5









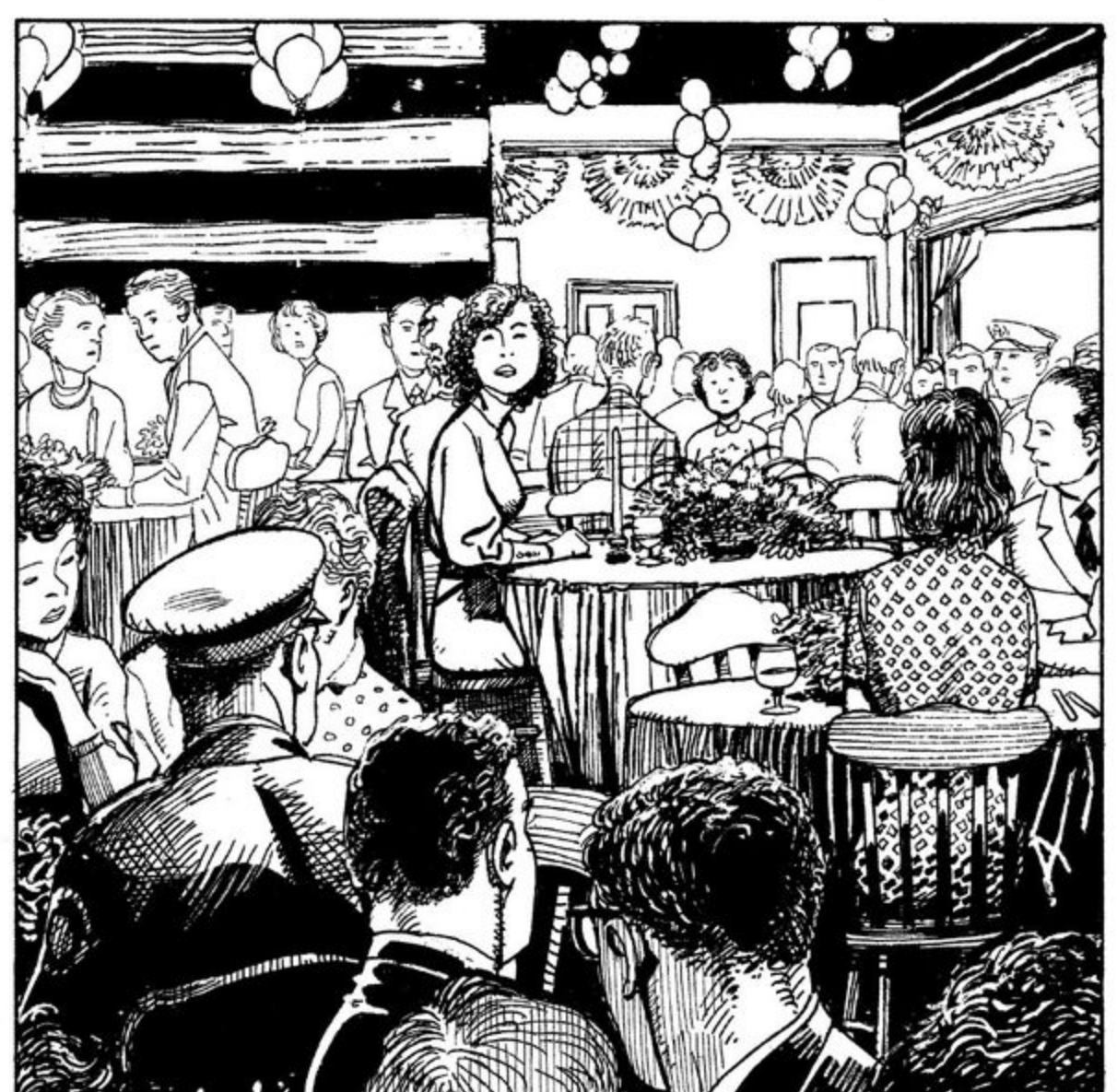


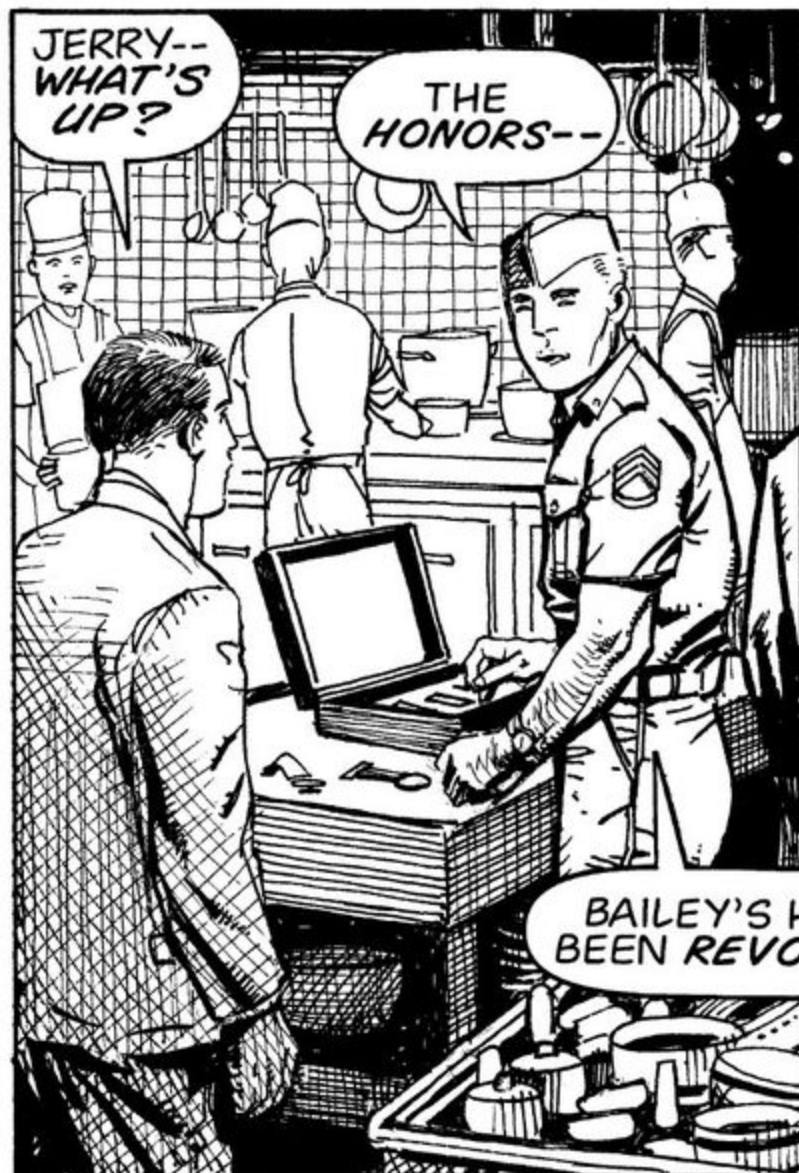












JERRY--
WHAT'S
UP?

THE
HONORS--

BAILEY'S HAS
BEEN REVOKED.



WHA?
HOW COME?

DUNNO YET.

SOME DOOFUS
UP THE LINE DROP-
PED A CLANGER--
I SEE SNAFUS ALL
THE TIME.



SO GOING INDIAN
ON IT SEEMS OUT
OF LINE.

BUT THIS'S JUST A
CHEAP RIBBON TO KEEP
THE TOOTSIES PROUD
AND HAPPY--



THERE'S NOT
MUCH TO AN
HONORARY--

IT TAKES MORE PAPER-
WORK TO TAKE IT
BACK THAN TO
SERVE IT.

MEANING?

BAILEY'S
STATUS HAS
GONE DEEP
SIX.

DEEP
SIX?

I'LL GET A
BRIEFING ON
IT LATER--



BUT--WELL--YOU ARE HERE
WITH THE WIFE, RIGHT?

YEAH, RIGHT.

THEN
WATCHA GONNA
DO?

HOW'D YOU
MEAN?

COME ON,
JACK--YOU BEING
SLOW ON THE UP-
TAKE AGAIN?

OKAY, I'M STUPID--
WHAT AM I MISSING?



HOW'S SHE GONNA FEEL
WHEN THE OTHERS GET
A TIN STAR FOR THEIR HUS-
BAND'S SERVICE AND

YOU GET MY
DRIFT.

OH, HELL!

CHRIST,
JER, WHAT AM I
GONNA DO?



DOES MRS. BAILEY
KNOW ABOUT
THE AWARD?

I DON'T
KNOW.

THEN THERE'S A GOOD
BET THAT SHE DOES-
N'T-- 'CAUSE SHE'D'VE
SAID SOMETHING--

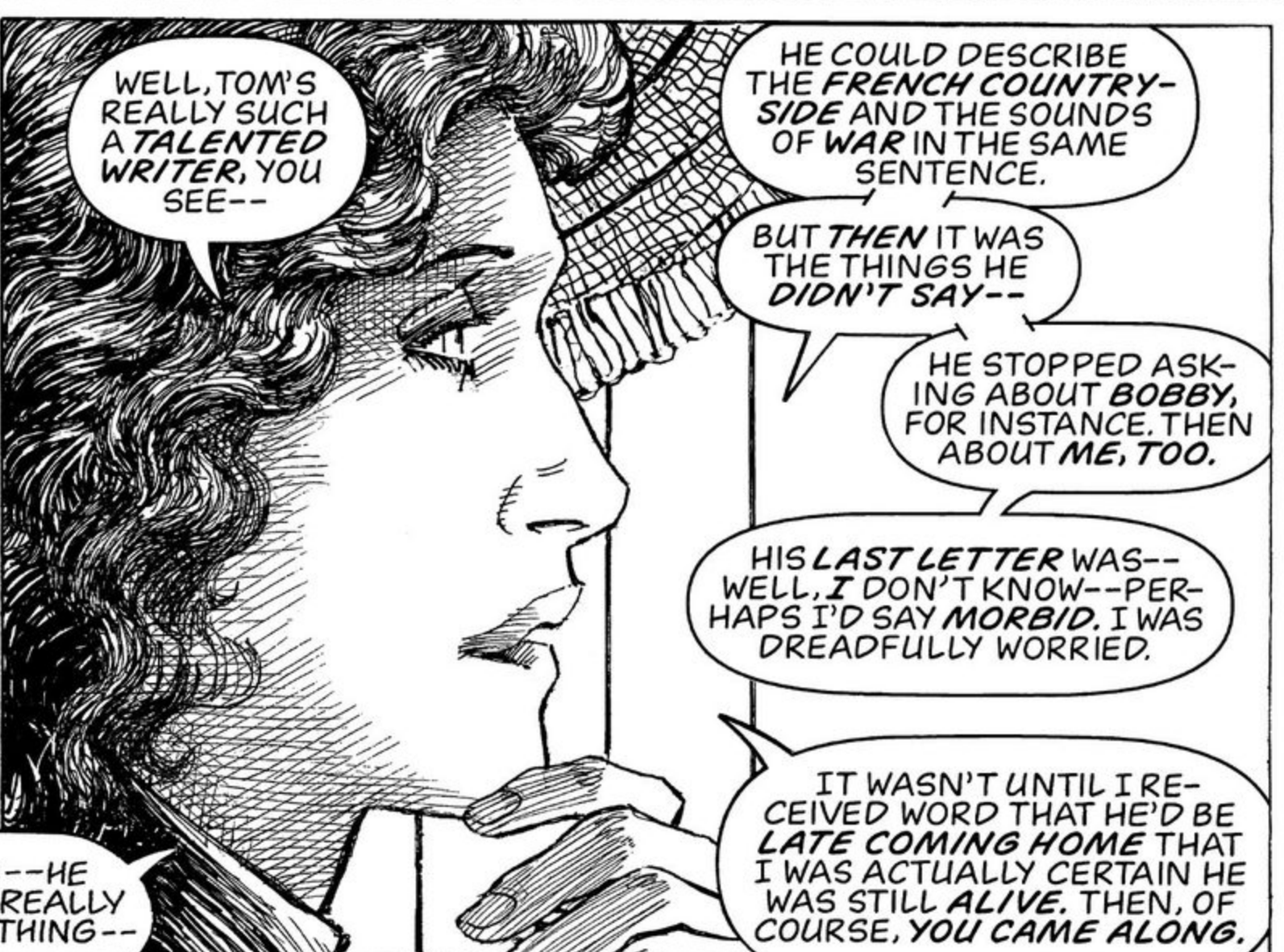
ME AND MAYNARD SENT
OUT MOST OF THE INVITES
AND THEY WERE JUST
SEVEN-E-B FORMS--

NOTHING
SPECIFIC--

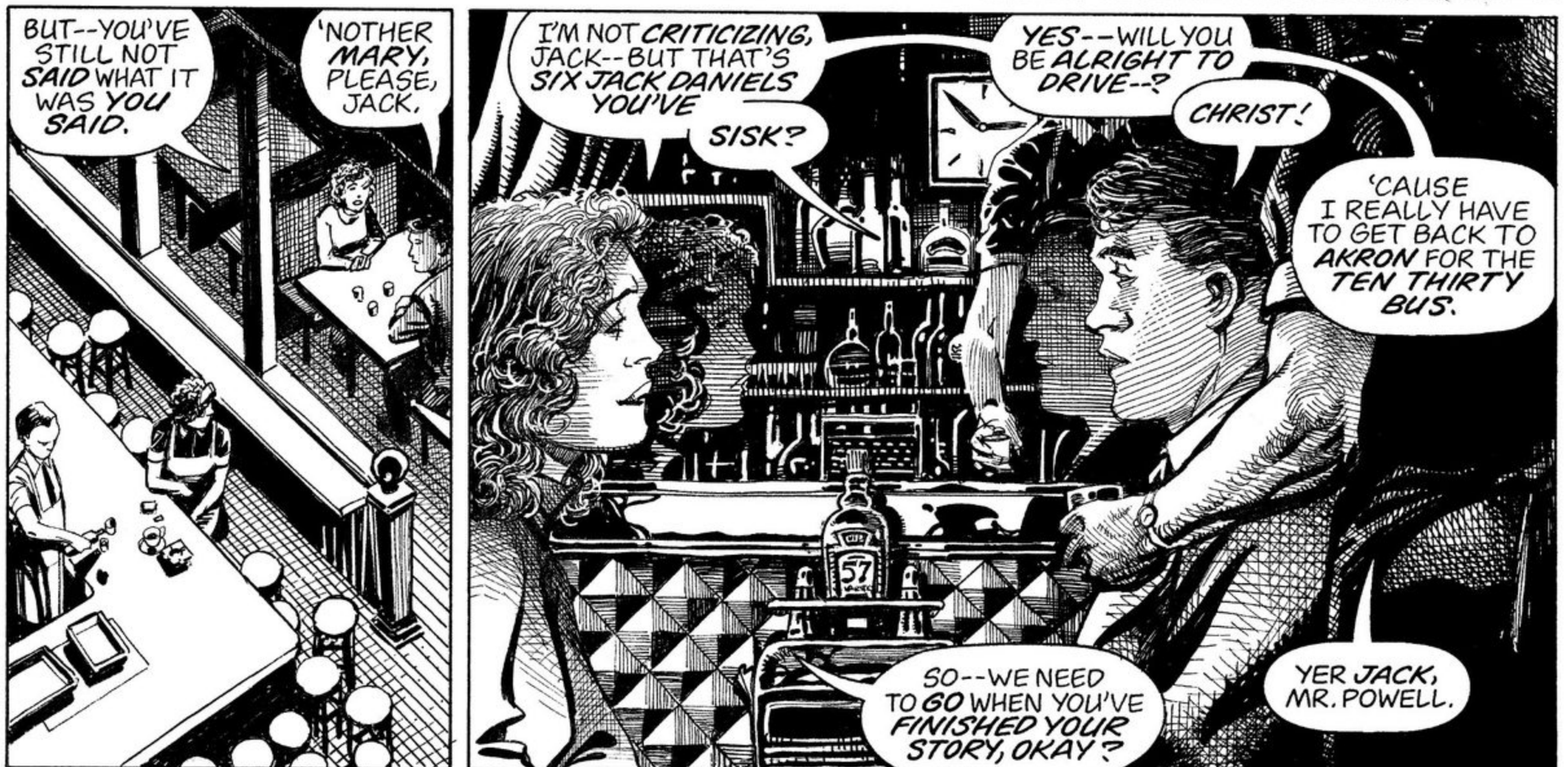
STANDARD
NOTICES.







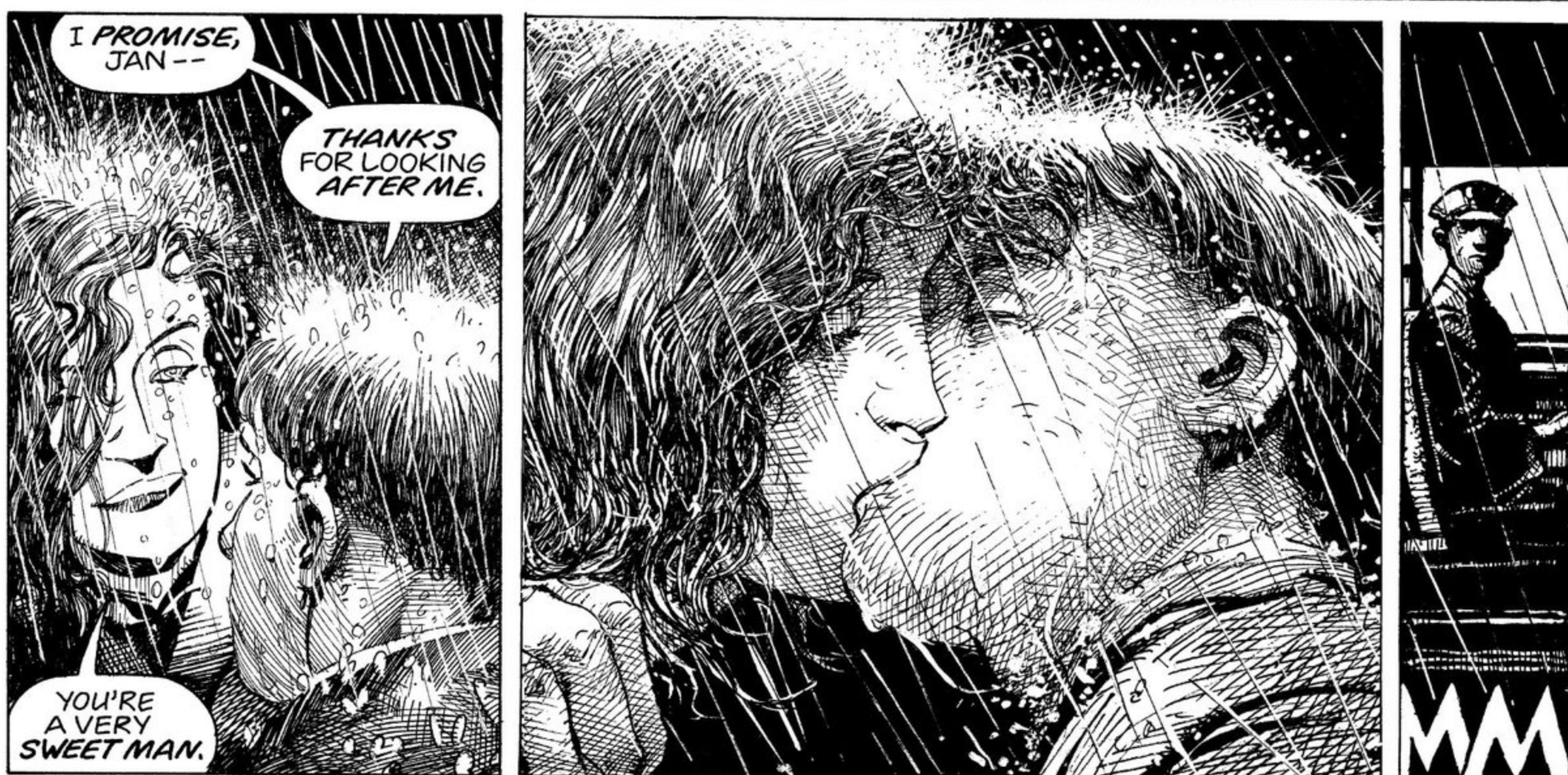














The John E. Powell residence Sunday, July 25











WHAT'S GOING ON, JACK?



COME ON...

Y'GOTTA TRUST SOMEONE, Y'KNOW--



BEST IF IT'S ME, GOOD BUDDY.



OKAY--



I'VE BEEN FIRED.



IS THIS 'CAUSE OF THAT DORIS FINCHEY?

CAN'T SAY I'M SURPRISED.

NO, NO-- SHE'S JUST A NUISANCE, JACK, BUT I THINK YOU'VE BEEN WATCHED FOR AWHILE.

I'M BEING WATCHED?

AND YOUR CONDUCT YESTERDAY JUST CONFIRMED THEIR FEARS.

WHAT FEARS--?

WHAT'VE I DONE THAT GETS ME FIRED OFF THE BAILEY CASE?



LISTEN--THERE'S PLENTY OF OTHER COMMISSIONS.

I DON'T CARE.

HELLO?

WHAT'RE YOU HIDING?

IT'S FOR YOU, MOM.

YEAH--?



I GOT AN OPENING IN DALLAS--

I COULD SITUATE YOU WITHIN THE WEEK.

WHAT COULD IT BE?

Y'HAFTA GUESS.









I CAN'T DO THAT, JERRY.

SO, YOU TWO ALL LOVEY-DOVIES?

NO, NOT LIKE THAT.



WELL, DOES SHE FEEL THE SAME AS YOU?

I DON'T KNOW, I DON'T THINK SO.



WHAT KIND OF RELATIONSHIP IS IT?

I... I... FLIRTED WITH HER, I WAS DRUNK.

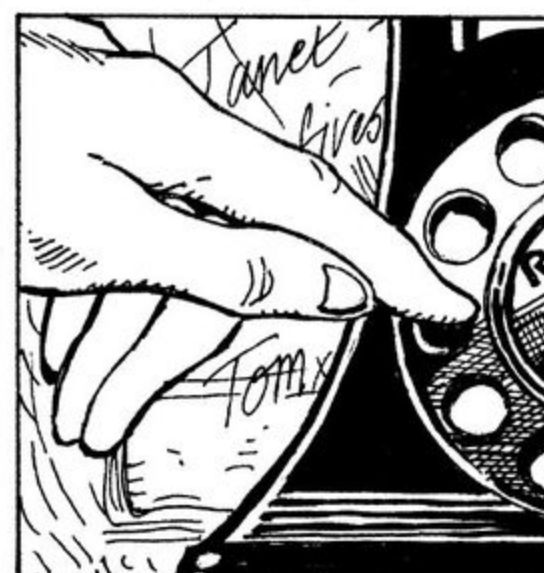
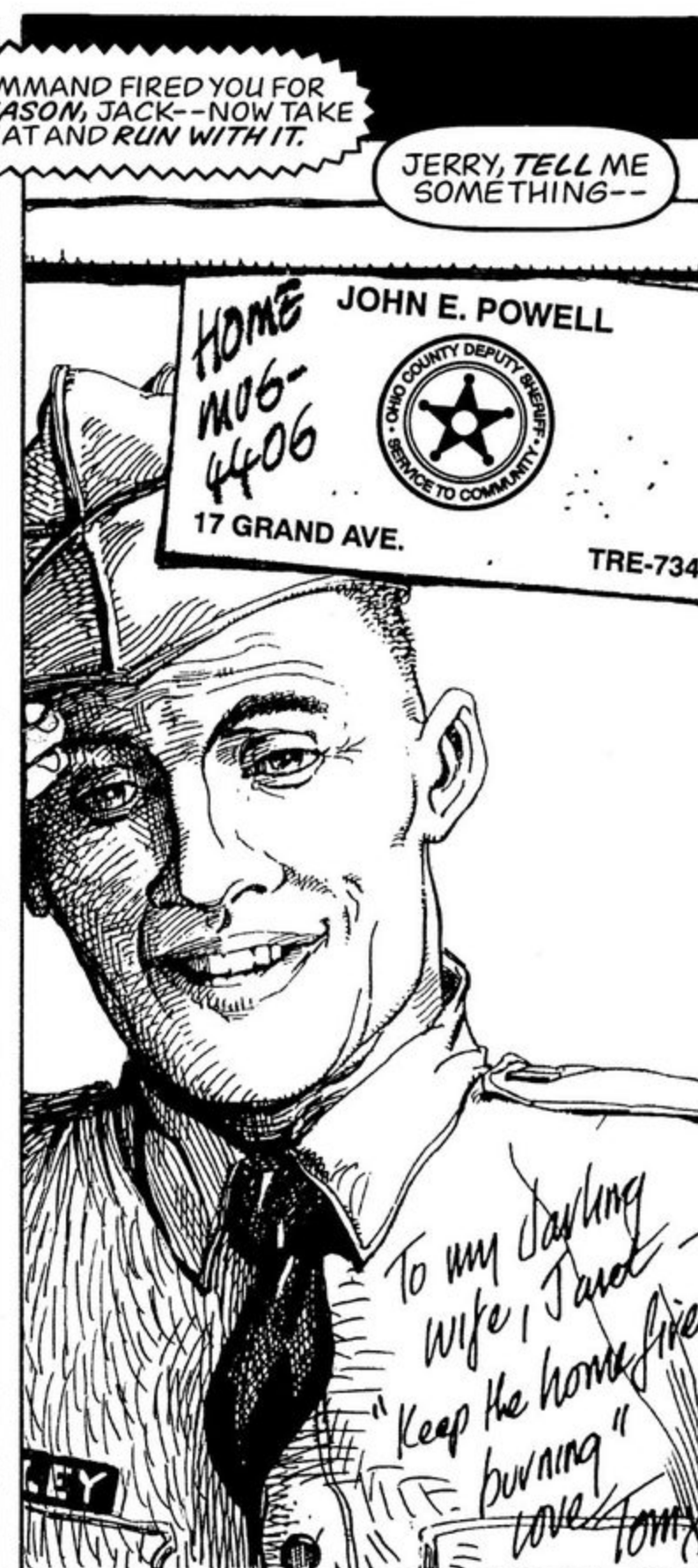


YOU MEAN THIS IS ALL ONE-SIDED?

Uh, YEAH, I THINK SO, YES.



JACK, GET OUT OF THIS NOW--BE RID OF HER. NO GOOD CAN COME OF IT!



IF JERKING OFF AIN'T WORKING FOR YOU, TAKE THE DALLAS TRANSFER BUT GET IN SOME SERIOUS BANGING OF JANET BAILEY BEFORE SKIPPING TOWN.

I DON'T APPRECIATE THAT, JERRY--

IF IT'S NOT SEX YOU'RE AFTER

STOW IT, JER.

HEAR ME OUT--

IF IT'S NOT *JUST* SEX, THEN I'LL SAY THAT--

LIKE AN OVERGROWN SCHOOLBOY THAT YOU ARE, YOU REALLY HAVE TUMBLED FOR A MARRIED WOMAN. D'YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

WHAT?

JACK POWELL IS AN EVEN BIGGER, DUMB FUCKIN' LOVESICK CHUMP, SON OF A BITCH THAN PAUL BRADY SAYS HE IS!

TO HELL WITH YOU, JERRY!

MORON!

CHANG!

ching

DAMN, STUPID--

CHANG!



My dearest darling,
 I've been worried so much
 since you stopped since I've
 stopped hearing from you.
 I've not known what to do
 with myself since my last
 letter to you as my days
 used to be taken up
 w/anticipation of your replies.

Dearest Tom,
 It's nearly seven in the
 evening, but w/the shorter
 days now it feels more like
 looks more like midnight.

Thursday Nov 28

Today was Thanksgiving so Bobby
 and I went to Eileen's for a
 few hours. Then Margie and the kids
 came later w/dessert. It was luscious
 apple and pear w/a sweet liquor
 Eileen drank half of it over coffee.

I had just a little bit but it gave me a
 terrific headache later on. I don't know
 how she contained herself all along but
 over coffee she announced that Morris
 would be home in the New Year as
 early as April.

I keep wondering when I'll hear from you
 telling me when you'll be home yourself.
 You will be coming home, won't you Tom?
~~Please try to write~~ Perhaps you'll just
 turn up at the door one day soon. I can almost
 imagine that happening. Bobby is

Bobby is doing really well and
 is all smiles when I tell him
 about you protecting America
 from Germans. ha ha

I miss you so
 your loving wife
 Jan xxxxxx



December 17, 1948

Jack came by today. I'm so upset I don't know if writing about it will help. My letter to Tom from last year was returned unopened. Tom never got it! And all this time I've been disappointed and upset wondering why he hadn't replied to me. This is all so horrid. Jack tried to soften the blow by saying that it had been rejected because of some security reasons, but when I saw that the envelope hadn't even been opened he blushed and we were both a bit embarrassed. I'm sorry that he felt obliged to lie.



Jack said that all he knows is that Tom has had a kind of breakdown and that he's being treated in a German hospital for his stress and nervous exhaustion. Poor Tom. I do so wish I could be ~~there~~ there to help and comfort him.



Jack also said he'd bet money that whatever my letter said or didn't say the doctors would have not allowed him to read it because he's depressed and probably homesick and hearing from me might just make matters worse for him. I'm not so sure about this. I'd always thought it was the other way around.



Perhaps it's as I've feared - Perhaps Tom is far more ill than they're willing to say.

Before he left, Jack had a present for Bobby. What a nice thought. I have to admit that at the very first I thought that it was for me(!) But that would have been very improper, of course. Thank goodness that Jack can be counted on to be a gentleman.

OFFICER JACK BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT, BOBBY. NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY? LIKE WE PRACTICED.

thank you uncle hal and aunt margie.

OH, FOR BOBBY? HOW NICE OF YOU!

AAH-HA-HAHAA! YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT 'TIL CHRISTMAS DAY--

YOU CAN OPEN IT NOW--IF THAT'S OKAY WITH YOUR MOM, OF COURSE.

OH, OF COURSE IT IS, YOU GO RIGHT AHEAD, BOBBY.

IF I WAS MARRIED AND I HAD A SON, I'D WANT HIM TO BE JUST LIKE BOBBY.

THIS IS SO SWEET! THANK YOU, JACK.

WHAT DID OFFICER JACK GIVE YOU, BOBBY?

WHAT A SWELL KID, HUH?

IT'S A SPUDGUN.

THAT'S A SPUD-O-MATIC BOBBY, THEY'RE THE BEST IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

gee!

YOU CAN SHOOT OVER TEN FEET ONCE YOU GET THE KNOW-HOW! ONLY SPUD-O-MATICS CAN GO THAT FAR!

I HAD ONE WHEN I WAS A KID, JAN--

I USED TO PATROL MY OLD NEIGHBORHOOD PRETENDING I WAS A COP.

MUST BE FATE HOW THINGS WORKED OUT.

POW! KAPOW! KAA KAPOW!





9:30 pm

Every effort I made to redeem myself sounded more like a ~~Jack Benny~~ ~~Bob Hope~~ a radio comedy routine.

It was so good of Jack to not mock me over my spud hunting goof, too. He just let me figure it out for myself instead of correcting me. He kept a straight face throughout my every stupid word.

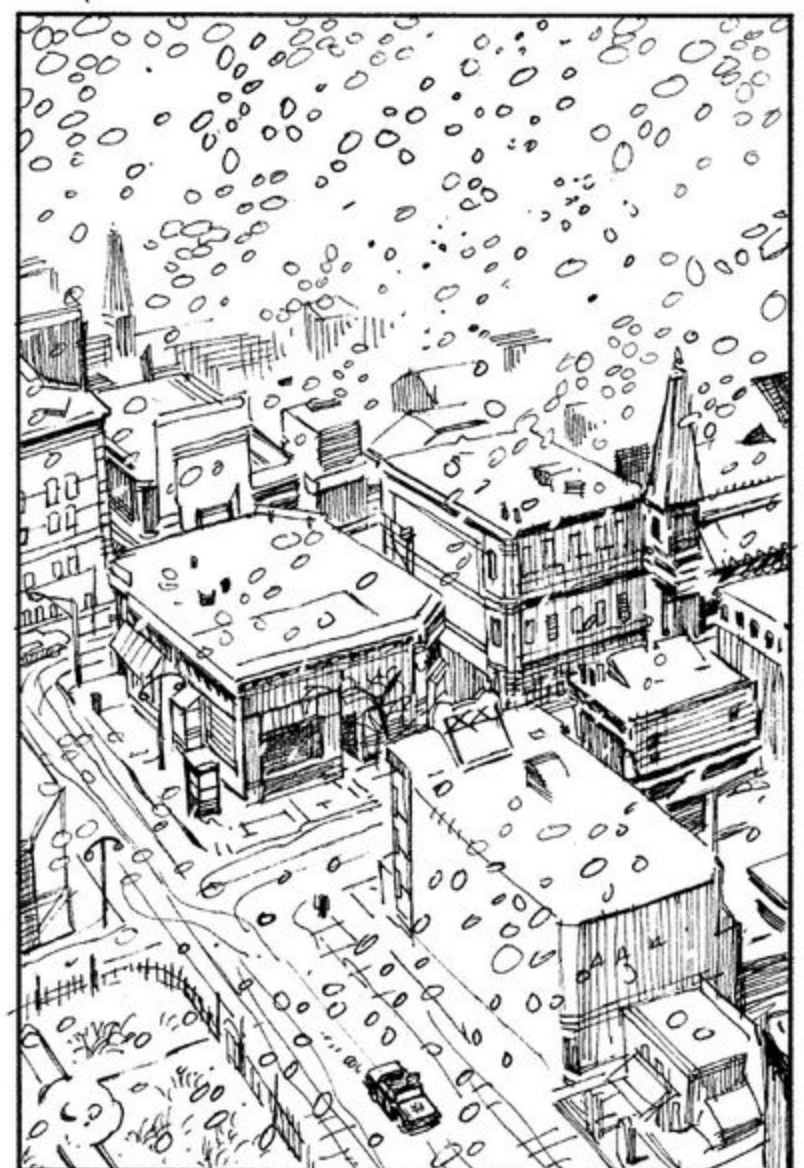
I admire him for that.



One important thing, though, is that as we've become friends, I has been less discreet when discussing Tom around Bobby. It's not I's fault as I suppose he doesn't realize how quickly kids learn things nowadays. I'm pretty sure that B understood most of what I was saying about T's hospitalization. After I left, B put his ~~potat~~ spud gun away and sat staring out of the window. When I heard him say 'Daddy' I almost wept. It's late.





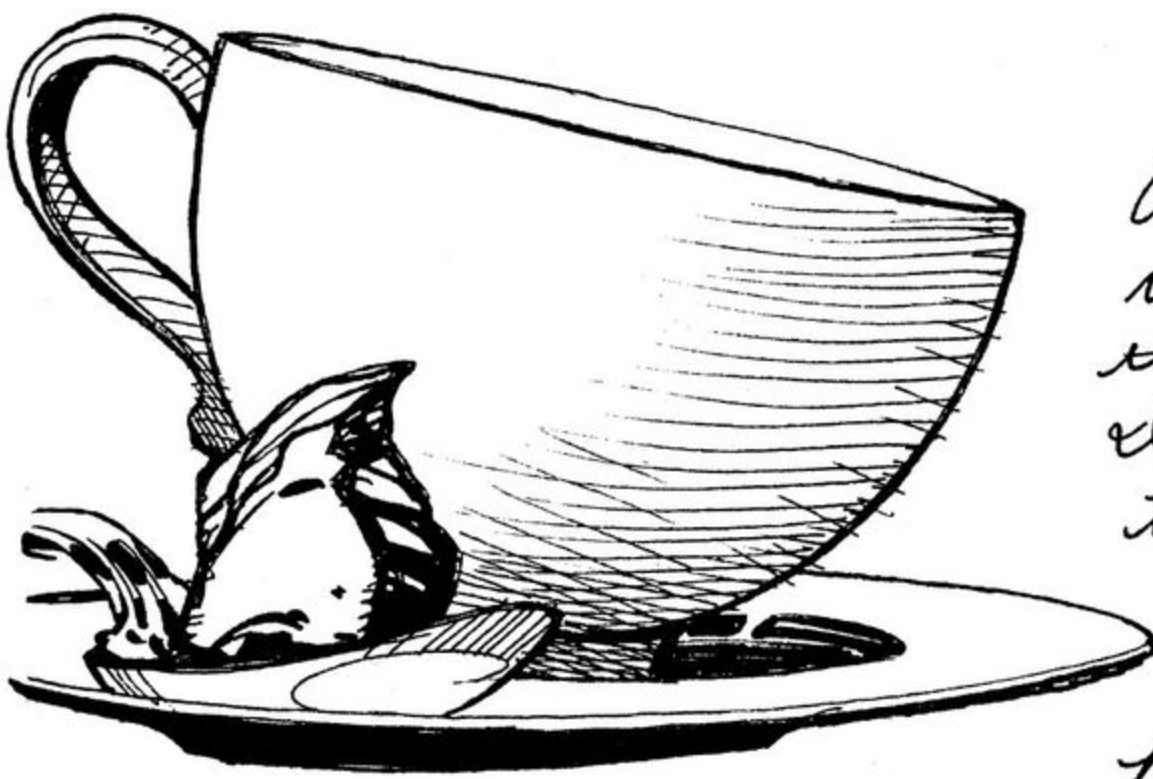
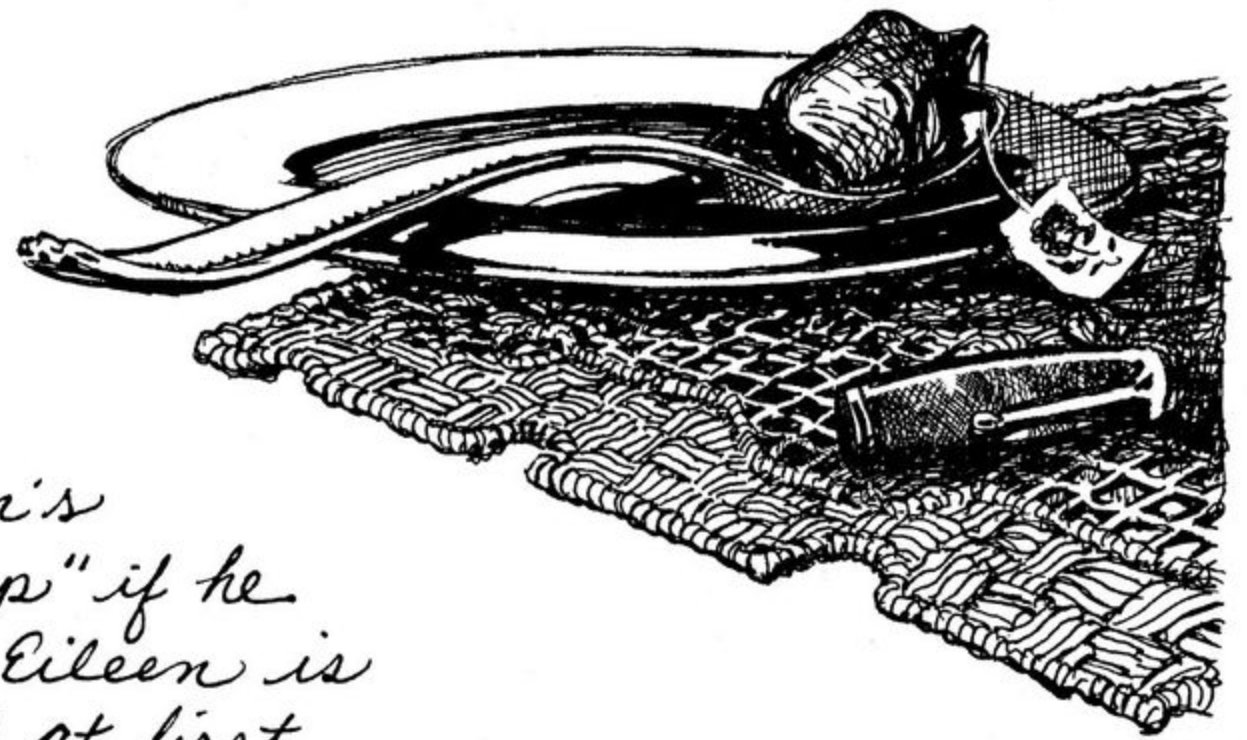


It's been snowing all day
 There's so much to write about, I don't
 know where to begin. At the beginning I
 suppose. After nearly six ^{weeks} ~~months~~ Jack
 finally called and came over mid-aft.
 He said that all the trouble is finally
 settled and done with and that Tom
 should be back by the spring - summer
 latest. I can hardly believe it. After all
 these years my husband is finally
 coming home. My goodness, sometimes
 I thought that I'd never be able to
 say those words.



I've got some time to clean the house up and make sure everything's perfect for the homecoming.

I told Eileen of course and she said that it should be just Bobby and me on the first day, and I suppose she's right. Still, I'd just love to have everybody over to celebrate Tom's return (even Morris "The Grump" if he doesn't drink too much). But Eileen is right, Tom should have it quiet at first.



As if this isn't enough news for one day, Jack told me he'd quit ~~the department~~ his place of work. I couldn't have been more surprised to hear this as he's always seemed so dedicated to ~~the~~ his work.

The reason he gave me (long hours) just didn't seem to ring true somehow. But I didn't pry.

But the good news is that he's actually enrolled at the police station on Maple Ave. He's now a sheriff's deputy (I think) full time. What a funny thing. I'm sure the pay is nothing like he's been used to. Jack is so unpredictable and I love him for that - not like me, same old same old all of the time.

It's finally stopped snowing.

Bobby was in bed all day with an upset tummy, bit of a fever too I think.



COME DOWNSTAIRS
BOBBY--DINNER'S
READY.



1949 Thanksgiving, Thursday, November 24







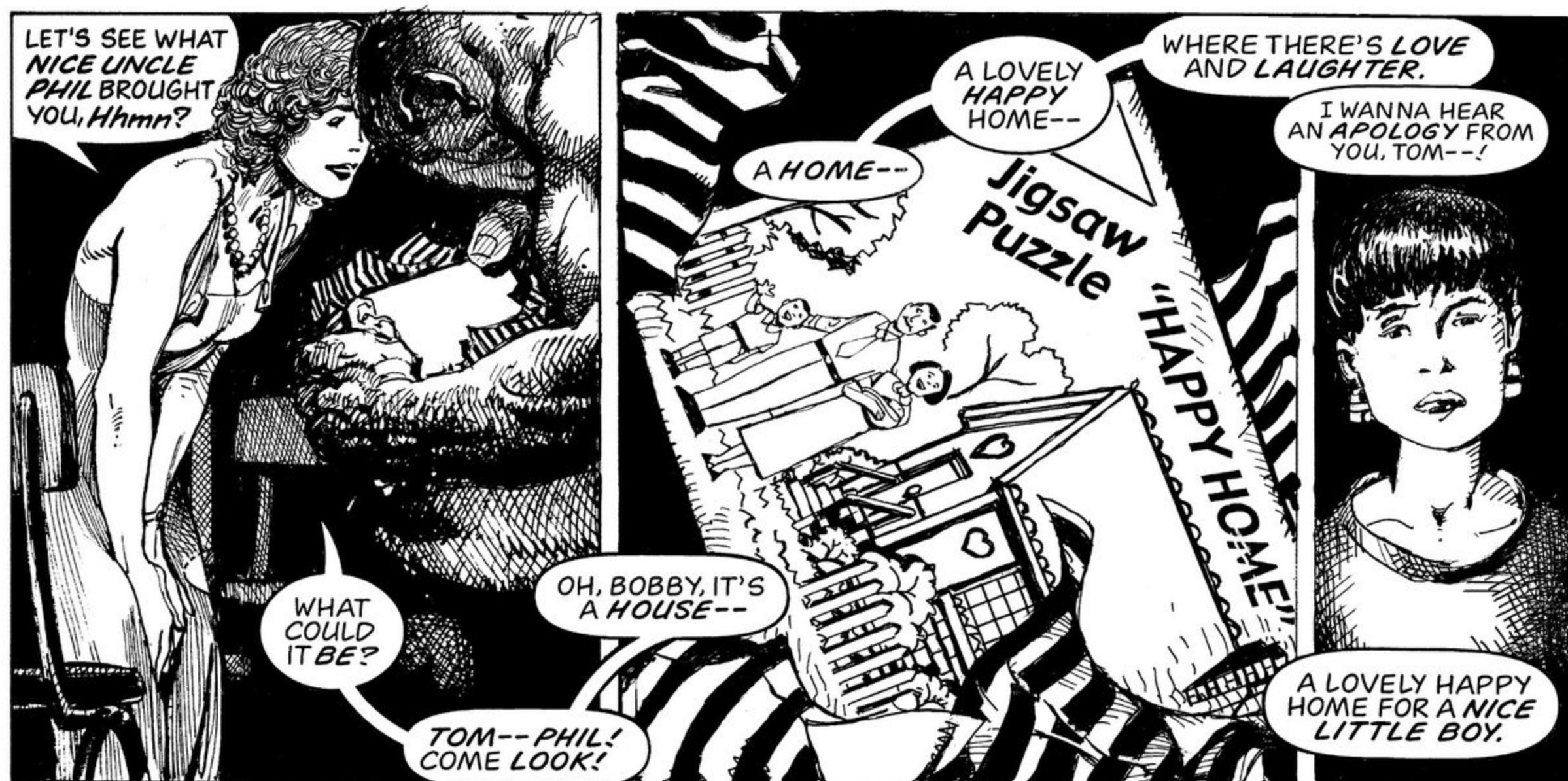






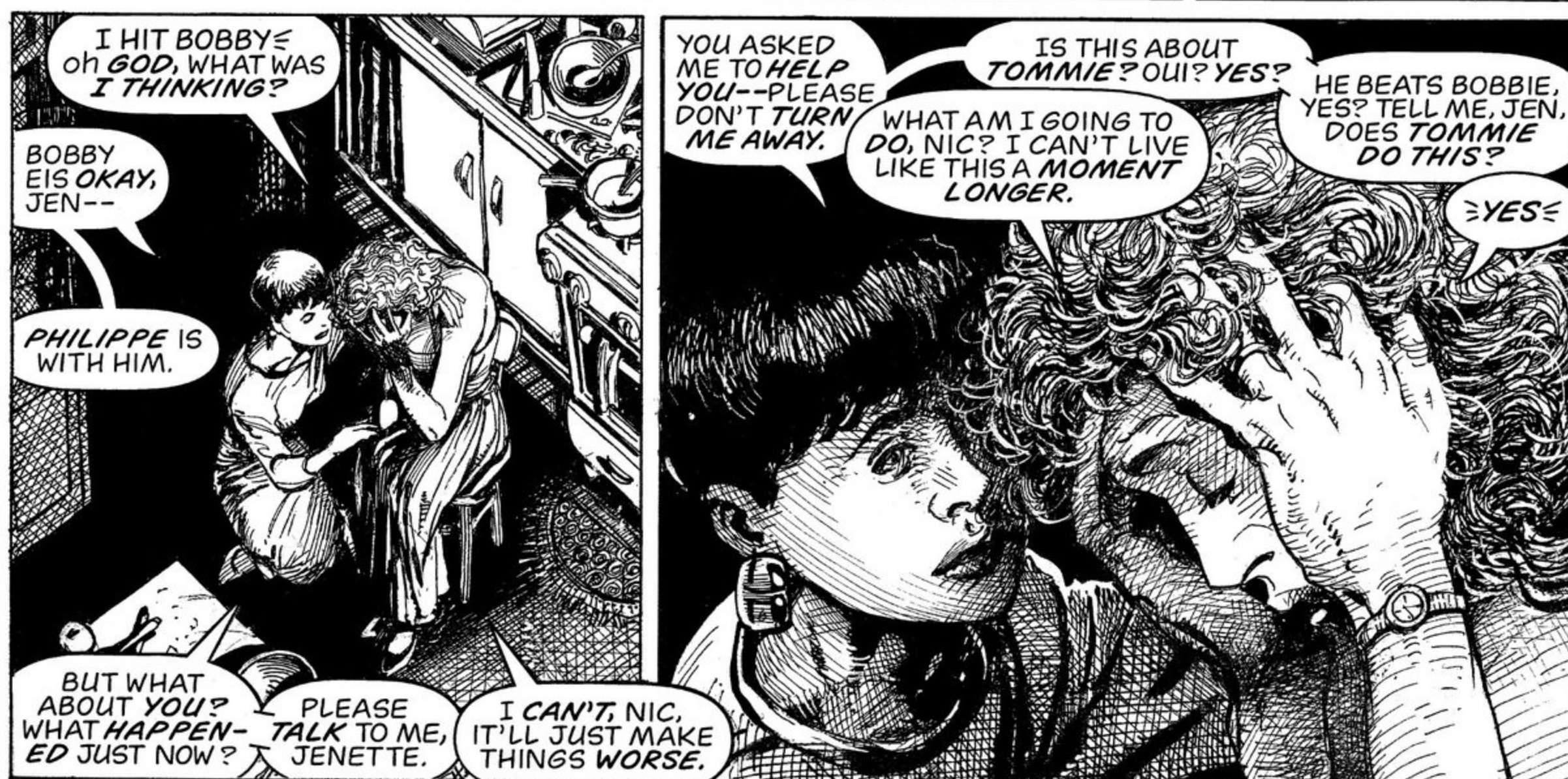














I THOUGHT TOM HAD
GONE TO TOWN AND I
WAS IN THE GARDEN
LOOKING FOR BOBBY.

THEN I HEARD
SOUNDS COMING
FROM THE SHED.

AND I PRACTICALLY FAINTED
WHEN I FOUND THEM BOTH THERE.

DO YOU
REMEMBER
WHEN I
WROTE
YOU ABOUT
BOBBY'S
BICYCLE
ACCIDENT?

OUI, J'EN
ÉTAIS SI
TRISTE.

THAT WAS A LIE, NICI,
THERE WAS NO ACCIDENT.
IT WAS TOM-- TOM HAD
BEATEN BOBBY SO TERRIBLY
THAT HE WAS BARELY
CONSCIOUS.

HE'D BEEN PUNCHING HIM, NIC,
PUNCHING HIM WITH HIS
FISTS. I'M SURE HE WOULD HAVE
DIED IF I'D NOT BEEN
THERE TO SAVE HIM.

I WAS TERRIFIED
AND I RAN AWAY
WITH BOBBY IN MY
ARMS, SHOUTING
FOR HELP.

MY GOD, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM, NIC, HE WAS COVERED IN BLOOD AND HIS FACE WAS ALL THICK AND SWOLLEN UP.



TOM WAS HOLLERING AT US, SHOUTING SUCH OBSCENE THINGS. IT'S A WONDER THE NEIGHBORS DIDN'T CALL THE POLICE. I RAN AS FAST AS I COULD BUT I FELL AND TOM STOOD OVER US GLARING LIKE A MADMAN.



I SWEAR TO YOU, NICI--TOM WAS OUT OF HIS MIND! HE WAS TRYING TO MURDER HIS OWN CHILD!

C'EST SI TERRIBLE, JENETTE, TERRIBLE!

I HAD TO FIGHT HIM AS BEST I COULD BUT I WAS AFRAID HE'D DROP BOBBY AND EASILY BREAK HIS NECK.

LET GO!

TOM WAS MAD, INSANE, AND I HIT HIM OVER AND OVER UNTIL MY HANDS WENT NUMB.

LET GO OF HIM!



TAK!



TOK!



I THINK YOUR PAIN HAS BECOME TOO GREAT FOR YOU, JEN--YOU DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT YOU WERE DOING.

MY POOR BOBBY.

HE WILL FORGIVE YOU, JEN, J'EN SUIS SÛRE.

I DO HOPE SO, NIC.

JENETTE--THIS IS ALL A SECRET, ISN'T IT?

I'VE NEVER SAID ANYTHING, NIC-- NEVER TO ANYONE.

WHAT DID YOU TELL THE 'OSPITAL?



I LIED--THAT'S WHEN I MADE UP THE STORY ABOUT THE BIKE ACCIDENT.

WHY DID YOU DO THAT? TO PROTECT TOMMIE? IS IT YOUR DUTY, PERHAPS?

IT'S COMPLICATED, NIC. I GOT CONFUSED AND I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS BEST TO DO OR SAY.

BUT AT LEAST YOU SAVED BOBBIE, QUAND MÊME.



YES, BUT LIFE HERE IS *TORTURE* NOW. WE BARELY *SPEAK* OR WE JUST *ARGUE*.

YOU ARE *TRAPPED*

LIKE A *FLY* IN A *WEB*, NIC.

WHAT OF LITTLE *BOBBIE*? IS HE *SAFE* FROM HIS FATHER?



IF YOU HAVE *FEARS* FOR *BOBBIE* YOU SHOULD *LEAVE*, JENETTE, TAKE *BOBBIE* FAR AWAY.

THE WAR'S OVER, TOM!

NOT FOR ME, IT *AIN'T*!

RIGHT--NOT FOR YOU!

WHASSAT MEAN?



I'M *AFRAID*--I DREAD TO *THINK* HOW TOM WOULD REACT, WHAT HE *MIGHT* DO.

BUT 'OW CAN YOU *LIVE* WITH A *MONSTER*?

SURELY YOU DESERVE *BETTER* THAN HIM.



THERE MIGHT BE *SOME-BODY ELSE*, IN MY LIFE, NICI. HIS NAME IS *JACK*.

Ah,

BUT--



IT MEANS YOU'RE *CRAZY*!

FUCK YOU, PHIL!

YOU TOO, YOU *JERK*!



IT *ISN'T* AS IF WE'VE

DOES HE *LOVE* YOU?

I LIKE TO *BELIEVE* HE DOES--

BUT I'M *SO TORN*.

Uh, I SHOULDN'T SAY ANYMORE, NICI, I'LL GET *EMBARRASSED*.

I KNOW IT MUST BE *DIFFERENT* FOR YOU, BEING *FRENCH*--

YOU'RE SO MUCH MORE *SOPHISTICATED* AND *OPEN-MINDED* ABOUT THINGS.



NE CROIS PAS TOUT CE QUE TU *ENTENDS*, JENETTE.

I *DREAM* OF HIM, NIC--



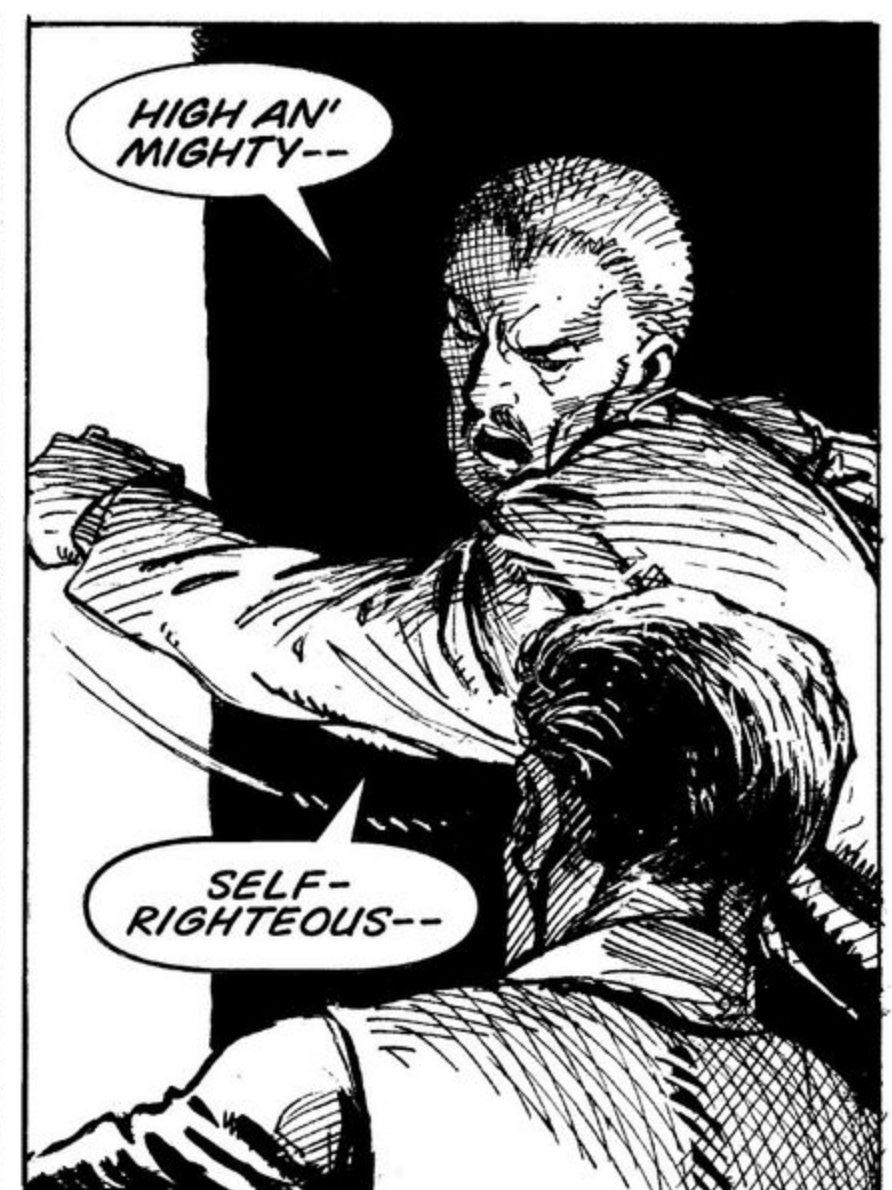
I *DREAM* OF *JACK* IN *SHINING ARMOR* COMING TO *SAVE* ME--

BUT I DON'T *LET* HIM. I JUST CAN'T *ALLOW* HIM TO.



CHRIST, TOM, YOU WERE JUST AN *INTERPRETER*, AND YOU MAKE IT *SOUND* LIKE YOU WERE ON THE *FRONT LINES*!

LOOK--!























...THIS IS
MRS. FOX--

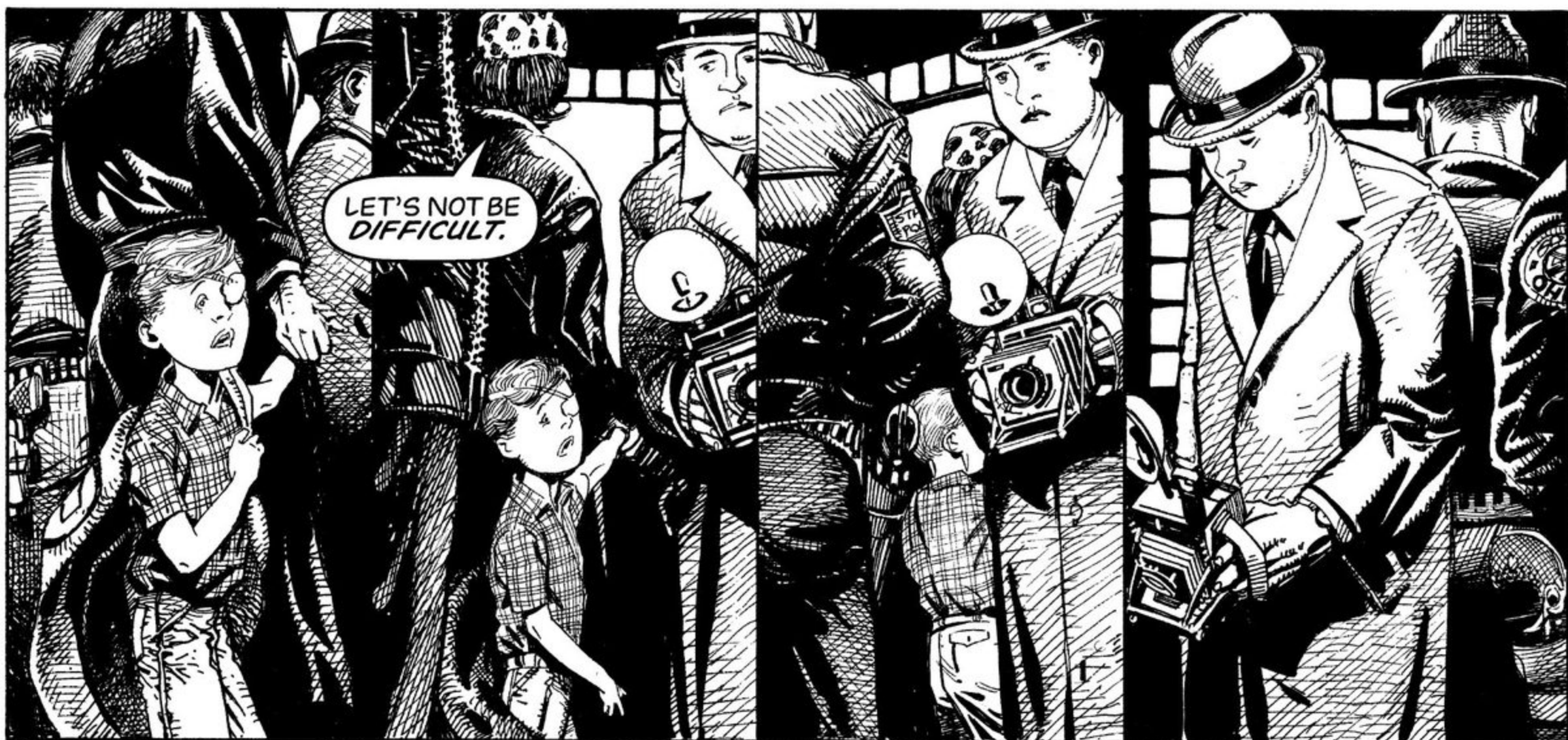
SHE'LL
TAKE CARE
OF YOU.

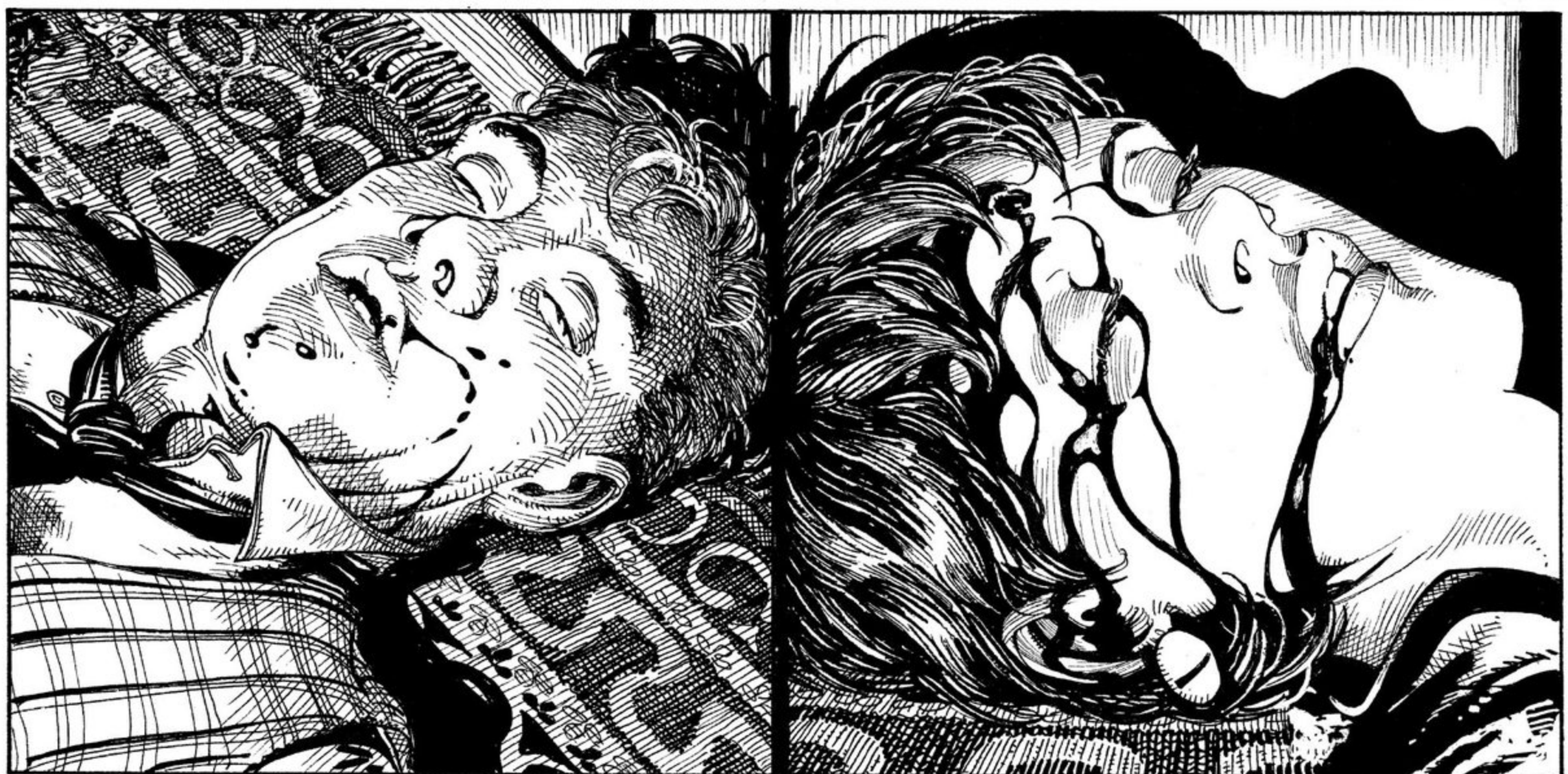
HELLO,
BOBBY--



I KNOW YOU
MUST BE FEELING
VERY SHAKEN
RIGHT NOW--

BUT IT'S
IMPORTANT
THAT YOU
TRUST ME.





Later - 2.20

Tom just left for Artie's, so I have a moment to myself. I'm absolutely dreading tomorrow. I know things won't go well anyway, w/T and Morris probably arguing even before we start dinner. But it's Phil and Nicolette coming this year that I'm most worried about. Tom hasn't said a word about it one way or the other, but I know he hates Nicci for some reason, and he doesn't think much of my brother, either. I'm so looking forward to seeing them, but w/Tom I'll just have to keep them apart and pray for the best.



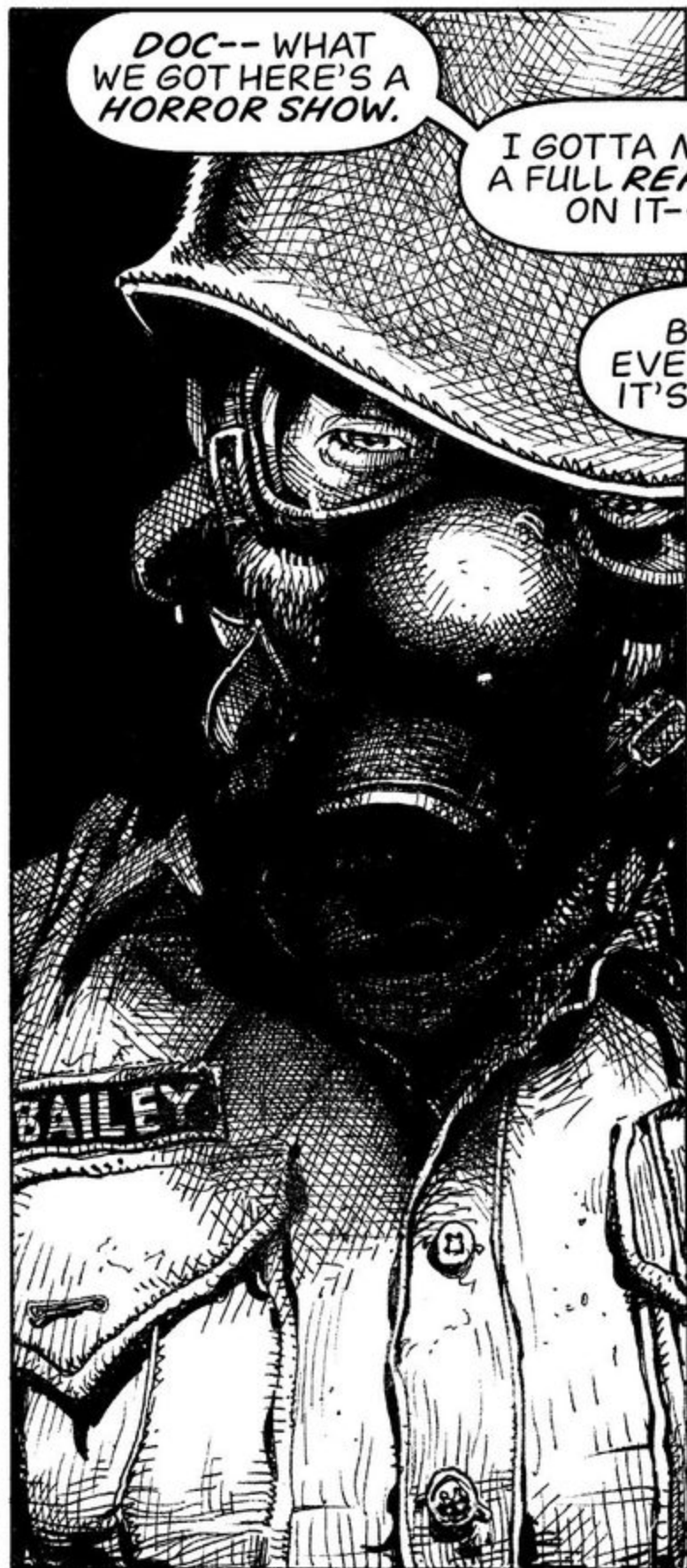
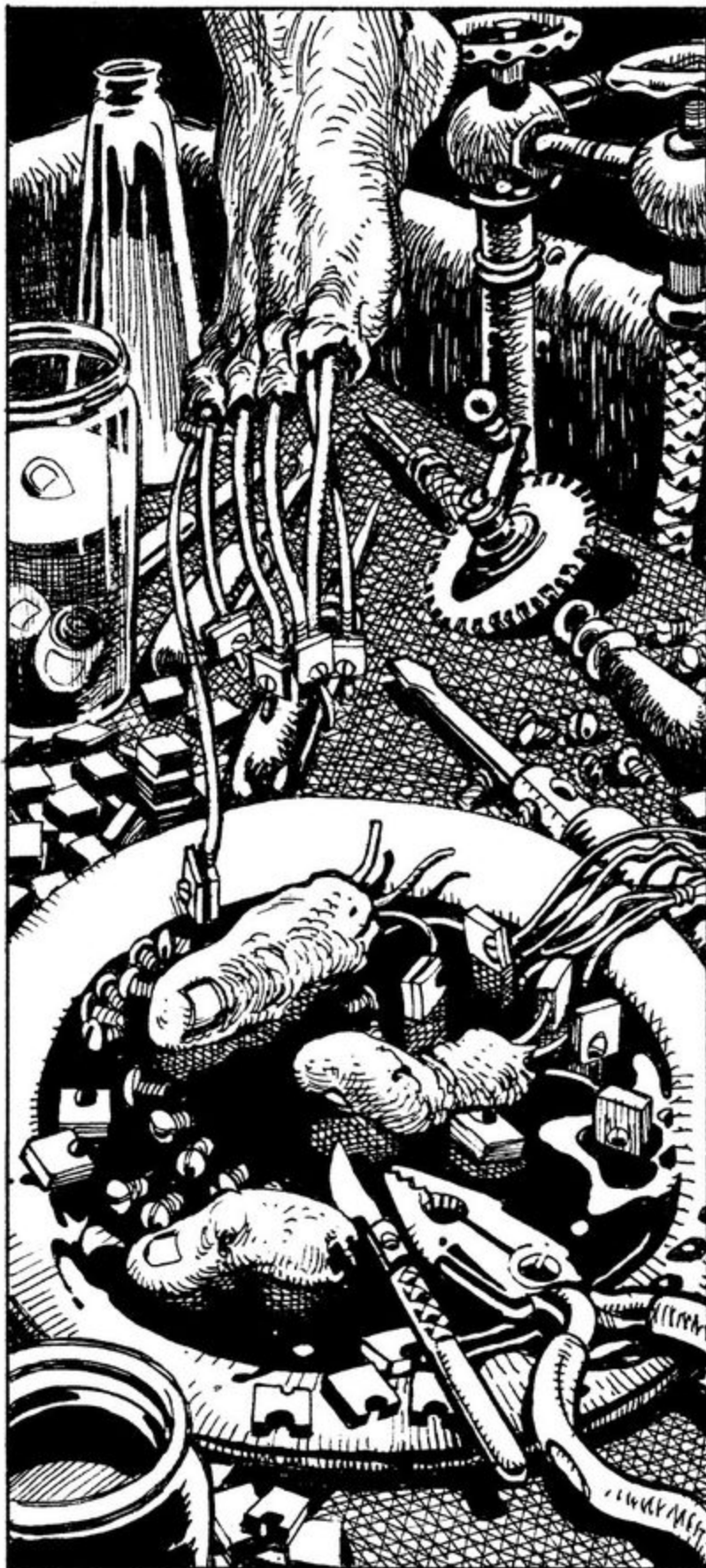
1945 SCHONGAU,
Germany June 3

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

DUNNO, GETCHA
MASKS ON, GUYS!







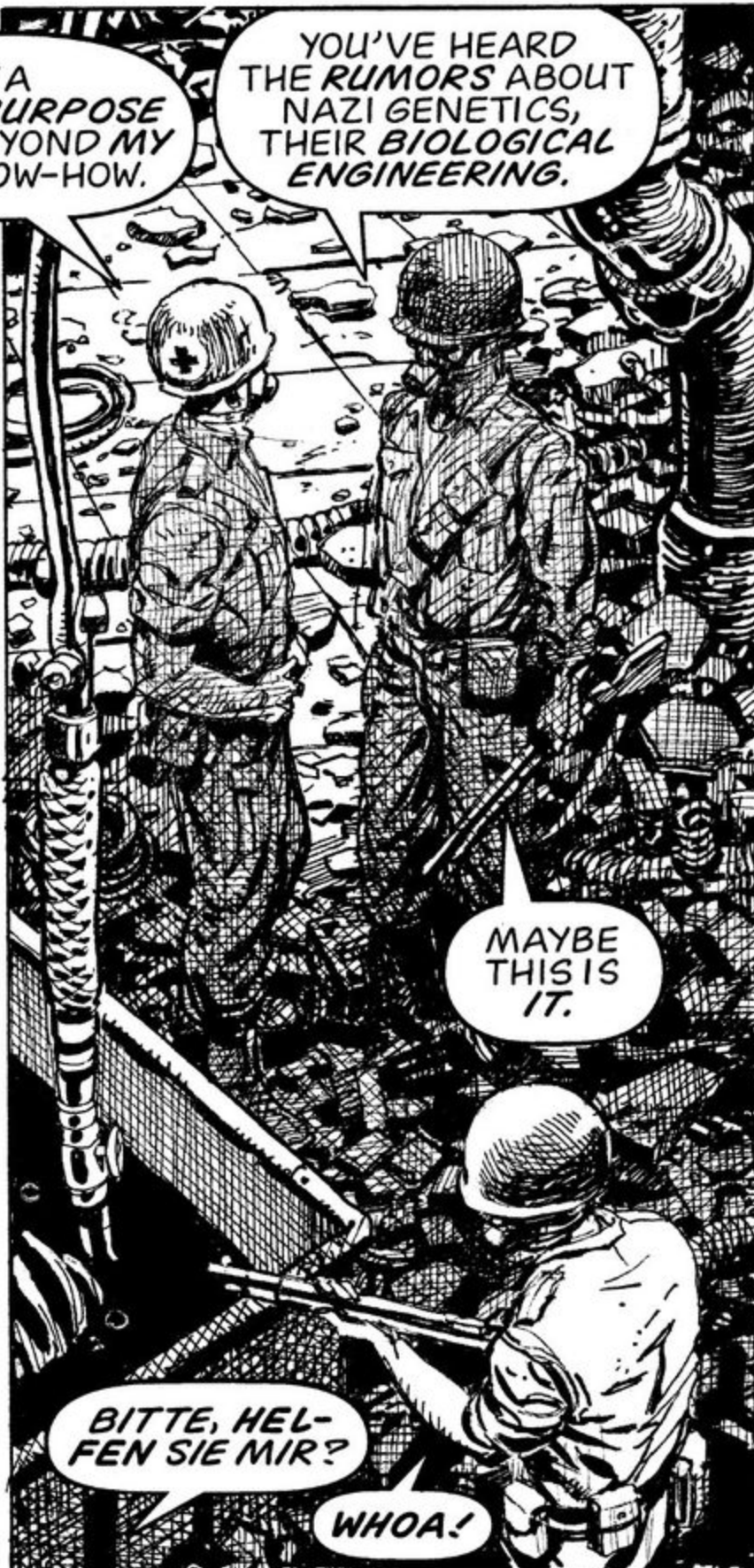


WELL, THIS ALL IS MORE THAN TORTURE APPERATUS--

I PICKED BITS OF FOOD OUT OF SOMEBODY'S ENTRAILS TO STAY ALIVE.

IT'S GOT A SYSTEMATIC PURPOSE THAT'S WAY BEYOND MY MEDICAL KNOW-HOW.

YOU'VE HEARD THE RUMORS ABOUT NAZI GENETICS, THEIR BIOLOGICAL ENGINEERING.



MAYBE THIS IS IT.

BITTE, HELFEN SIE MIR?

WHOA!



ICH BIN SCHWER VERTLETZT!

WE GOT A LIVE ONE!

KÖNNEN SIE MIR HELFEN?

STOP RIGHT THERE, MAN!



DIE HABEN MEINE HAND ABGESCHNITTEN--

HABEN MICH GEFOLTERT--

KÖNNEN SIE MICH RETTEN--? ICH VERBLUTE.



JESUS! HIS HAND'S BEEN CUT OFF.

HELFEN?

HOW'D THIS HAPPEN? WHO ELSE IS HERE?

HE NEEDS BANDAGING, CAPTAIN--

SET HIM DOWN HERE.









Ah, EIN GAST.
Ah, A GUEST.

WILLKOMMEN ZU
UNSEREM LETZTEN
FEST. SETZ DICH
ZU UNS.
WELCOME TO OUR
FINAL FEAST. SIT
WITH US.



KOMM SETZ
DICH.
COME SIT.

ISS ETWAS.
EAT SOME-
THING.





HAVE YOU BEEN A PRISONER HERE, OSCAR?

ICH VERSTEHE NICHT.

OKAY.

HAVE YOU BEEN TORTURED?

IS THIS A CAMP FOR JEWS?



SCHAU, WAS SIE GETAN HABEN WEIL ICH JUDE BIN!

ICH WURDE VERSTÜMMELT

MEINE SEELE IST VERSTÜMMELT!

JA, JUDEN!



DIESER KRIEG HAT DEN LEBENSMUT ALLER JUDEN ZERSTÖRT!



I THINK HE SAID HE'S JEWISH.

HE'S NO MORE A JEW THAN I AM--

EVERYTHING ABOUT HIM SAYS HE'S LYING.

HE'S PLAYING US FOR SUCKERS--



HE CAN SPEAK ENGLISH--HE'S LISTENING TO EVERY WORD I SAY.



I'M TELLING YOU, CAP, I GOT THE HOODOO ALL UP AND DOWN ME ON THIS.

NORMALLY I MIGHT GIVE YOU A LISTEN, BUT NOT THIS TIME.



JUST LISTEN, CAP, I

NO, YOU LISTEN--

I DON'T NEED A SIXTH SENSE TO FEEL SYMPATHY FOR A KID WHOSE BEEN IMPRISONED, BEATEN AND MUTILATED!



I NEED YOU TO TRUST ME, CAP. GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES WITH HIM.

ALRIGHT, FIVE MINUTES, BUT THAT'S IT, MCFARLAND.



HERE, LET ME ADJUST THESE BANDAGES, OSCAR.

DANKE.



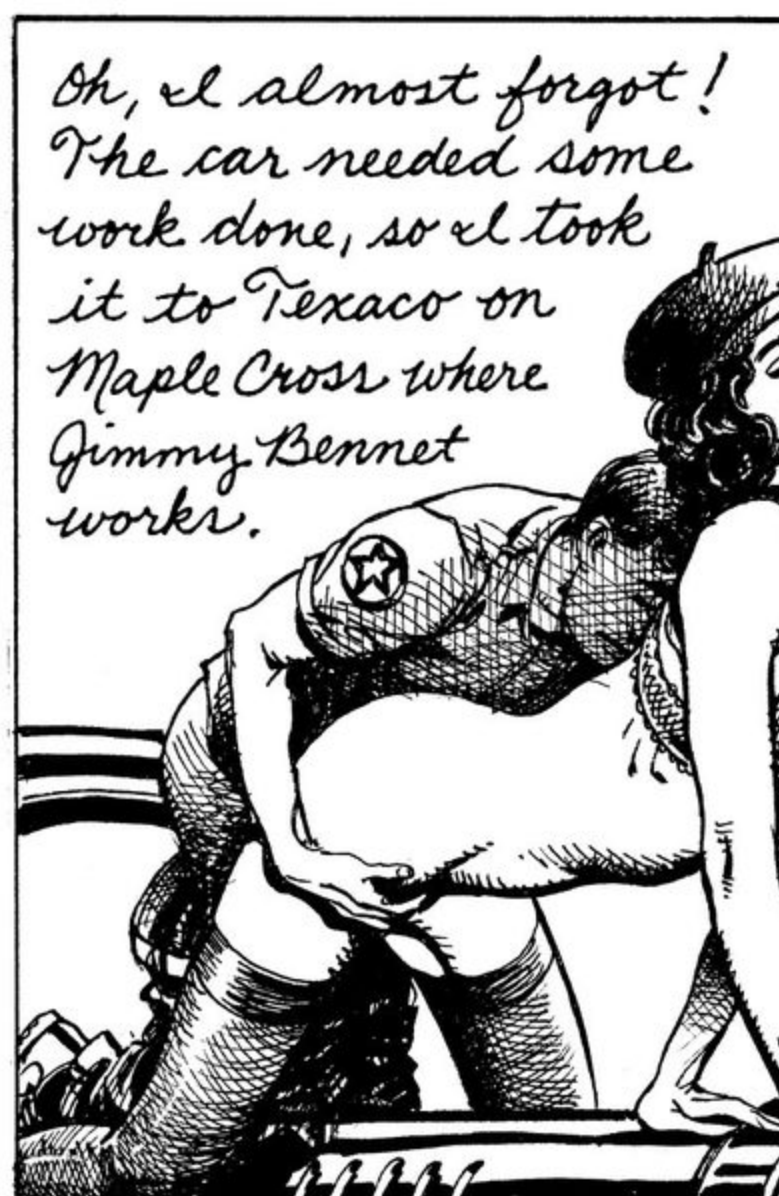








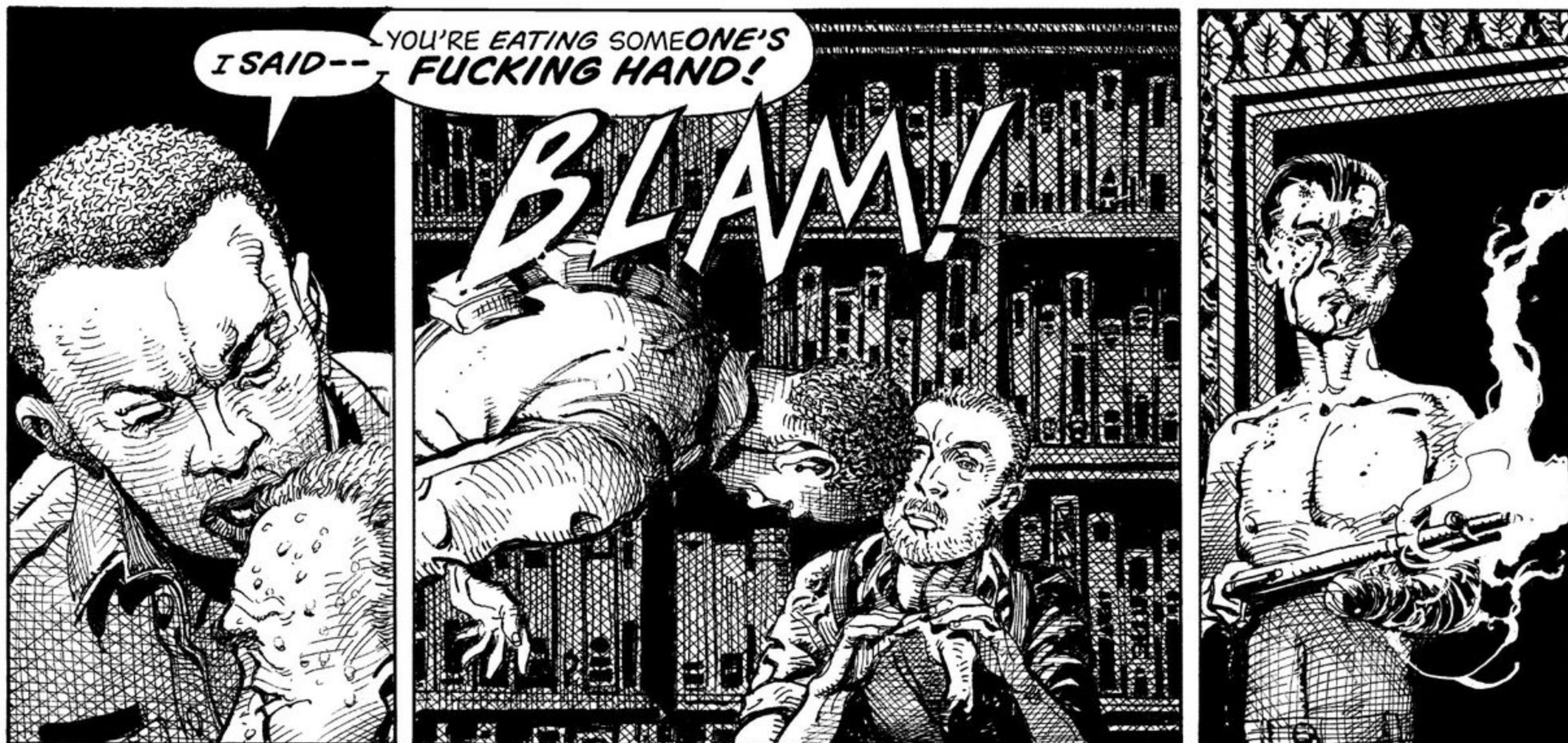




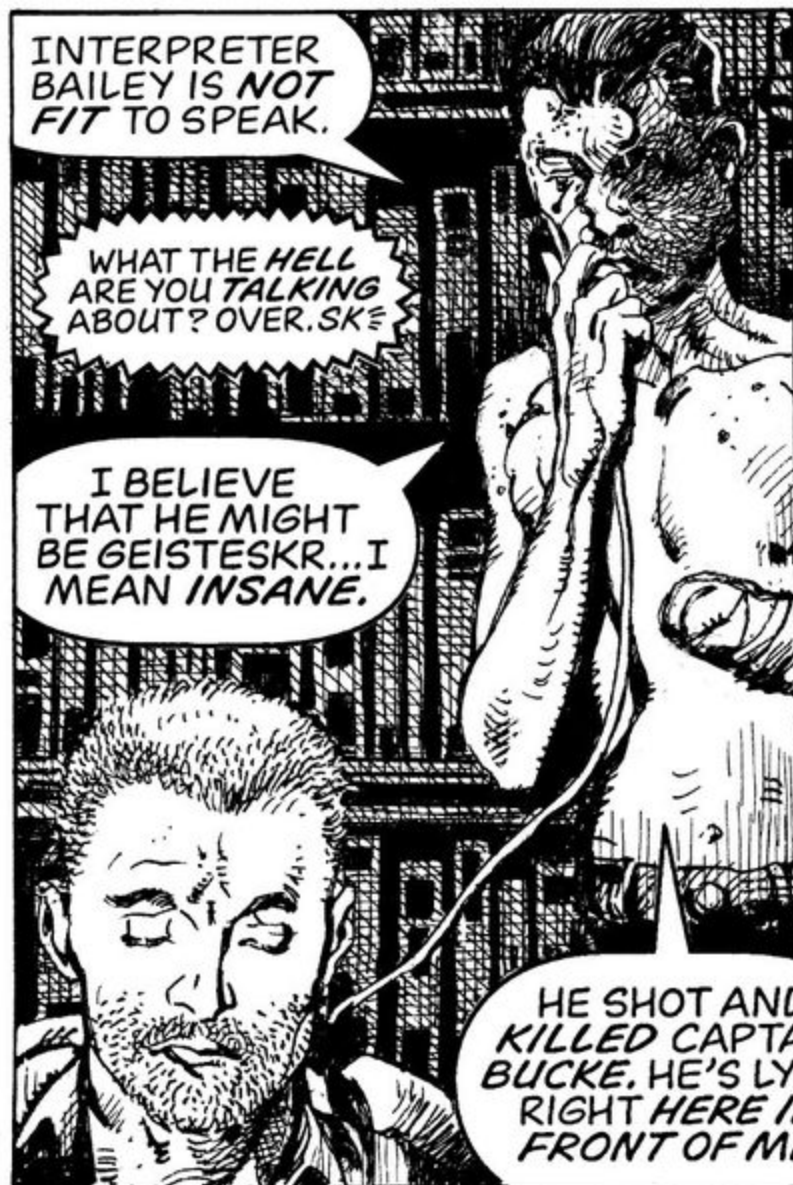












INTERPRETER
BAILEY IS *NOT*
FIT TO SPEAK.

WHAT THE *HELL*
ARE YOU TALKING
ABOUT? OVER. SK

I BELIEVE
THAT HE MIGHT
BE GEISTESKR... I
MEAN *INSANE*.

HE SHOT AND
KILLED CAPTAIN
BUCKE. HE'S LYING
RIGHT HERE IN
FRONT OF ME.



YES! BAILEY HAS
KILLED ALL THE BLACKS.
I ALONE SURVIVE.

AND THERE IS
WORSE STILL.

YOU SAW
THIS? SK



LIKE WHAT?
OVER. SK

WHAT IS THE
AMERICAN FOR
KANNIBALISMUS?

REPEAT LAST.
SK OVER. SK

KANNIBUL.

DID YOU SAY
CANNIBAL?
OVER. SK

JA.

SK EXPLAIN.
SK OVER. SK

BIS
SPÄTER.

LATER.



A LITTLE
INTRIGUE
FOR THEM.

WAS HÄLTST DU
VON MEINER IDEE?

WHAT DO
YOU THINK OF
MY IDEA?

SOLLEN WIR
IN DEUTSCH
PLAUDERN?

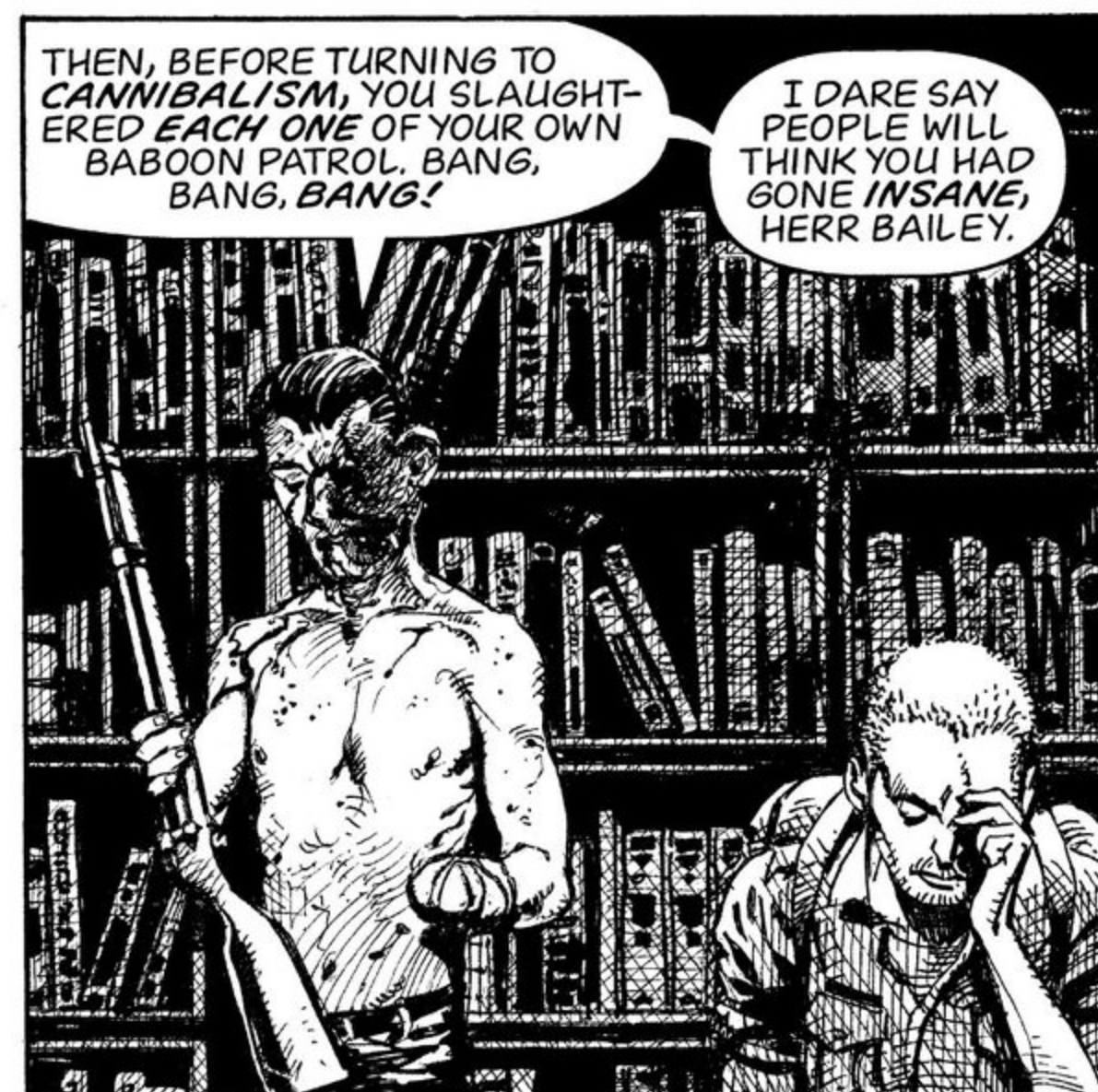
SHALL WE CHAT
IN GERMAN?

NO? ALRIGHT,
ENGLISH IT IS.



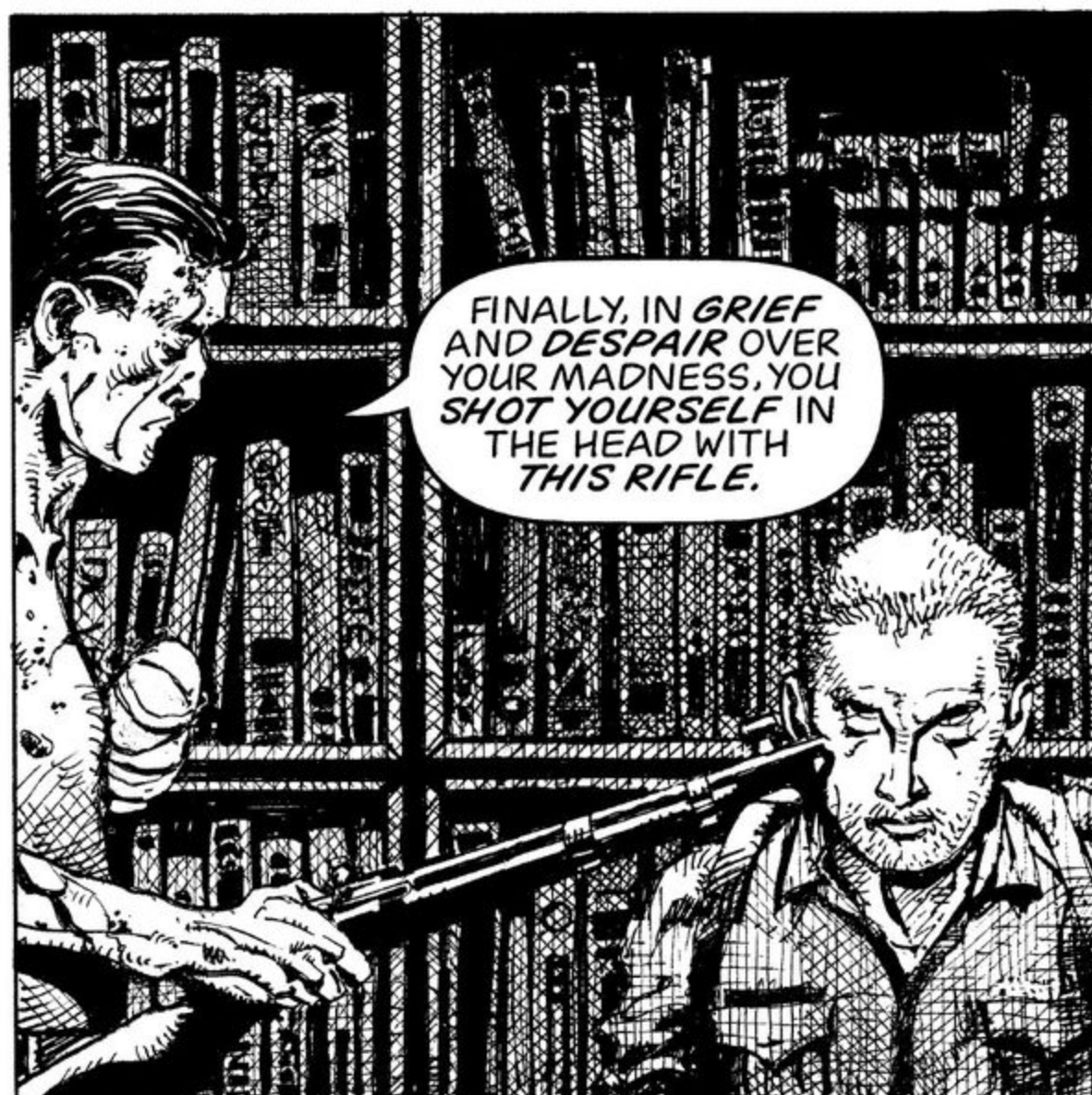
ONLY I KNOW THAT JOSEF VOSS
KILLED THE ENTIRE PROMETHEUS
COUNCIL--BUT WHAT IF IT WERE
YOU, HERR BAILEY, WHO SHOT
EVERYONE HERE AT THIS TABLE?

YOU WHO SHOT
MY FRIEND HANS
IN A MERCILESS,
LIFE OR DEATH
STRUGGLE?



THEN, BEFORE TURNING TO
CANNIBALISM, YOU SLAUGHTERED
EACH ONE OF YOUR OWN
BABOON PATROL. BANG,
BANG, BANG!

I DARE SAY
PEOPLE WILL
THINK YOU HAD
GONE *INSANE*,
HERR BAILEY.



FINALLY, IN GRIEF
AND DESPAIR OVER
YOUR MADNESS, YOU
SHOT YOURSELF IN
THE HEAD WITH
THIS RIFLE.



ARE YOU IN
DESPAIR, HERR
BAILEY?

SHOULD I RE-
LEASE YOU FROM
YOUR MISERY?



SHOOT YOU IN THE HEAD
LIKE A LAME HORSE?



WOULD YOU
LIKE THAT?

ASK ME
TO END YOUR
SUFFERING.



SAY PLEASE
KILL ME--

SAY--KILL ME.

PLEAD
TO ME
BAILEY.



KILL
ME.



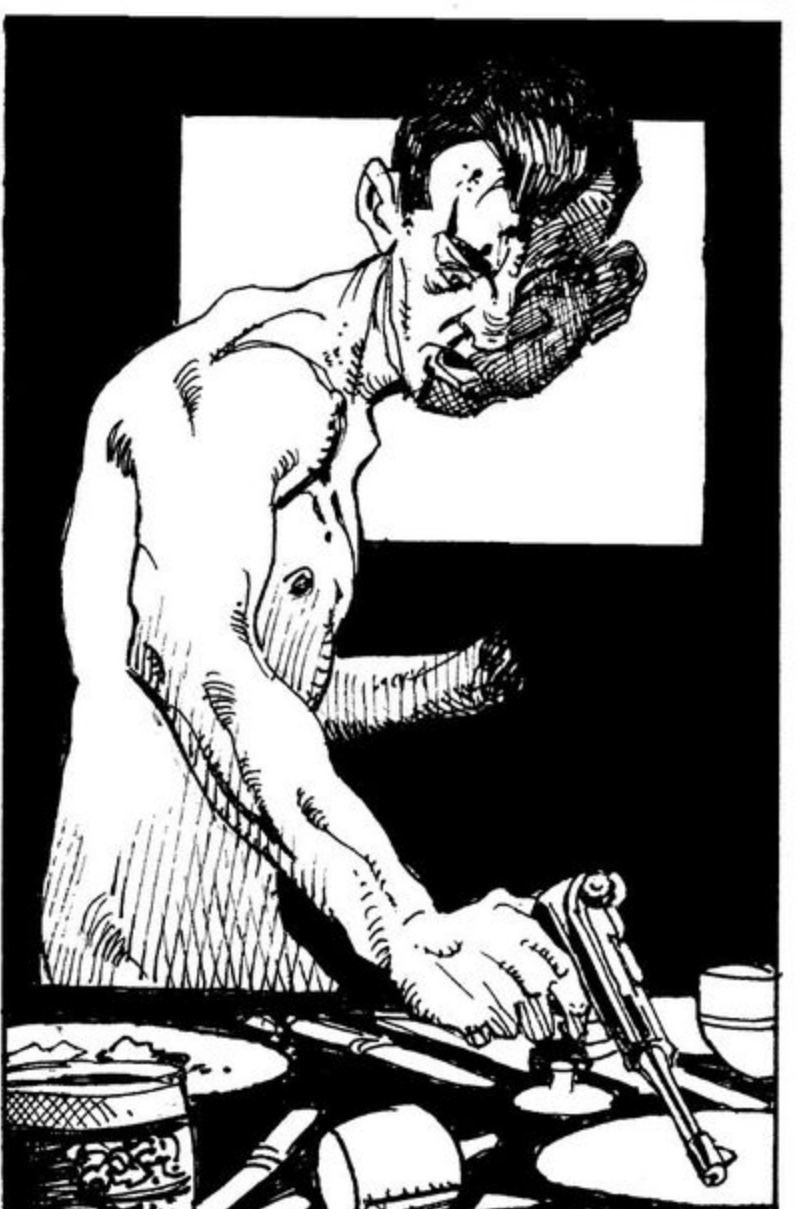
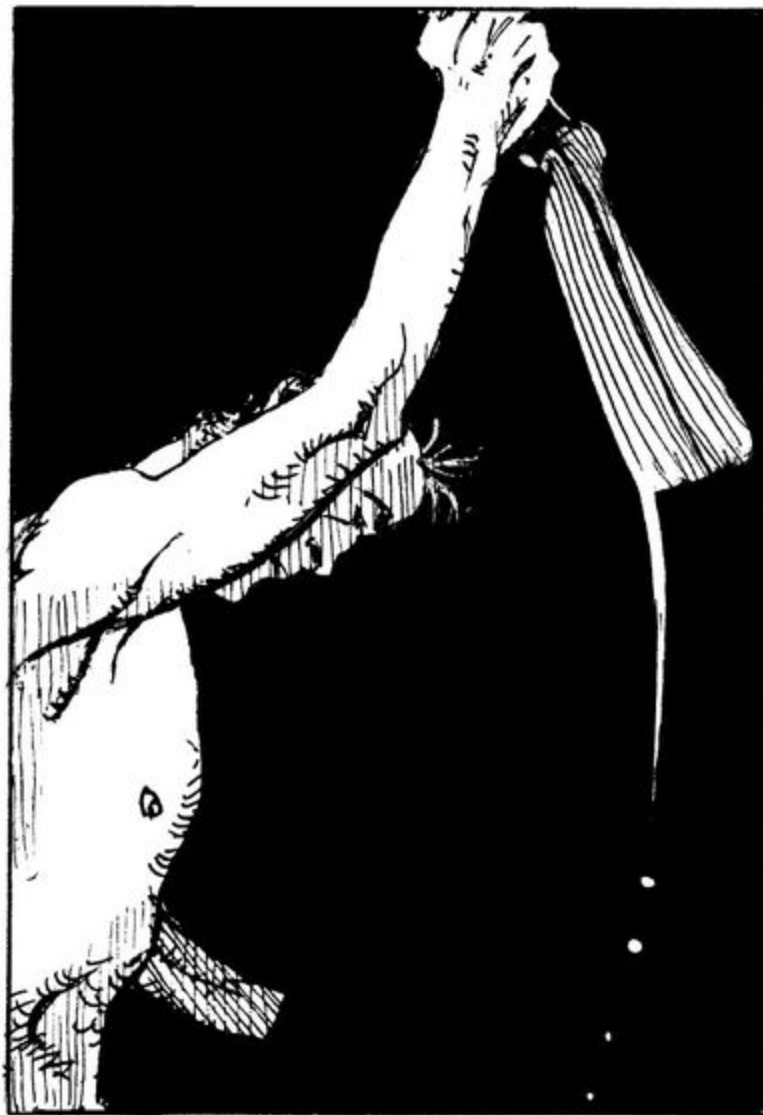
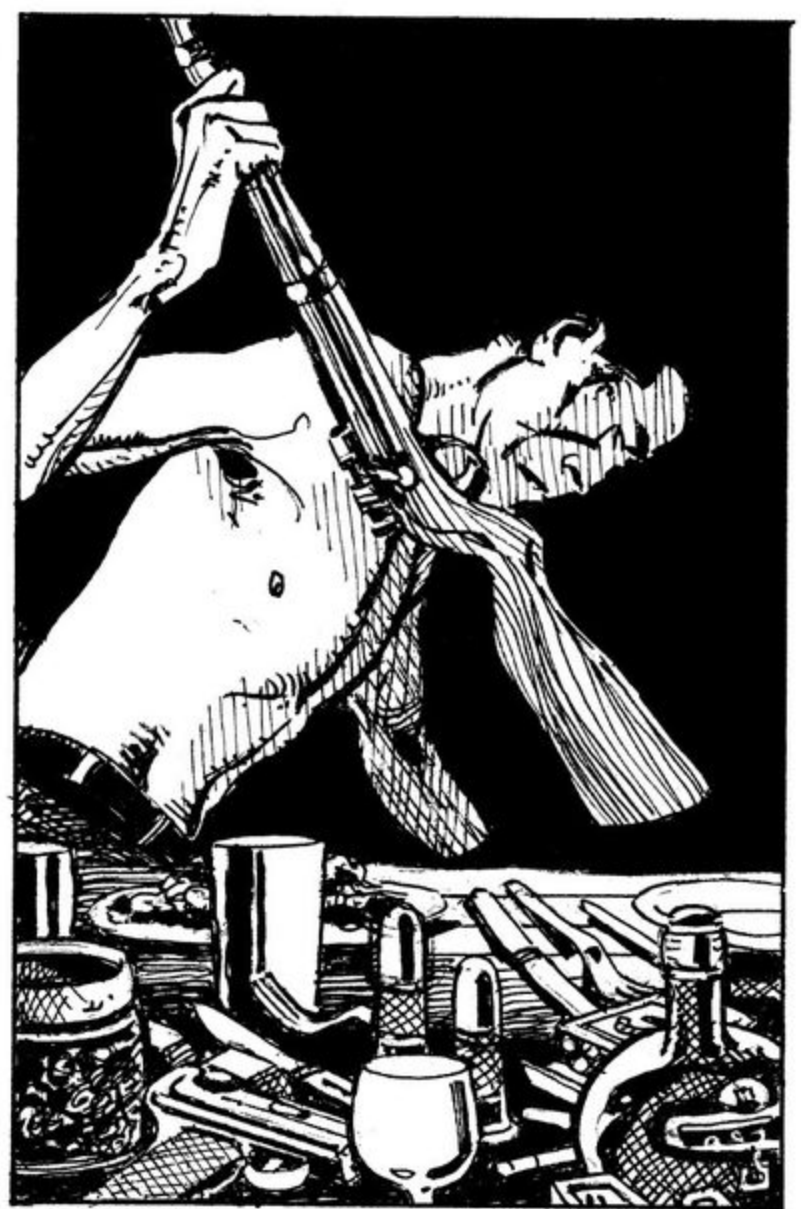
SAY IT!

SAY
KILL ME!



SAY
IT!











MAY I HAVE
A GLASS OF
WATER?

THANK YOU, GENERAL.
YES, THIS IS MOST
DISTRESSING.



KEEP UP,
MEN.



THE BLACKS RAN SCREAMING
INTO THE HALLS. BAILEY HUNTED
THEM DOWN AND SHOT EACH
ONE WHILE CURSING AND
SPITTING ON THEM.

MY ASSISTANTS
DIED WITH SUCH
GRACE AS ANY,
GIVEN THE
CONDITIONS.

WHEN HE FIN-
ALLY TURNED ON
ME HIS GUNS WERE
EMPTY, SO HE BEAT
ME TERRIBLY WITH
HIS RIFLE.



THEN, AT THE
HEIGHT OF HIS
MADNESS, HE
GNAWED MY
HAND WITH
HIS TEETH!



BEING IN SUCH CLOSE
QUARTERS I SEIZED
THE OPPORTUNITY TO
FIGHT BACK--

I FOUGHT
WITH A VIGOR I
HARDLY KNEW I
POSSESSED!



I LEFT
HIM WHERE
HE FELL...



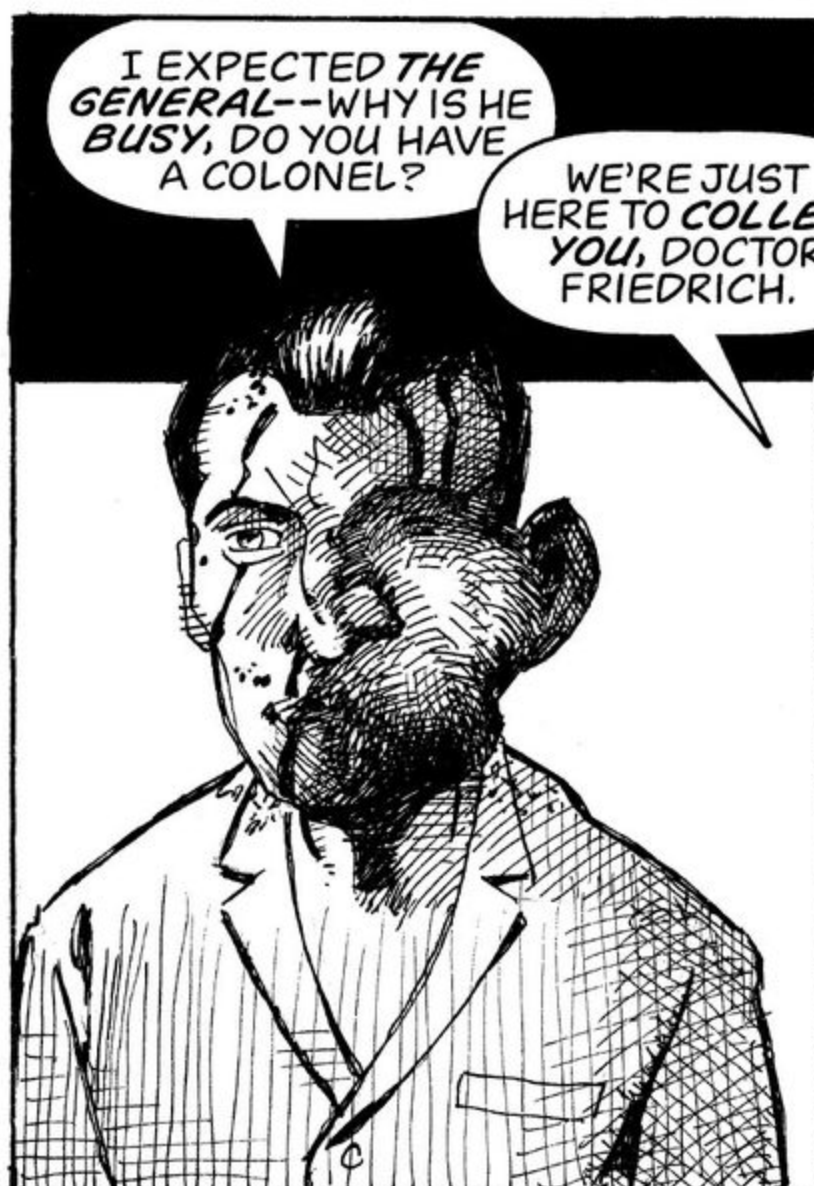
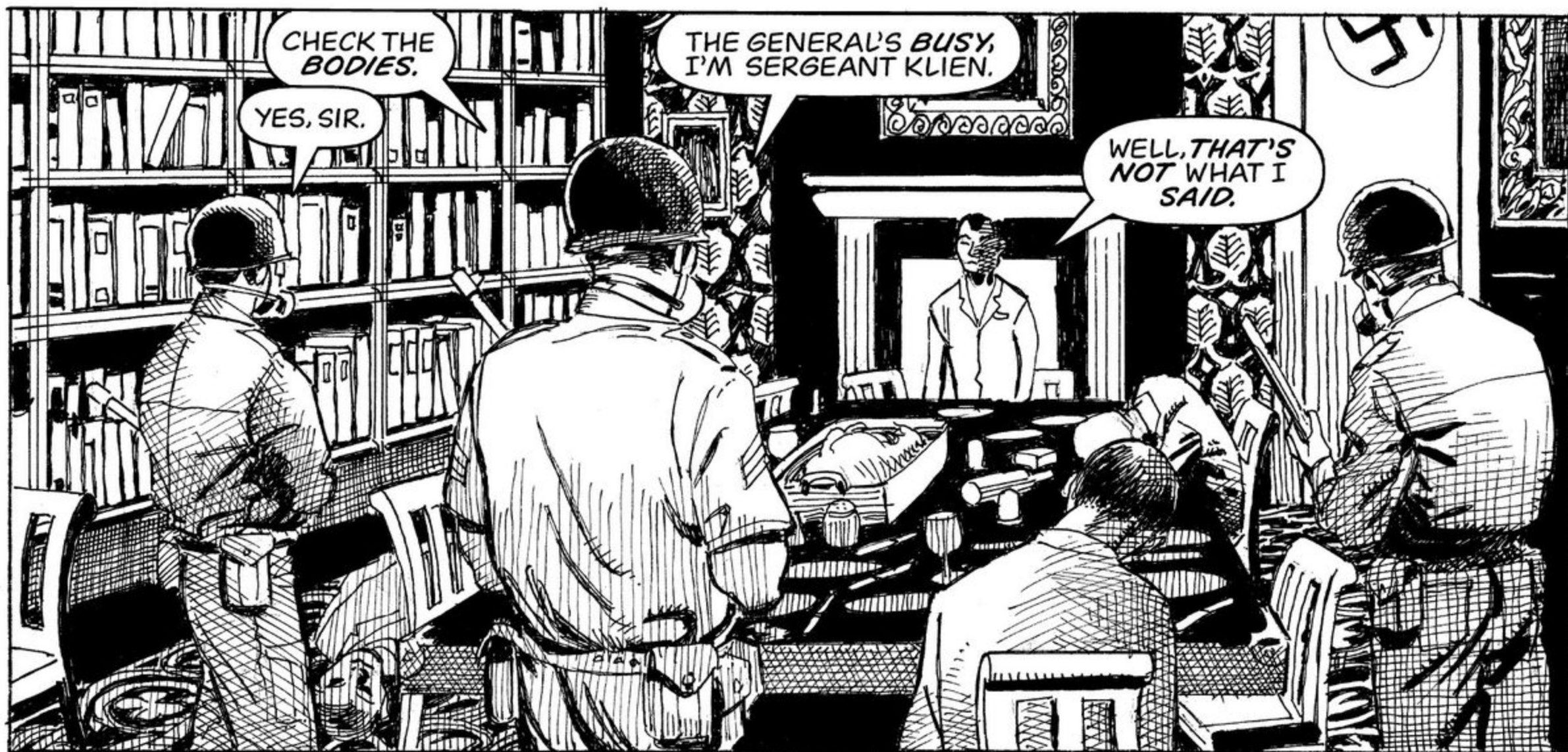
FALLEN AND
VANQUISHED...

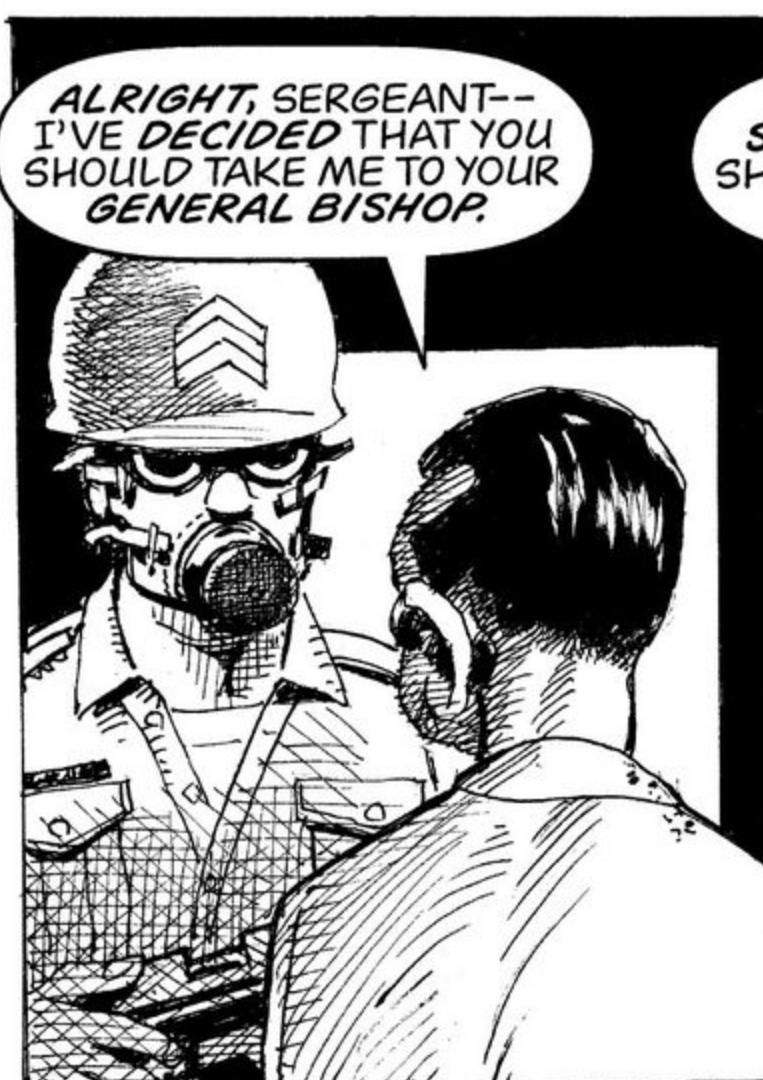
NEVER AGAIN
TO EAT
HUMAN FLESH.



ARE YOU DOCTOR
FRIEDRICH?

GUTEN TAG,
GENERAL.





SCHONGAU
The day before

...THERE FOLLOWS A
QUOTE FROM WAGNER, SEVERAL
STAVES OF MUSIC, PRESUMABLY
WAGNER, AND HALF A PAGE OF
QUATRAINS FROM THE PROPHET
NOSTRADAMUS.

THE HAND-
WRITING IS
DEPLORABLE.

HE THEN PROCEEDS WITH
SOME LURID DESCRIPTIONS
OF THE FALL OF BERLIN--
WHICH ARE, OF COURSE,
OUTDATED AND OF NO
CONSEQUENCE HERE.

FINALLY...

HE GETS TO THE
SPECIFICS REGARDING
PROMETHEUS.

YES, PLEASE,
DO GET ON
WITH IT.















AND AS ALWAYS, I AM HONORED, COMMANDANT.

I'VE NOT ASKED BEFORE, HANS -- DO YOU HAVE PLANS NOW THAT THE WAR IS OVER?

WELL--

AT EASE, HANS.

YES, I DO, COMMANDANT.



BUT I WANT TO TRAVEL, ALSO. PERHAPS I'LL VISIT FRANCE, NOW THAT IT'S FREE AGAIN.

Ah, YES. I ALWAYS LOVED PARIS MYSELF.

YES, I PLAN TO RESUME MY VETERINARY PRACTICE--

THANK YOU, SIR.



HOW MUCH WILL YOU DEMAND, OSKAR?

MILLIONS!

FANTASTIC!

THEN YOU'LL BE RICH ONCE THE G.I.s TURN UP, EH?

OH, NO--

I WON'T NEGOTIATE WITH THE G.I.s.

WHY?



AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE CRIMINALS! THEY'RE MOSTLY JEWS AND IRISH PEASANTS. THEY CAN-NOT BE TRUSTED!

OH.

THAT'S WHY A FOOL SUCH AS YOU COULDN'T DO WHAT I AM PLANNING.

THE PROMETHEUS FILES WOULD BE SNATCHED FROM YOU BY THE FIRST THIEVING G.I. YOU ENCOUNTERED!

OH, NO. I WILL NEGOTIATE ONLY WITH THE PUREST AMERICAN AUTHORITIES.



THERE ARE NO JEWS OR BLACK BLOOD SCUM AT THE OFFICERS' CLUBS IN WASHINGTON.

WON'T VOSS EVER SIT DOWN?

ABER ICH WILL KEINE MINUTE LÄNGER MIT MEINEM GEWISSEN LEBEN.



...BUT IF YOU FIND YOURSELF IN THE WINDSORF REGION YOU MUST PLEASE VISIT US.

THANK YOU, SIR.

MY MARTA WOULD LOVE TO MEET YOU. SHE IS AS FINE A COOK AS ANY.

WE SHALL REGAIL HER WITH OUR WAR-TIME TALES OVER SCHNAPPS.

HAH! YOU JEST!

OF COURSE, COMMANDANT. WE ARE BONDED BY OUR SECRETS.

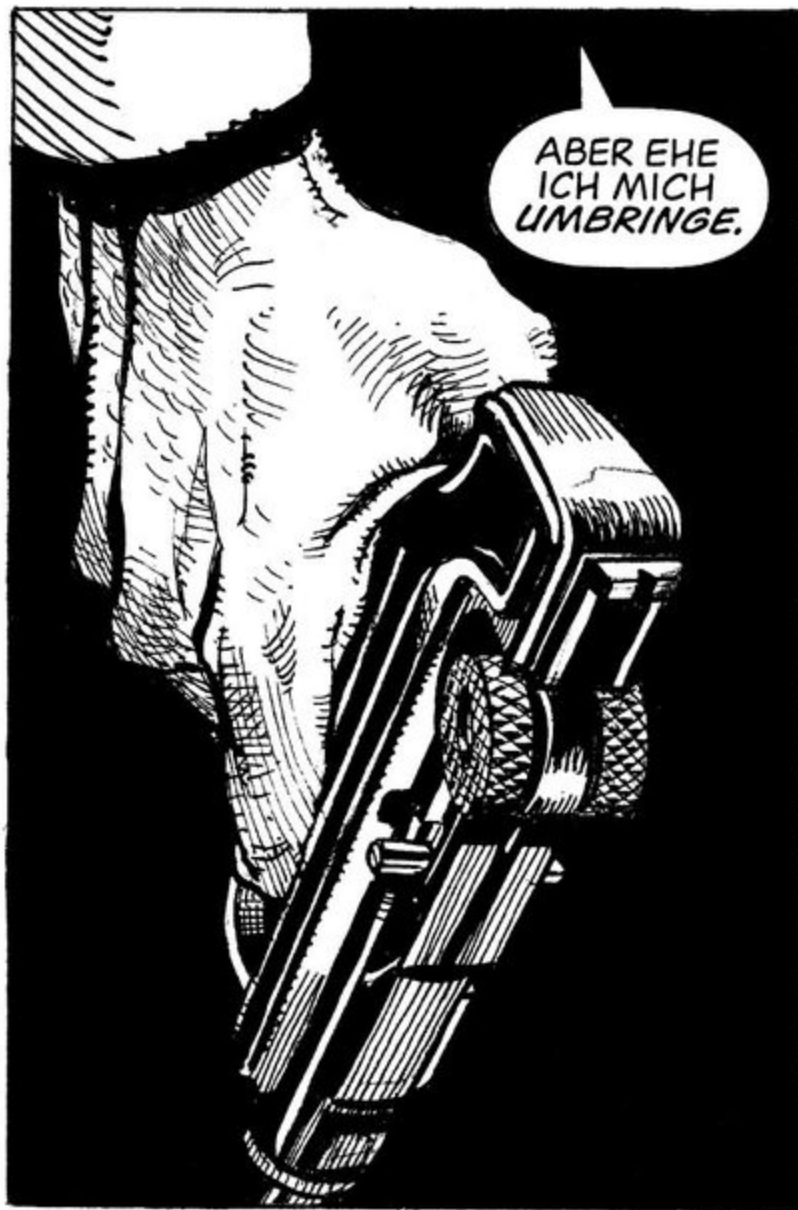
I SHALL BE PROUD TO CALL YOU MY FRIEND WHEN YOU ARE THE RICHEST MAN IN BERLIN, OSKAR.

NO, YOU FORGET. YOU'LL BE DEAD.



BESIDES, I PLAN TO LIVE IN CALIFORNIA.

WHAT'S VOSS BLABBERING ABOUT?



ABER EHE
ICH MICH
UMBRINGE.



ICH WÜNSCHTE, ICH KÖNNTE
SO VIELE WIE MÖGLICH VON EUCH
SCHEIßKERLEN ABSCHLACHTEN,
BEVOR MEINE MUNITION ALLE IST.



...PLEASURE OF
SLAUGHTERING
AS MANY OF YOU
BASTARDS AS I
CAN BEFORE MY
AMMUNITION
RUNS OUT!

...THERE ARE JEWS
IN CALIFORNIA...



HERR KRÄHE, SIE
SIND ABSCHEU-
LICHER ALS IHRE
WISSENSCHAFT!



AACH!



WENDEL, ICH
HOPFE, IHRE SEELE
SCHMORT FÜR IMMER
IN DER HÖLLE!



HERR JANESCH,
IHRE BESTECH-
LICHEN SCHWEIZER
BANKEN HABEN
DIES ALLES
ERMÖGLICHT!

UGH!





















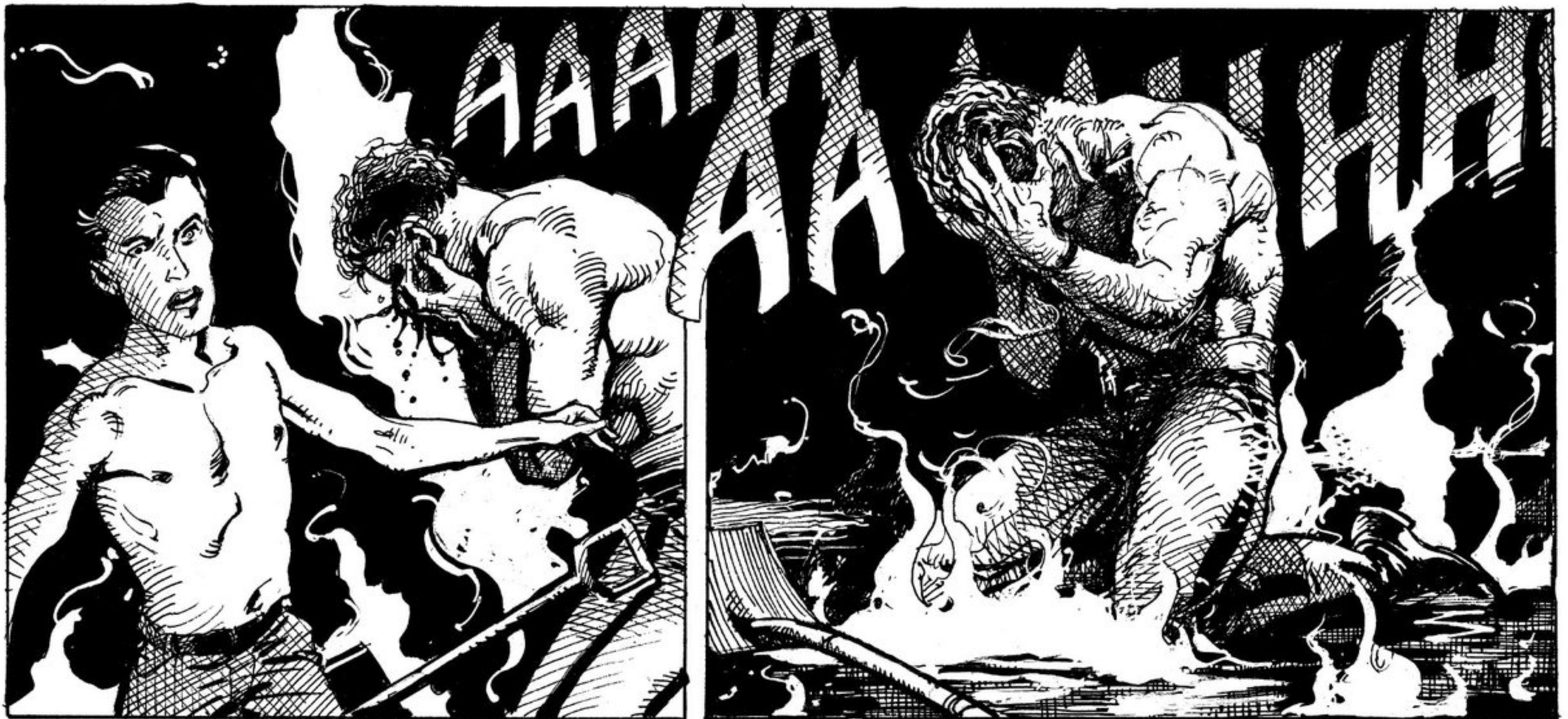


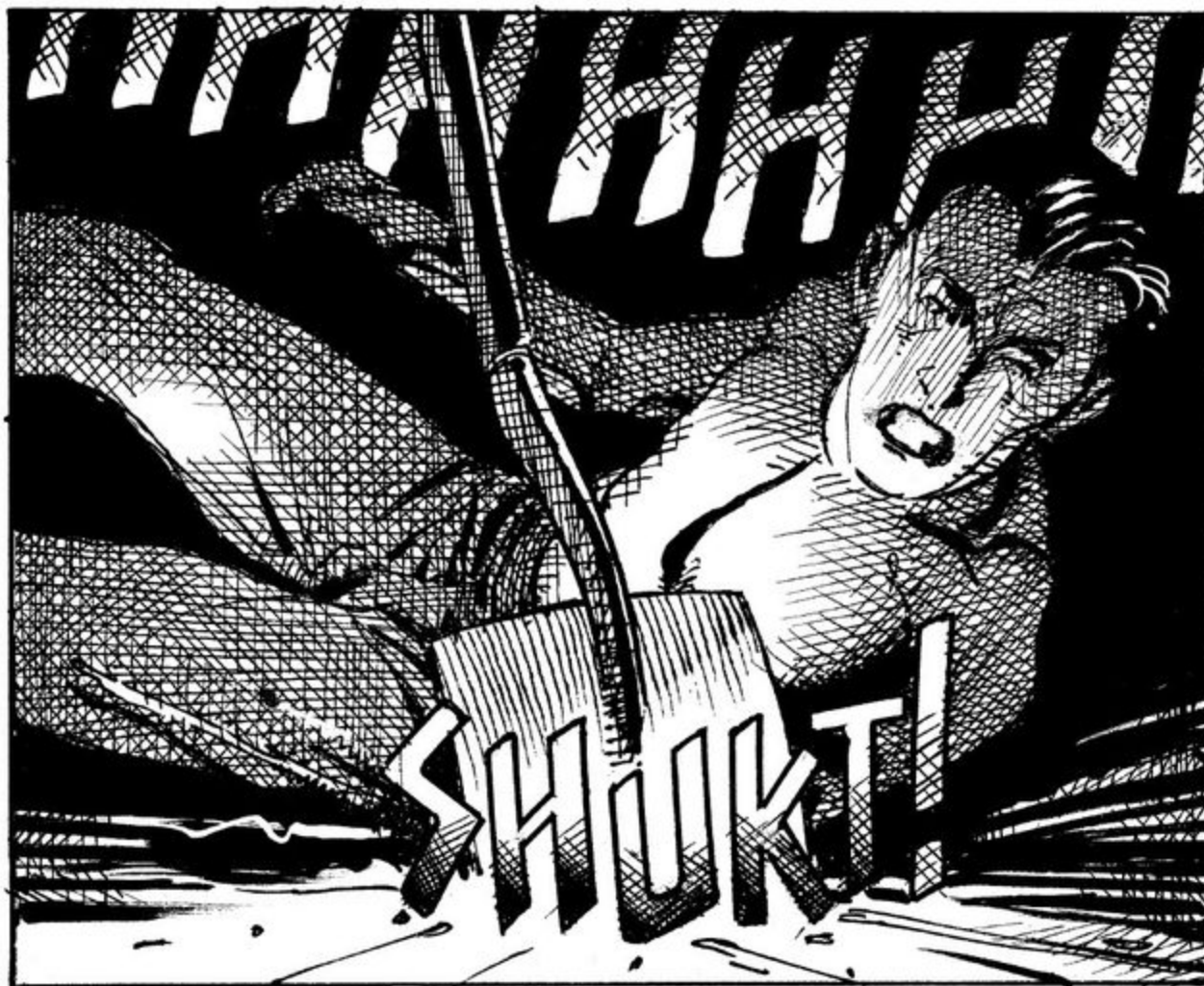












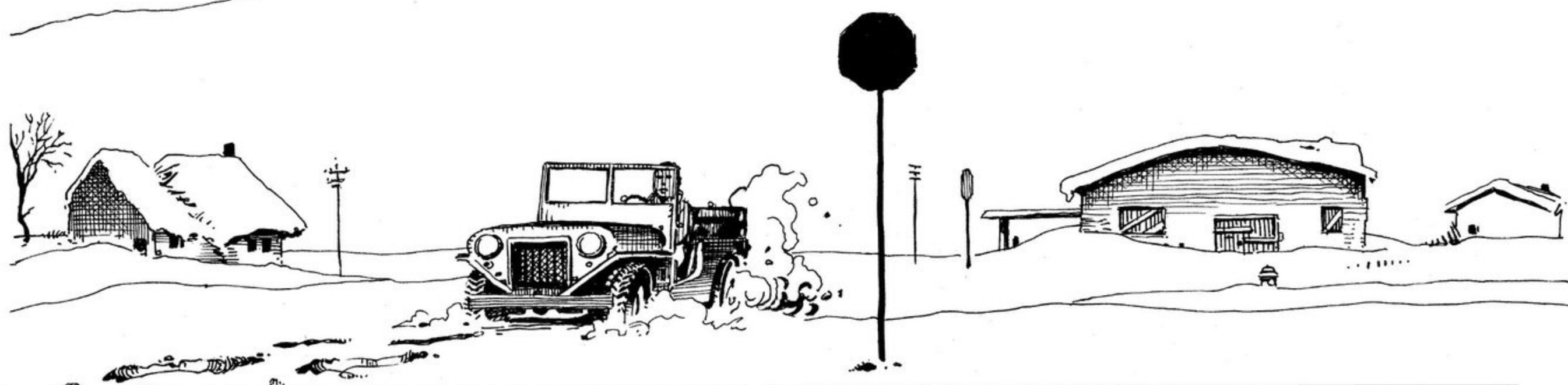








1965 Twenty years later, Providence Township, Ohio Thursday, November 25







BOBBY--

IS THAT
YOU?!

THIS IS
MY SON,
BOBBY.



HIYA, BOBBY,
I'M OFFICER
JACK--
PLEASED TO
MEETCHA!

do you know
where my
daddy is?

WELL, NOW, YOUNG
FELLA--THAT'S JUST WHAT
I CAME TO TALK ABOUT.



IF ANYBODY
SHOULD HURT
YOU--



HELLO--?



HELLO--?



HELLO,
BOBBY--

IT'S OFFICER
JACK.



DO YOU
REMEMBER
... ME?



Oh, GOOD
GOD!

SO THIS IS WHAT
THAT NAZI BASTARD
DID TO YOU!



CAN YOU UNDER-
STAND ME, BOBBY?

IS IT
ALRIGHT THAT
I'M HERE?



I KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED--

ROTH, I
MEAN--



I KNOW ABOUT
FRIEDRICH AND
HIS TERRIBLE
EXPERIMENTS.



I THINK I UNDER-
STAND WHY YOU'VE
COME BACK--

BUT YOU'VE
FOUND THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT
HERE.

LONG AGO THIS WAS
A HOME FILLED WITH
LOVE, AND YOU WERE AT
THE HEART OF IT.

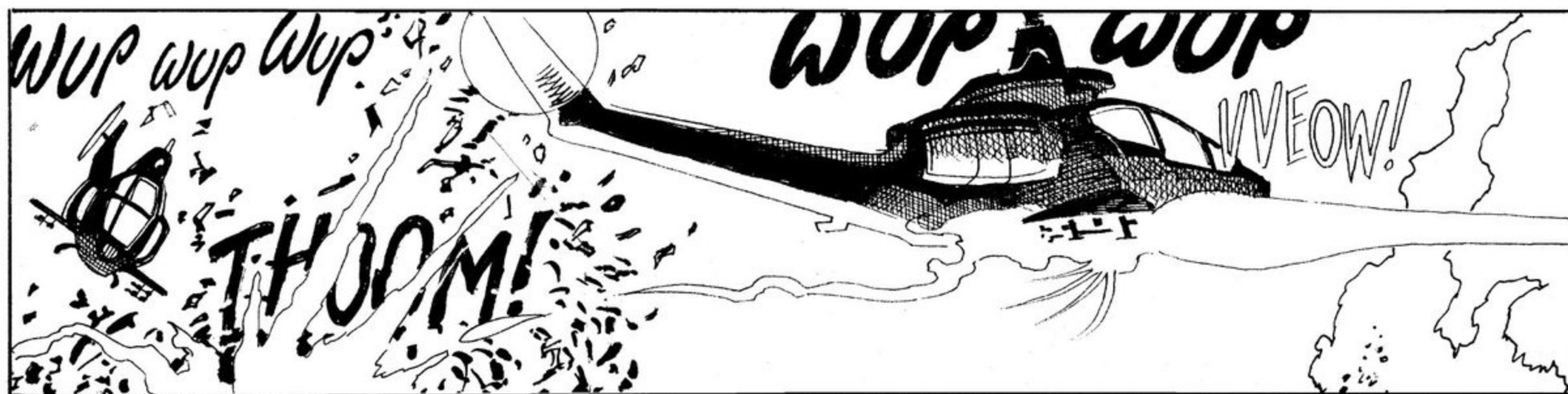
IF ONLY YOU
COULD RETURN TO
THOSE HAPPIER DAYS
WITH YOUR MOM
BEFORE YOUR FATHER
CAME BACK.

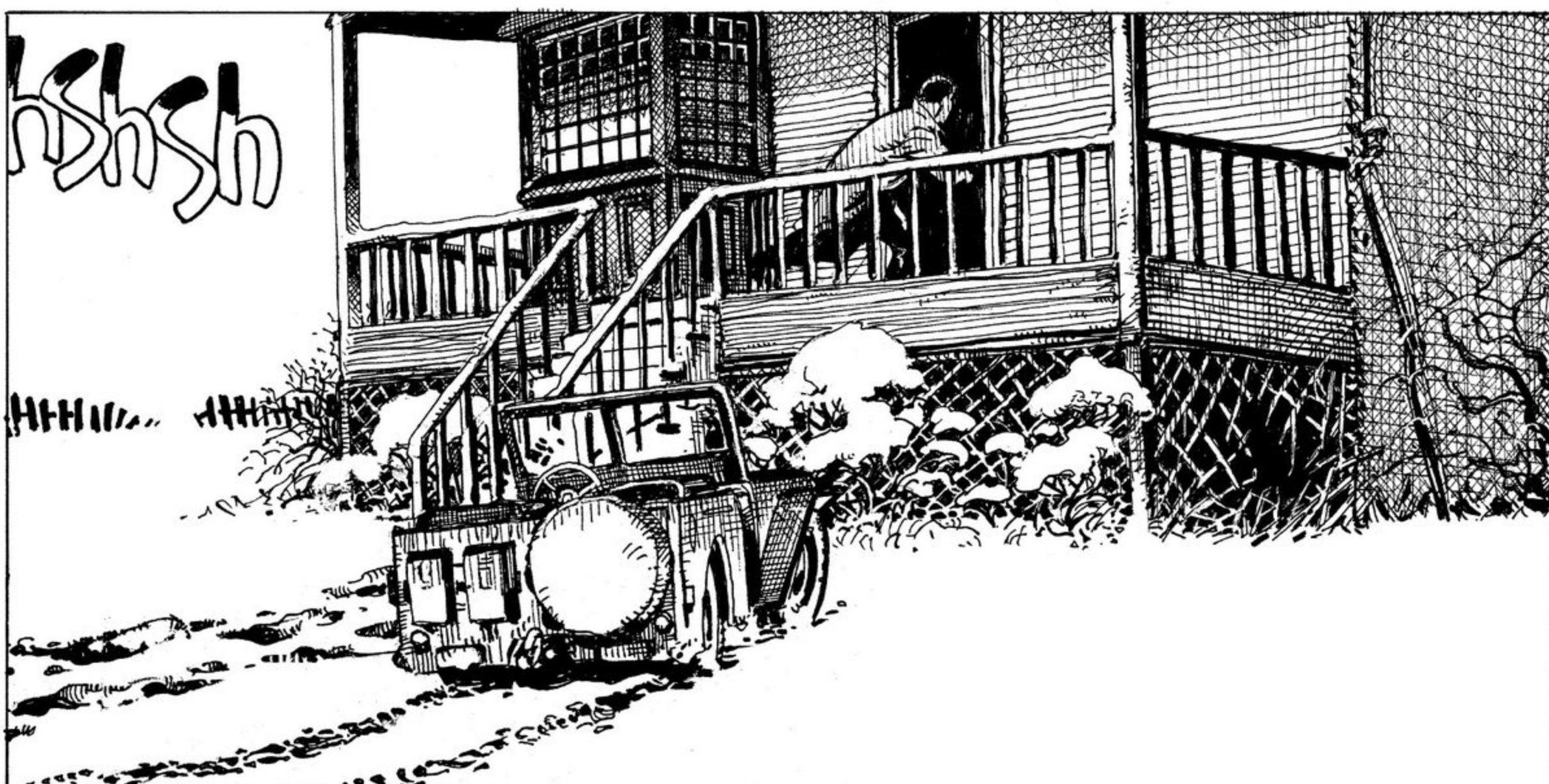
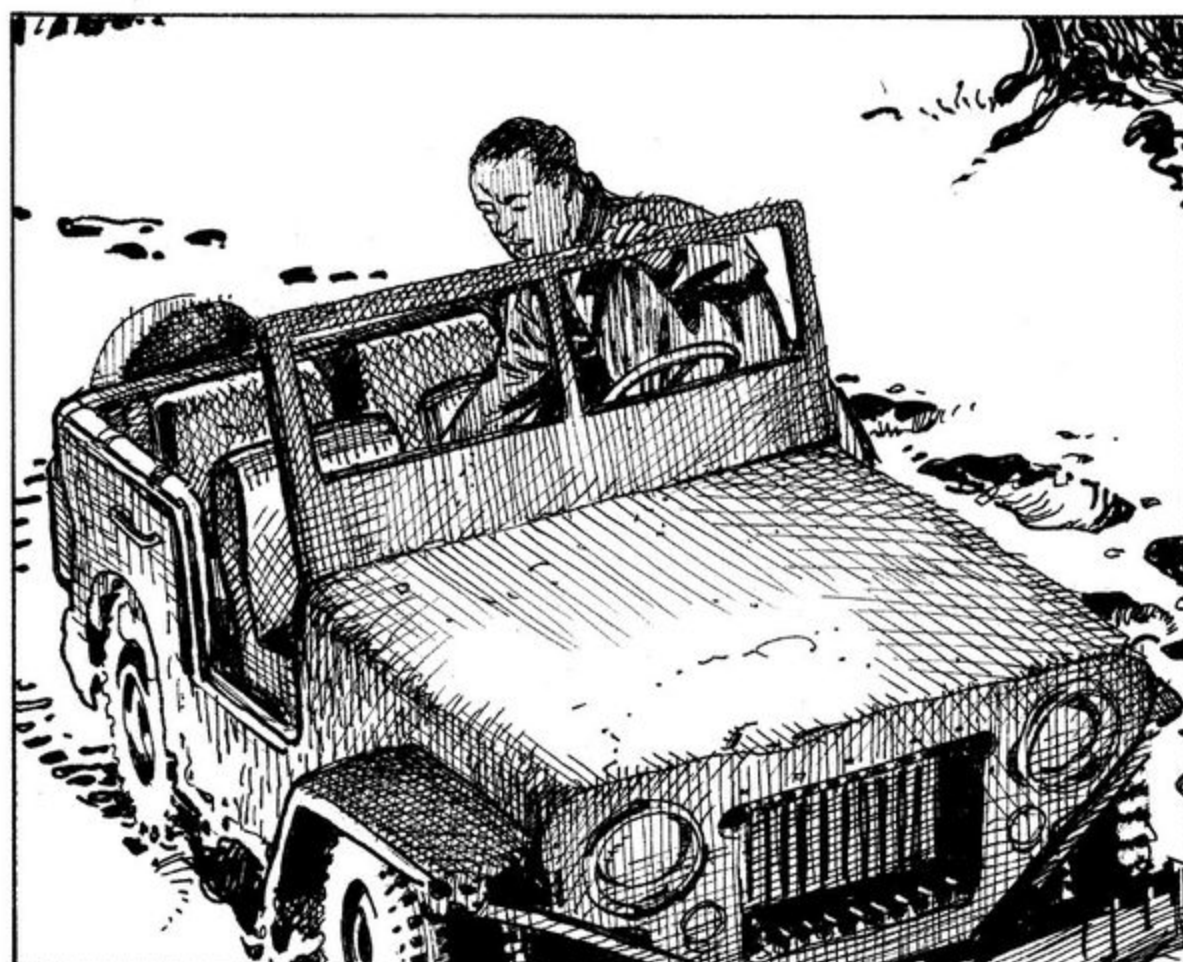
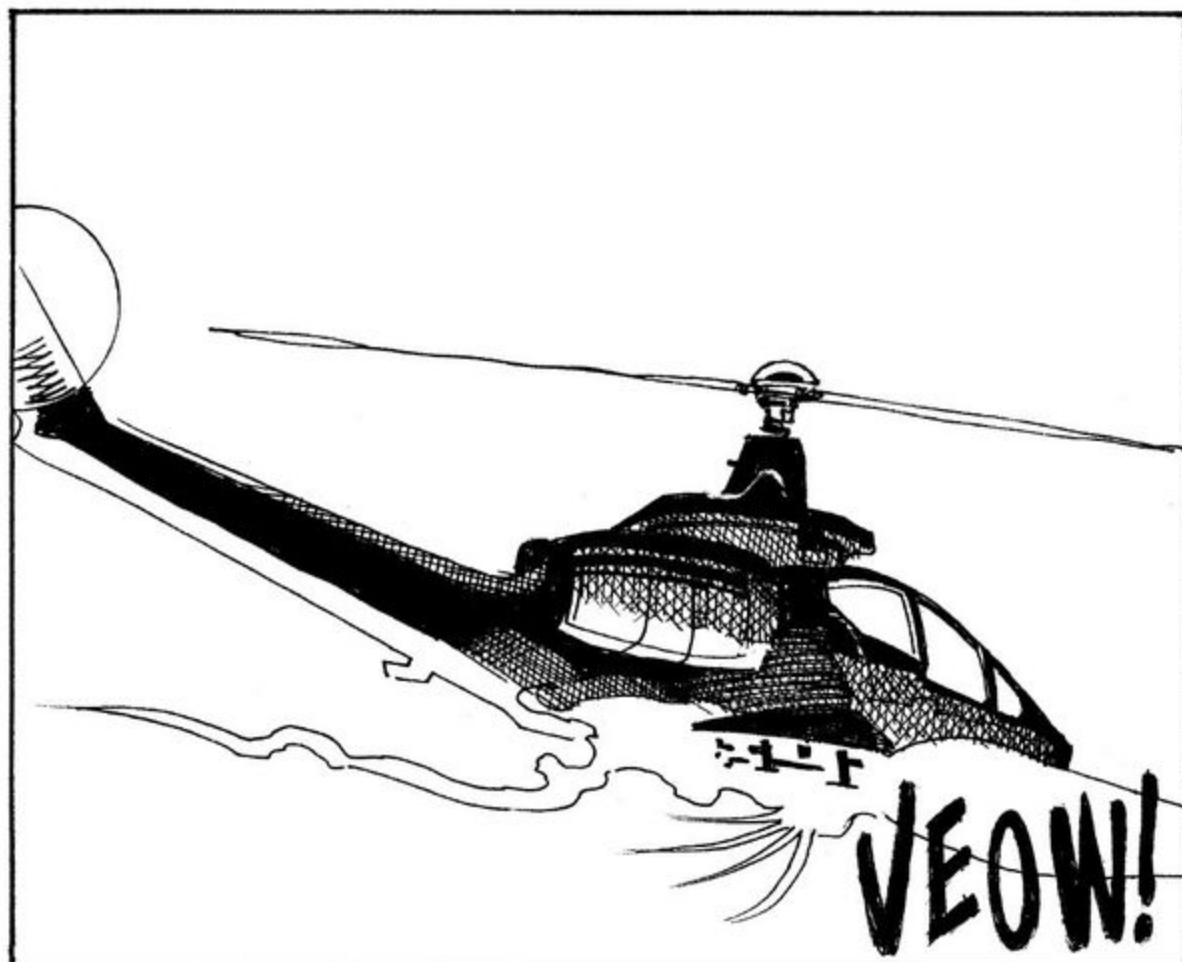
BUT IN YOUR MIND
YOU'RE RELIVING EVERY
TERRIBLE MOMENT OF
THAT LAST NIGHT
YOU WERE HERE.

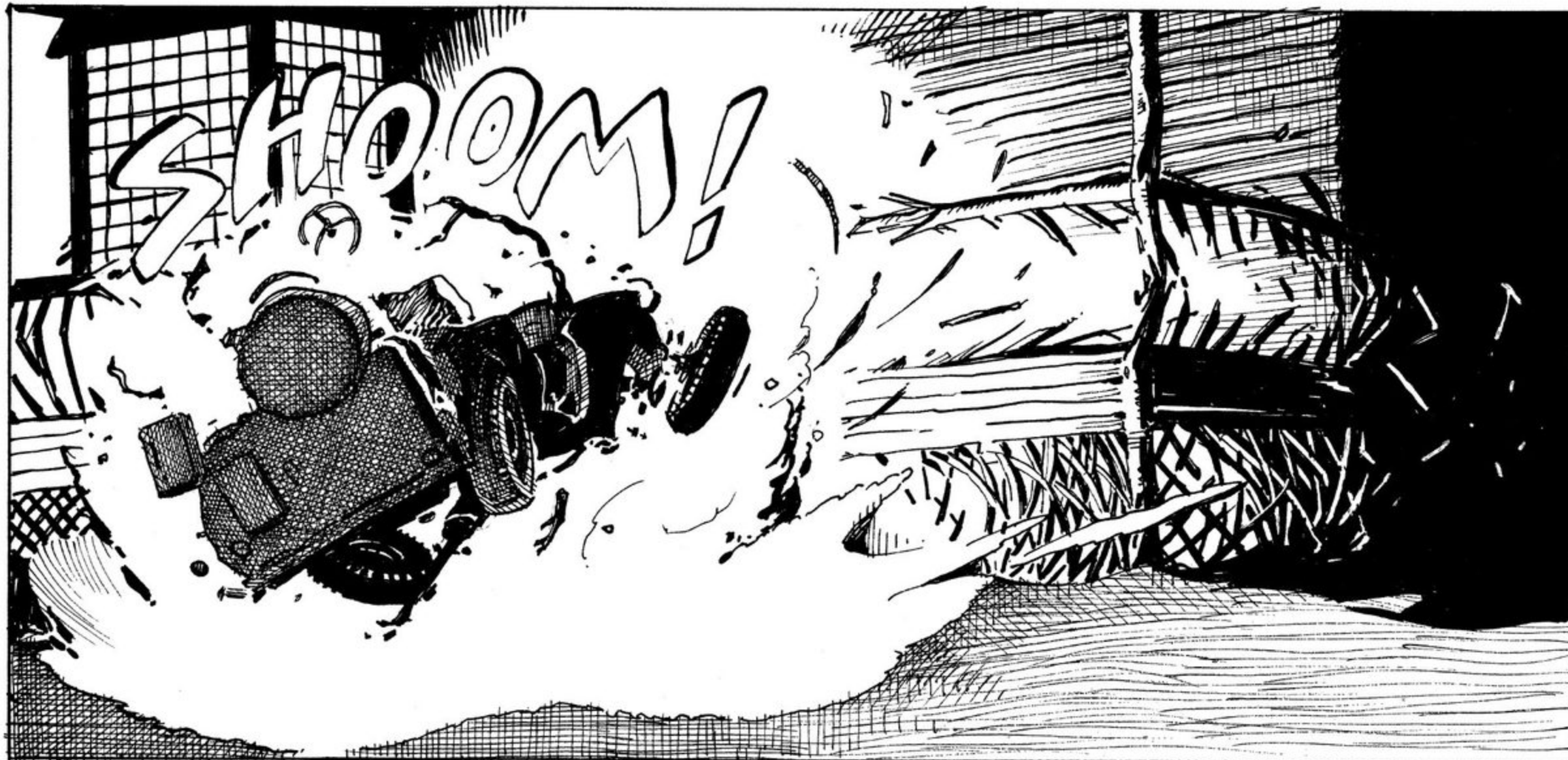














I CAN BARELY THINK.

GOT TO STOP THE ATTACK--



MAYBE I CAN FAKE THEM OUT--



WITH THE WALKIE-TALKIE.



ROTH, HERE.

MAJOR ROTH! YOU FOUND YOUR JEEP, THEN?

I'M NOT CALLING ABOUT MY FUCKING JEEP!

NO, SIR. OVER. SK

GET ME AN OUTSIDE LINE, PRONTO!



THE CIVILIAN WORLD! MA-FUCKIN'-BELL, DAMMIT!

BELL TELEPHONE YES, SIR. ONE MOMENT, SIR. SK

HOW DO YOU MEAN, SIR. OVER. SK

AND KEEP THE FUCKING LINE OPEN 'TIL I FUCKING SAY OTHERWISE. CAPICE?

YES, SIR, LINE OPEN, SIR. OVER. SK

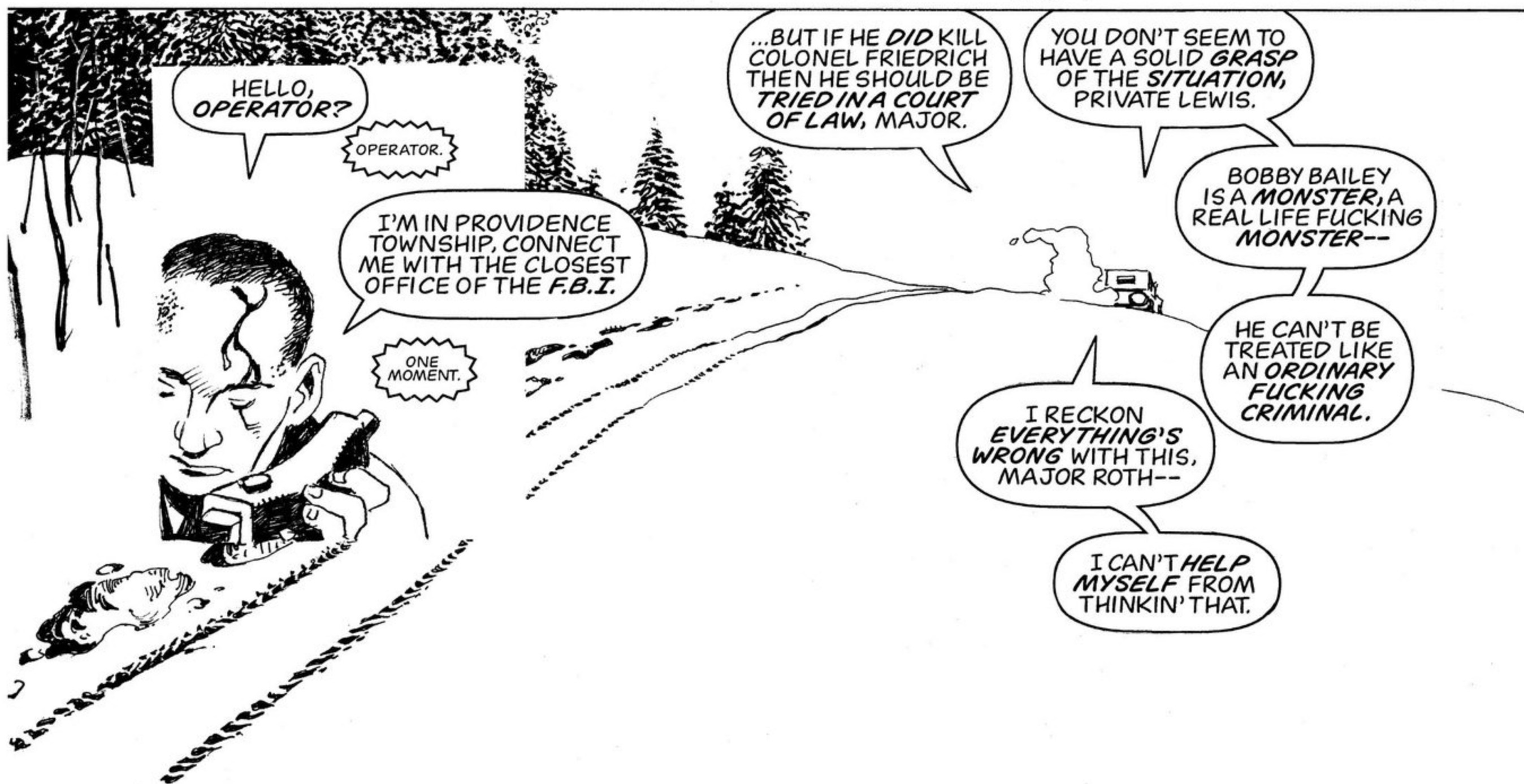
NOW GET THIS--



GET ON THE BLOWER AND TELL THOSE FLYBOYS THAT I SAID QUIT BOMBING THE FUCKING TOWN AND TO GET THE FUCK OUT!

YOU GOT THAT?

YES SIR, WILL DO. OVER. SK



HELLO, OPERATOR?

OPERATOR.

I'M IN PROVIDENCE TOWNSHIP, CONNECT ME WITH THE CLOSEST OFFICE OF THE F.B.I.

ONE MOMENT.

...BUT IF HE DID KILL COLONEL FRIEDRICH THEN HE SHOULD BE TRIED IN A COURT OF LAW, MAJOR.

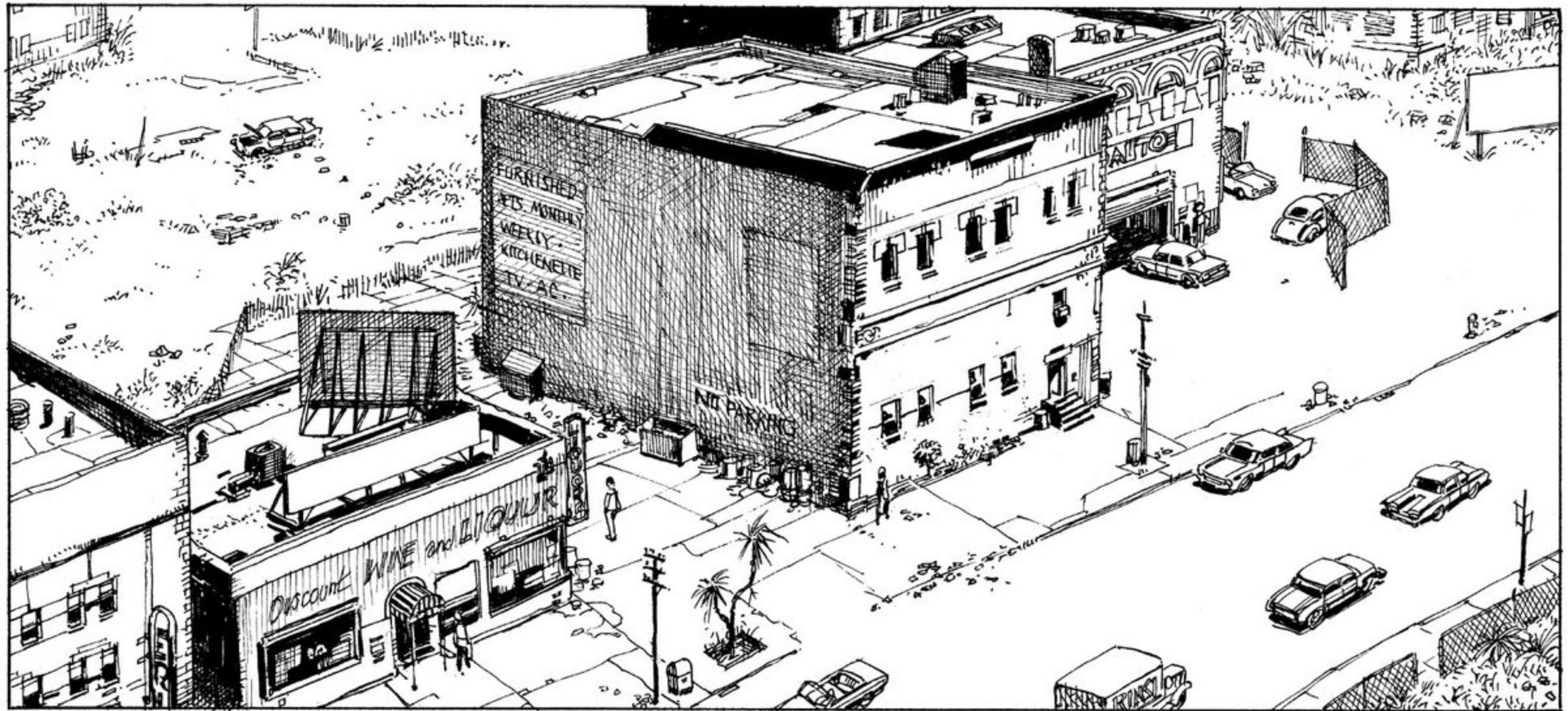
YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE A SOLID GRASP OF THE SITUATION, PRIVATE LEWIS.

BOBBY BAILEY IS A MONSTER, A REAL LIFE FUCKING MONSTER--

HE CAN'T BE TREATED LIKE AN ORDINARY FUCKING CRIMINAL.

I RECKON EVERYTHING'S WRONG WITH THIS, MAJOR ROTH--

I CAN'T HELP MYSELF FROM THINKIN' THAT.





DON'T LEAVE NO EYES IN THEM 'TADUHS.

I'LL SEE ABOUT NINA.

NO, MA.

...AND THE DETROIT LIONS.



...AND IT SEEMS THAT A STORY PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER SOME MONTHS AGO COULD PROVE THE SAYING THAT "TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION"...



YOU READY TO COME OUT YET, LITTLE GIRL?

yes.

YOU GONNA 'POLOGIZE THEN?

no.



YOU WANT YOUR THANKSGIVIN' DINNER?

yes.

WELL, YOU WON'T BE EATIN' IT ON THIS BED, I'LL TELL YOU THAT.

i jus' want' bussel spouts.

I DON'T CARE IF IT'S JUST RICE KRISPIES YOU WANT, YOU AIN'T EATIN' ON TH' BED.

NOW YOU SAY YOU'RE SORRY TO YOUR MOMMA, AND YOU CAN COME EAT IN THE KITCHEN.



LI'L NINA'S GOIN' HUNGRY IF SHE DON'T QUIT IT.

SO LET'S HEAR IT, NINA.

li'l nina knows all. li'l nina sees all.



momma don't believe daddy's gonna call on nina for thanksgivin'.



YOU SAY THAT JUS' ONE MORE TIME, NINA, AND SO HELP ME I'LL HAFTA TAN YOUR HIDE!

th' cleveland brows are gonna lose t'the cowboys, twenny-six t'fourteen.



li'l nina knows. li'l nina sees.

an'a bills will beat



STOP IT!



YOU WILL STOP THAT RIGHT NOW!

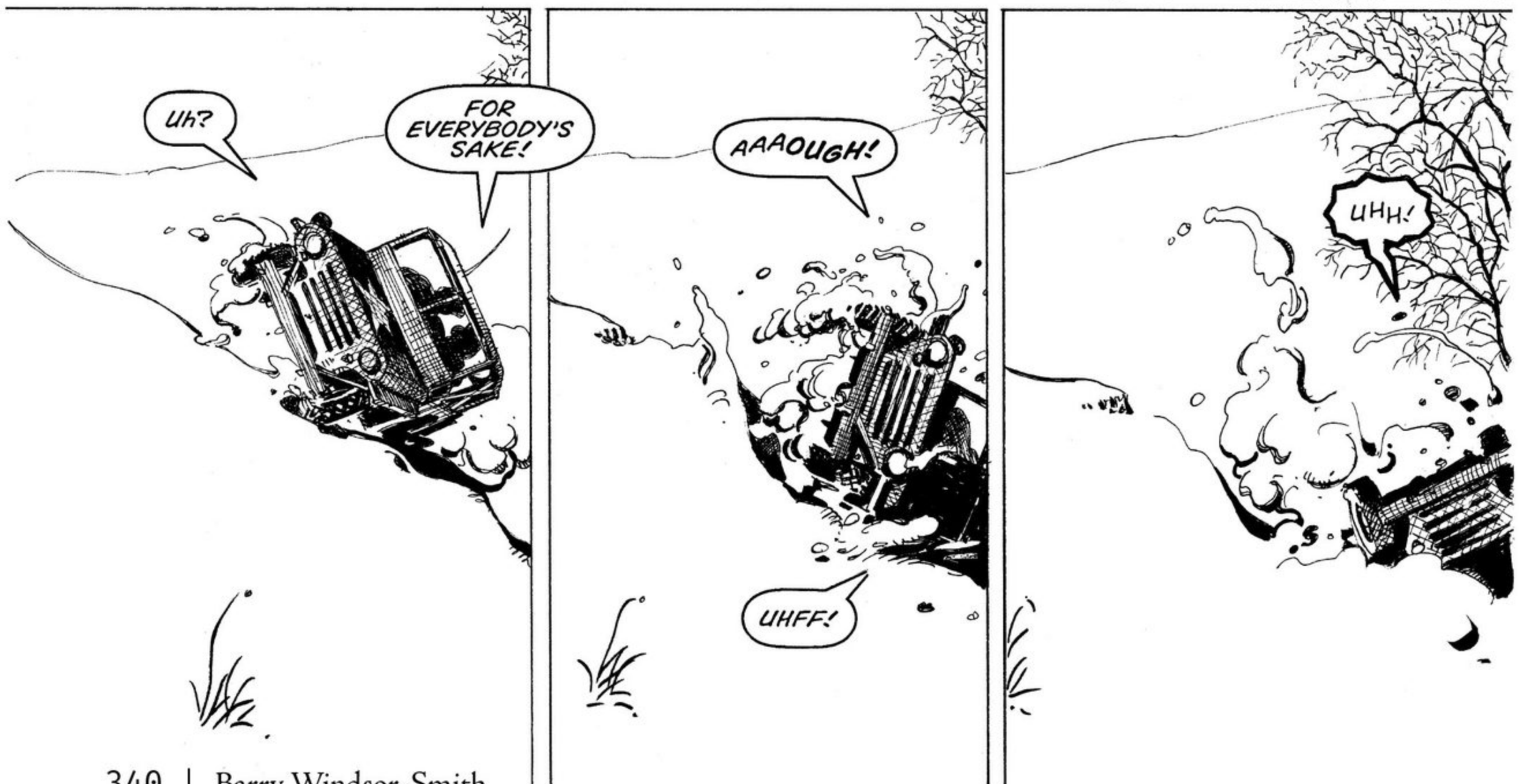
D'YOU HEAR ME, YOU LITTLE WITCH!

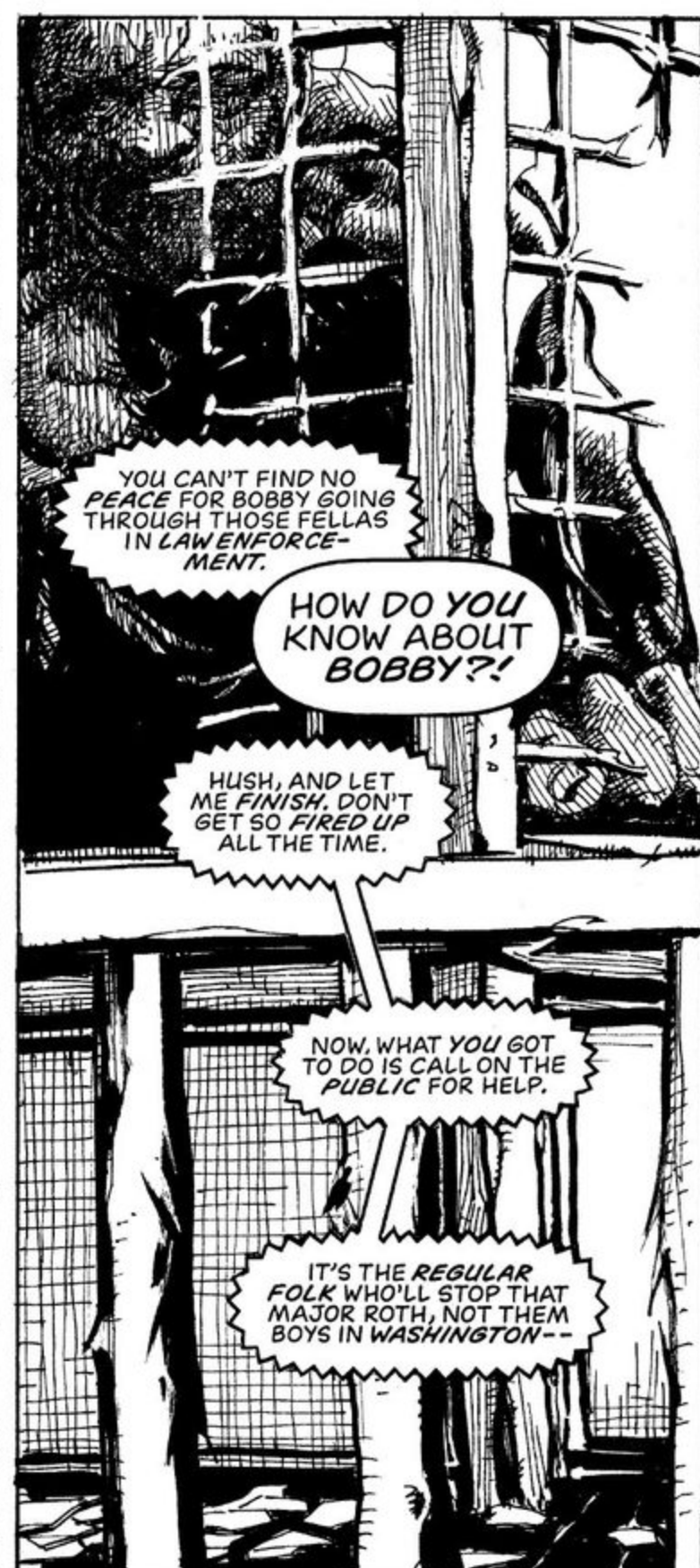
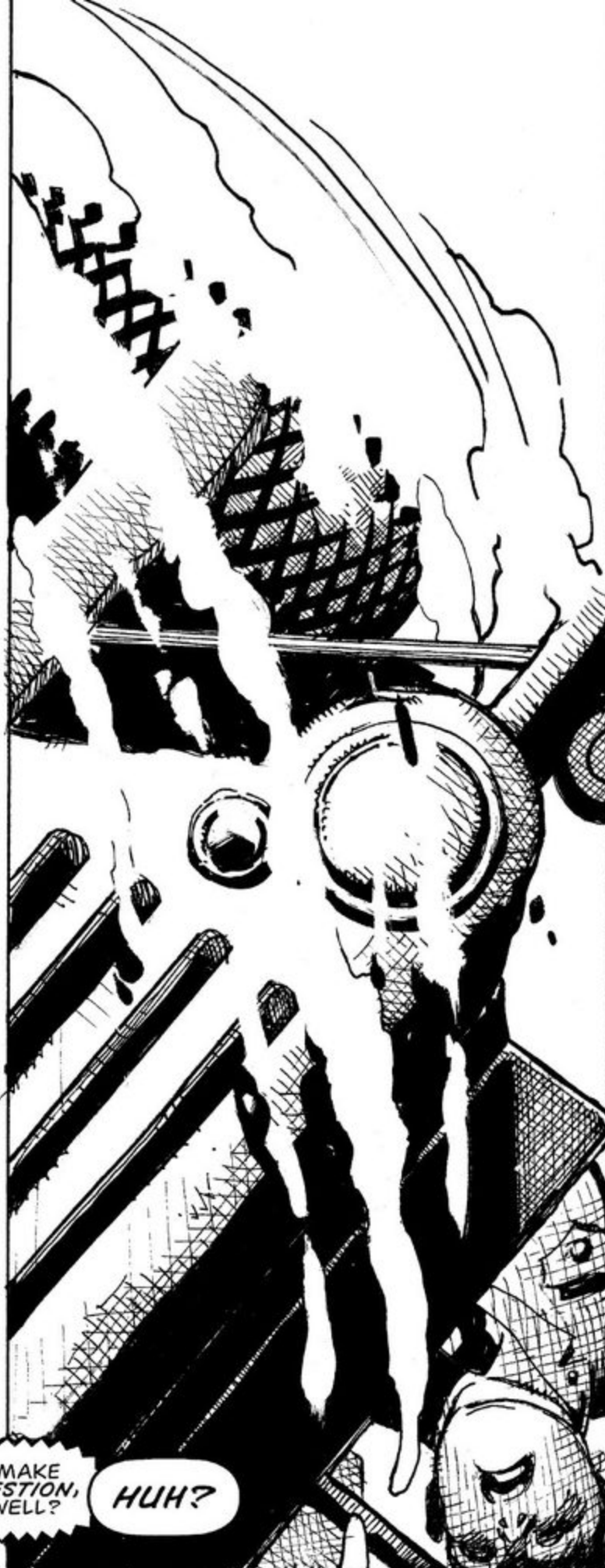
aaeeh!
WAAHHH!



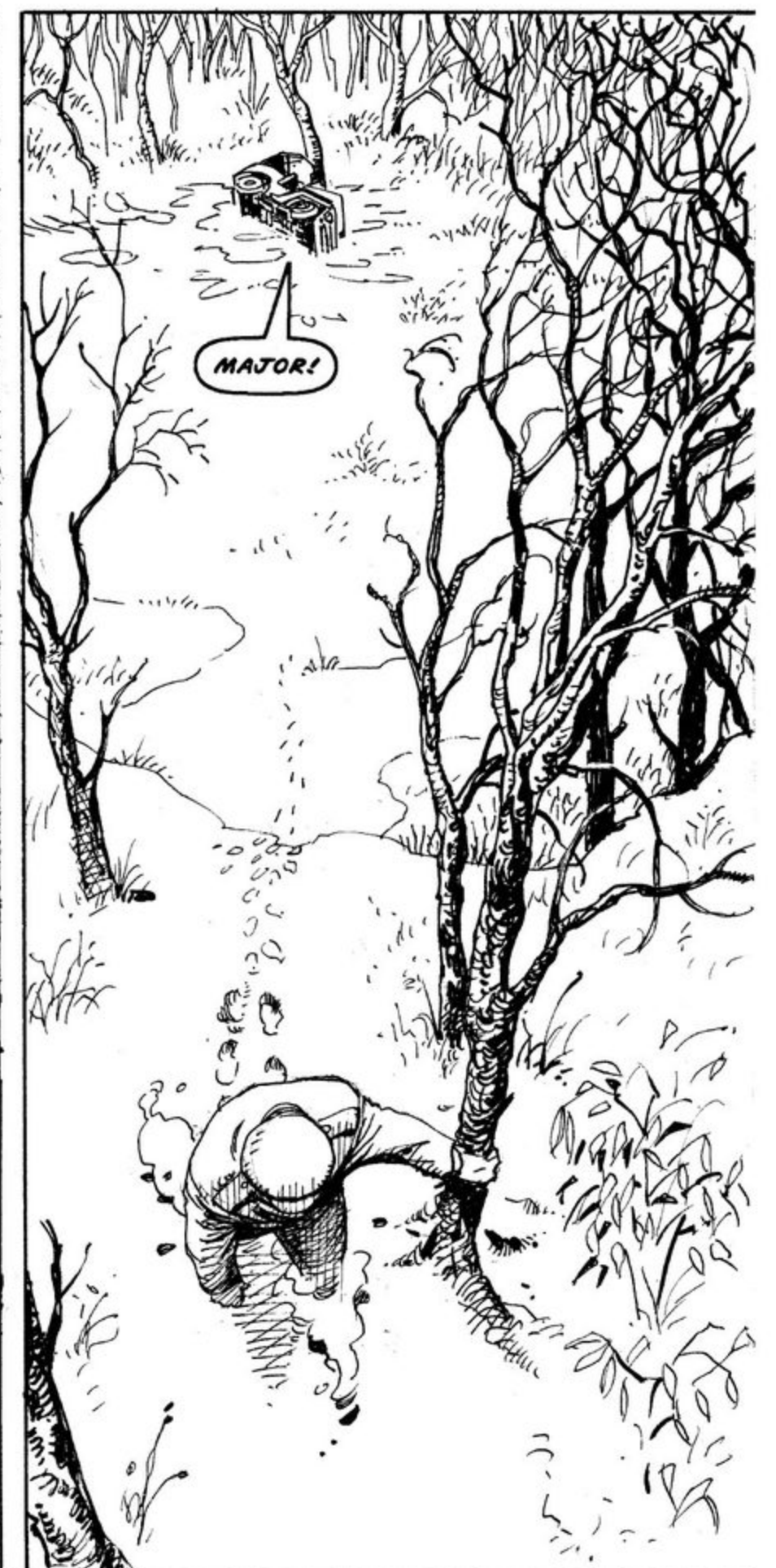
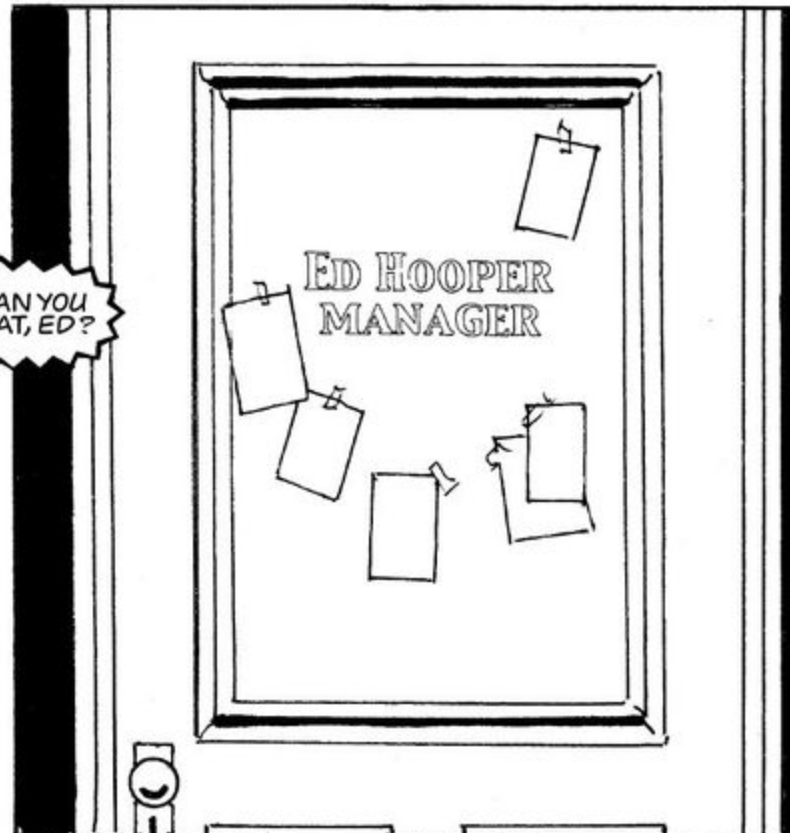
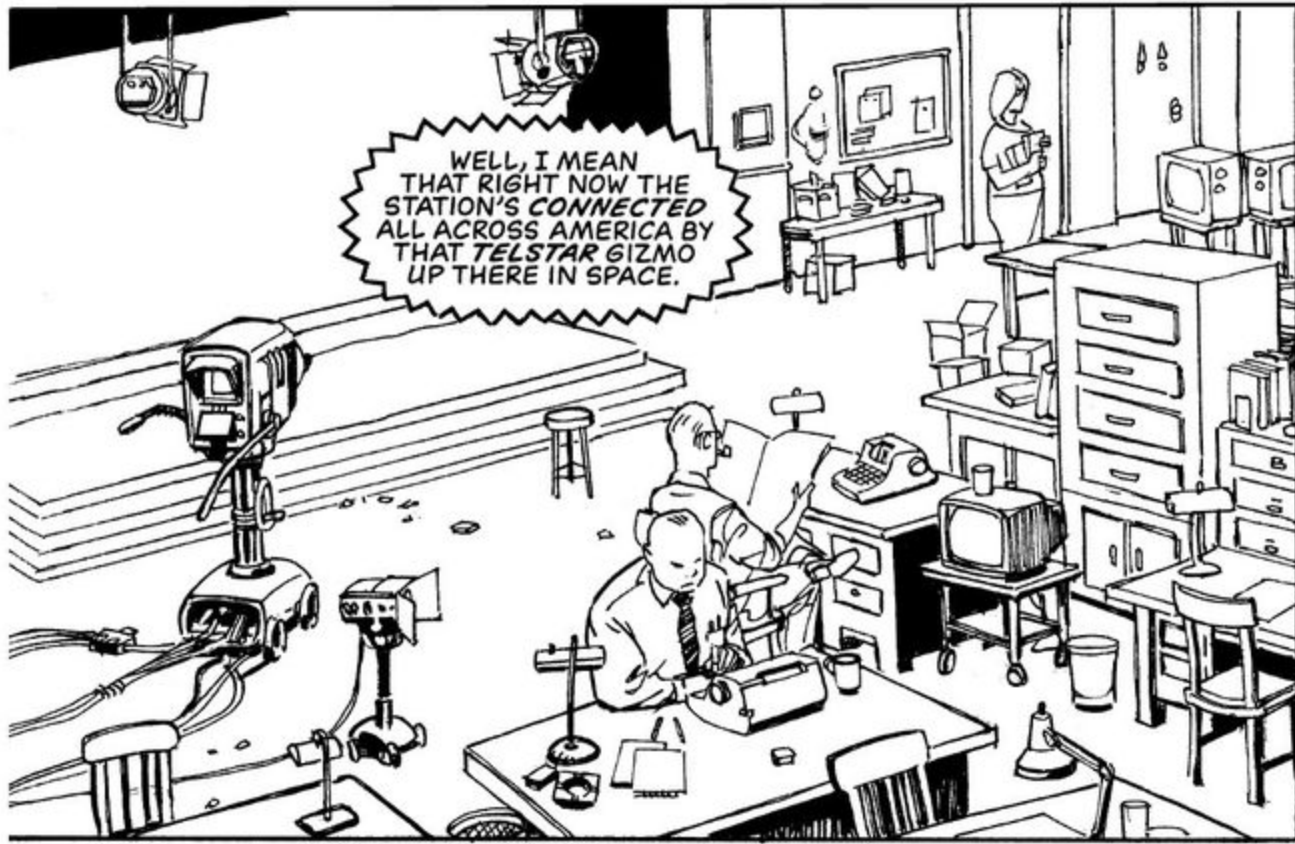


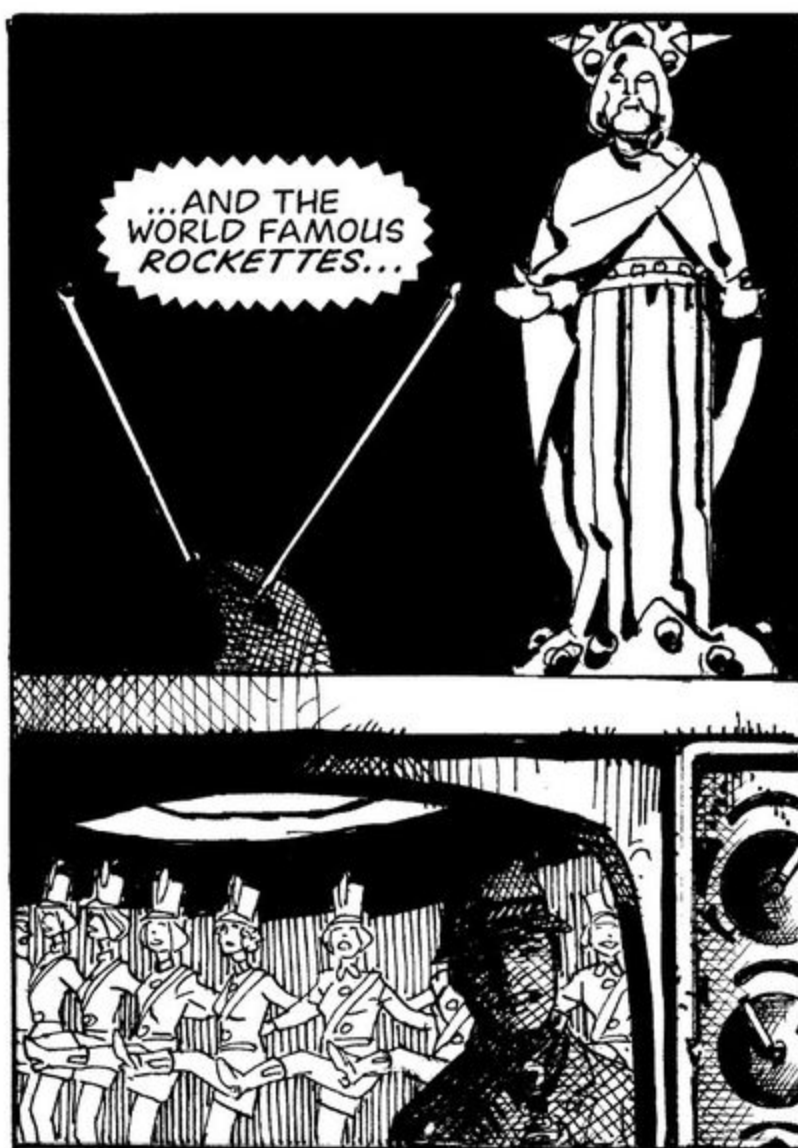
Providence Hills, Ohio















I'M STAFF SERGEANT ELIAS MCFARLAND--

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, SIR.



DON'T BE AFRAID, BOBBY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT IT'S ALL UNDER CONTROL.

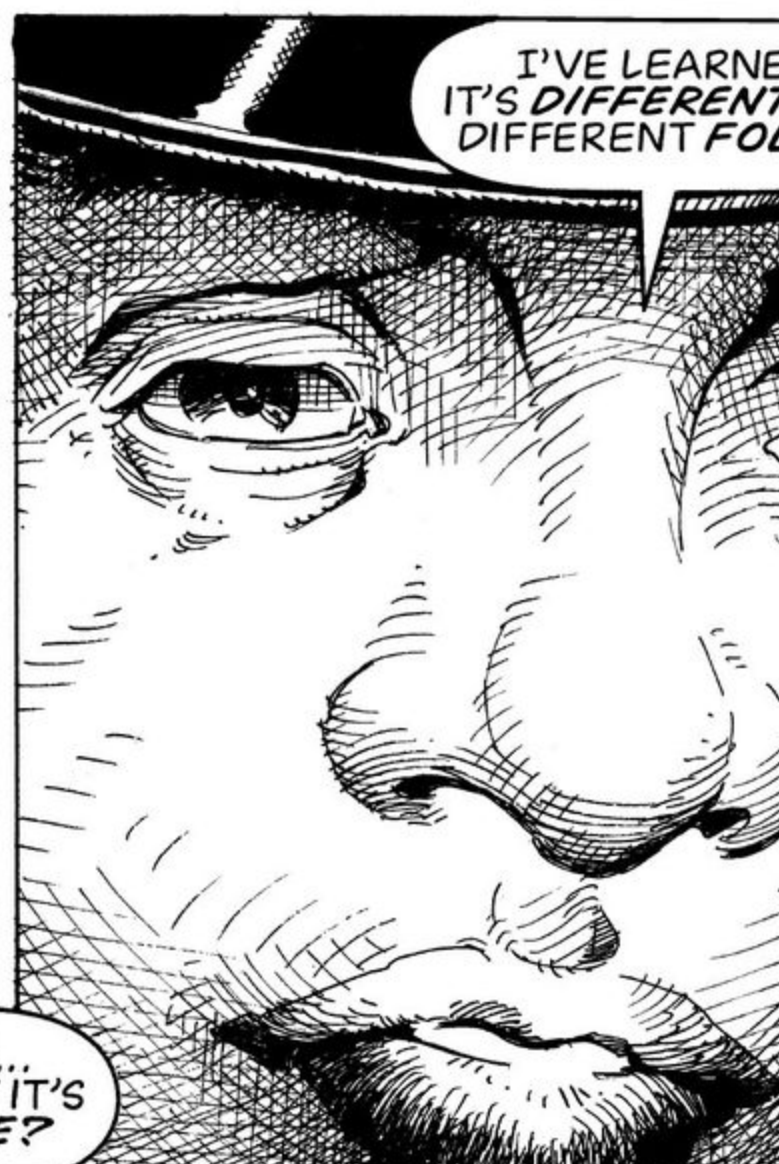
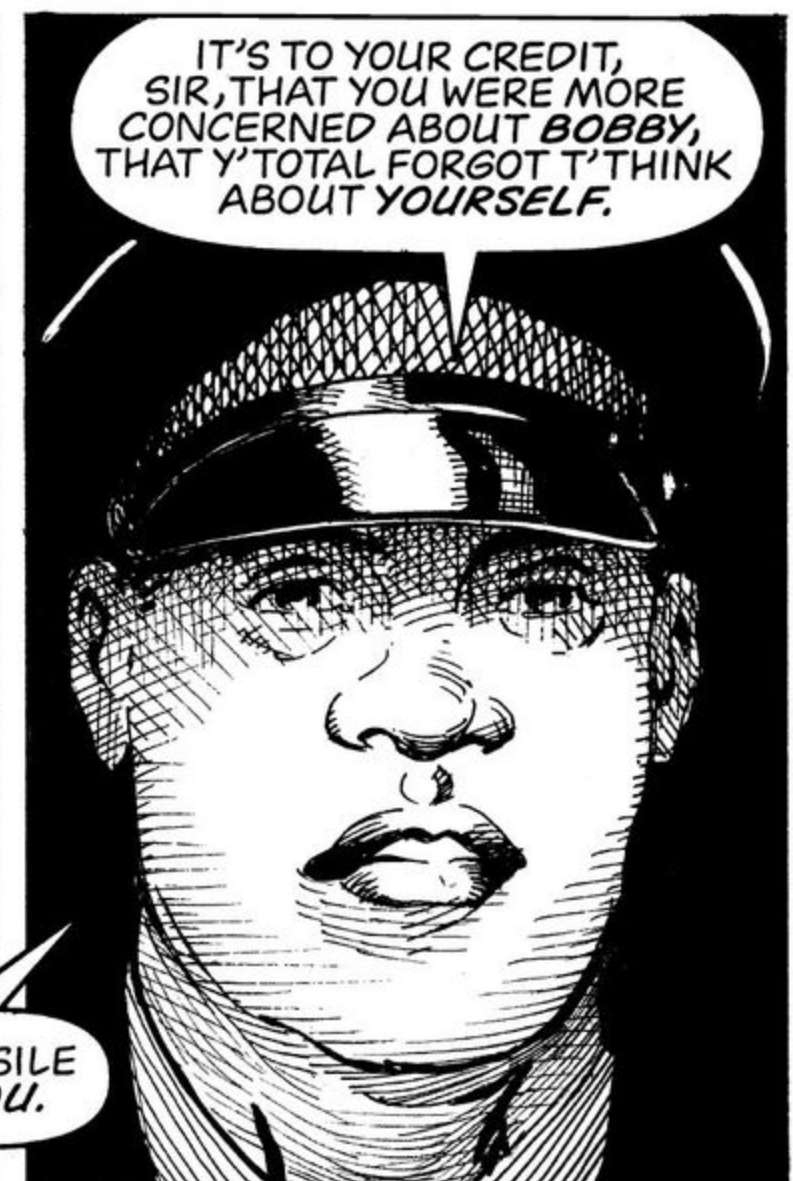


uh uh

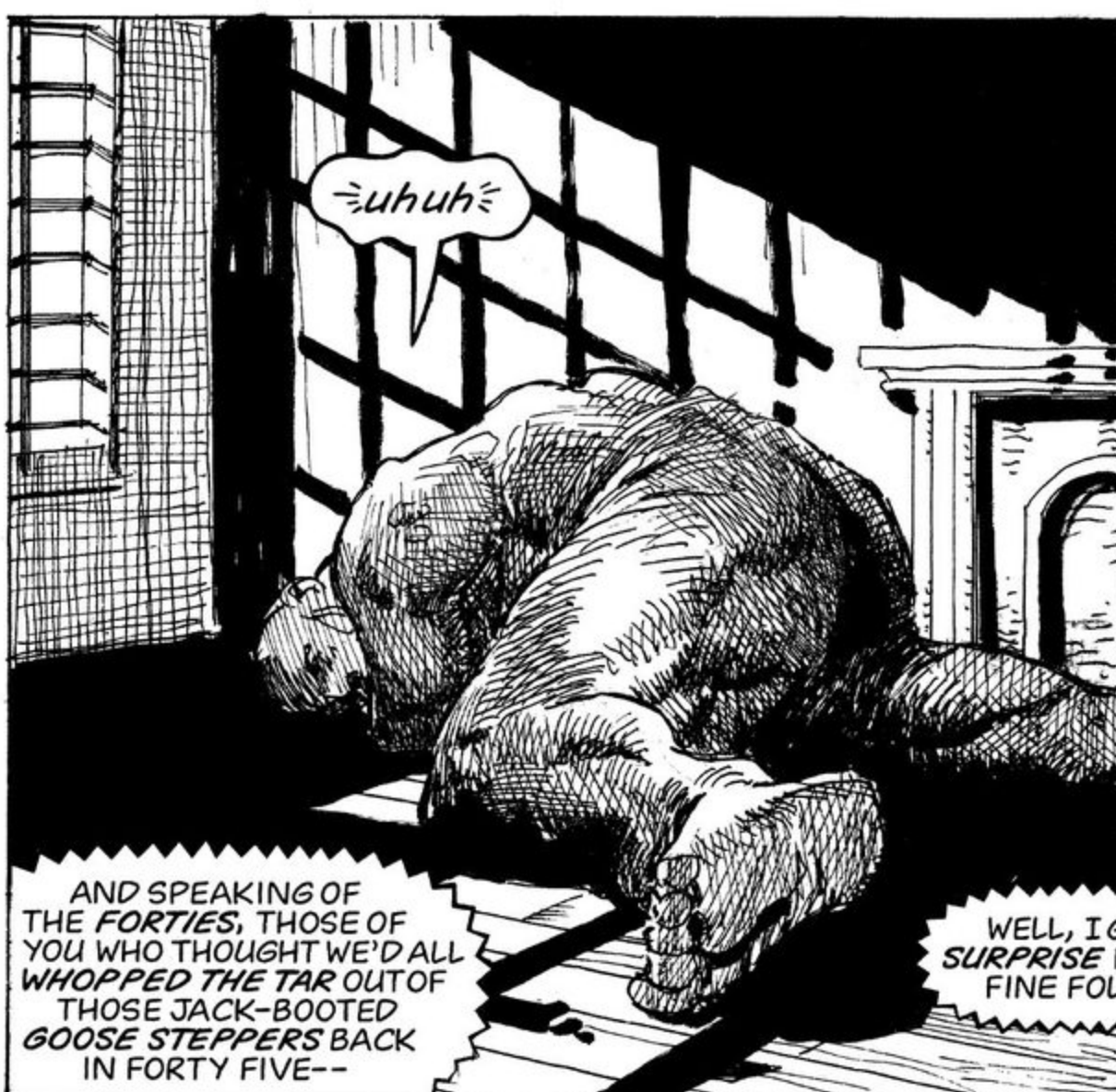
WHAT KIND OF ANSWER IS THAT?!



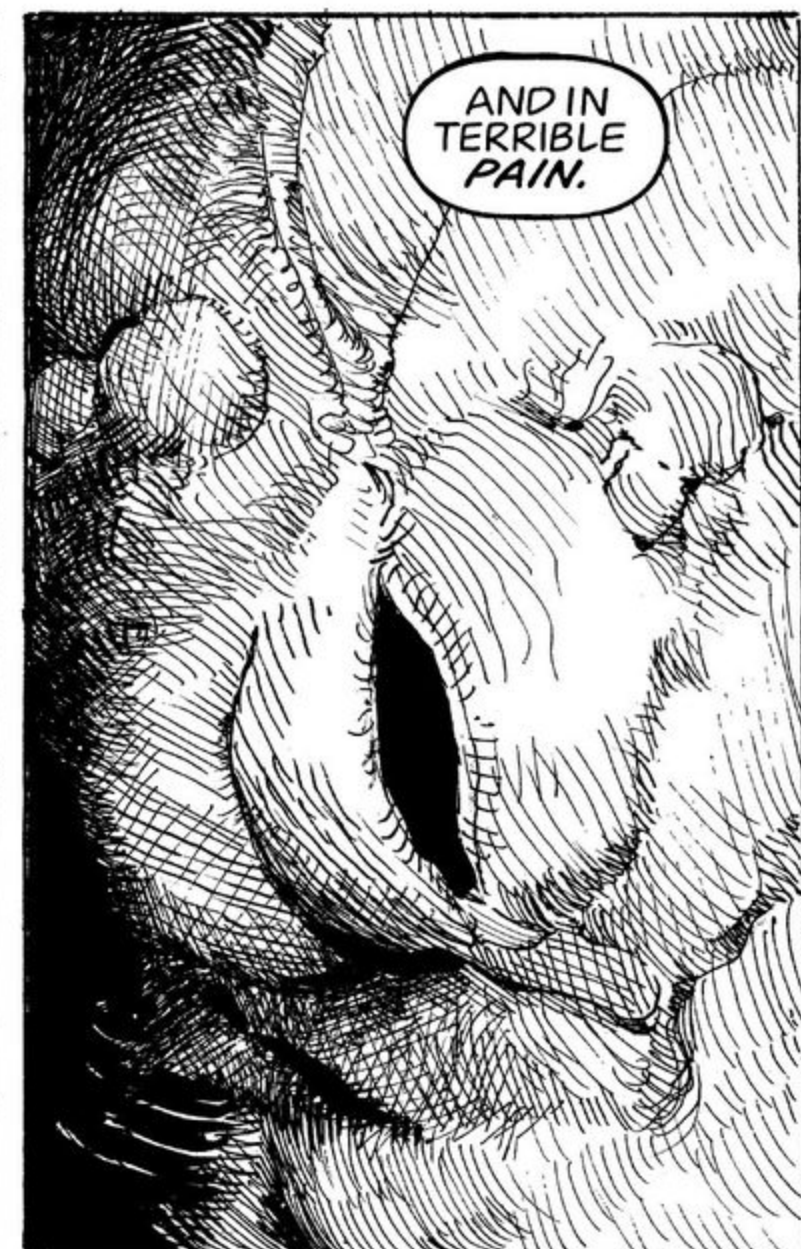


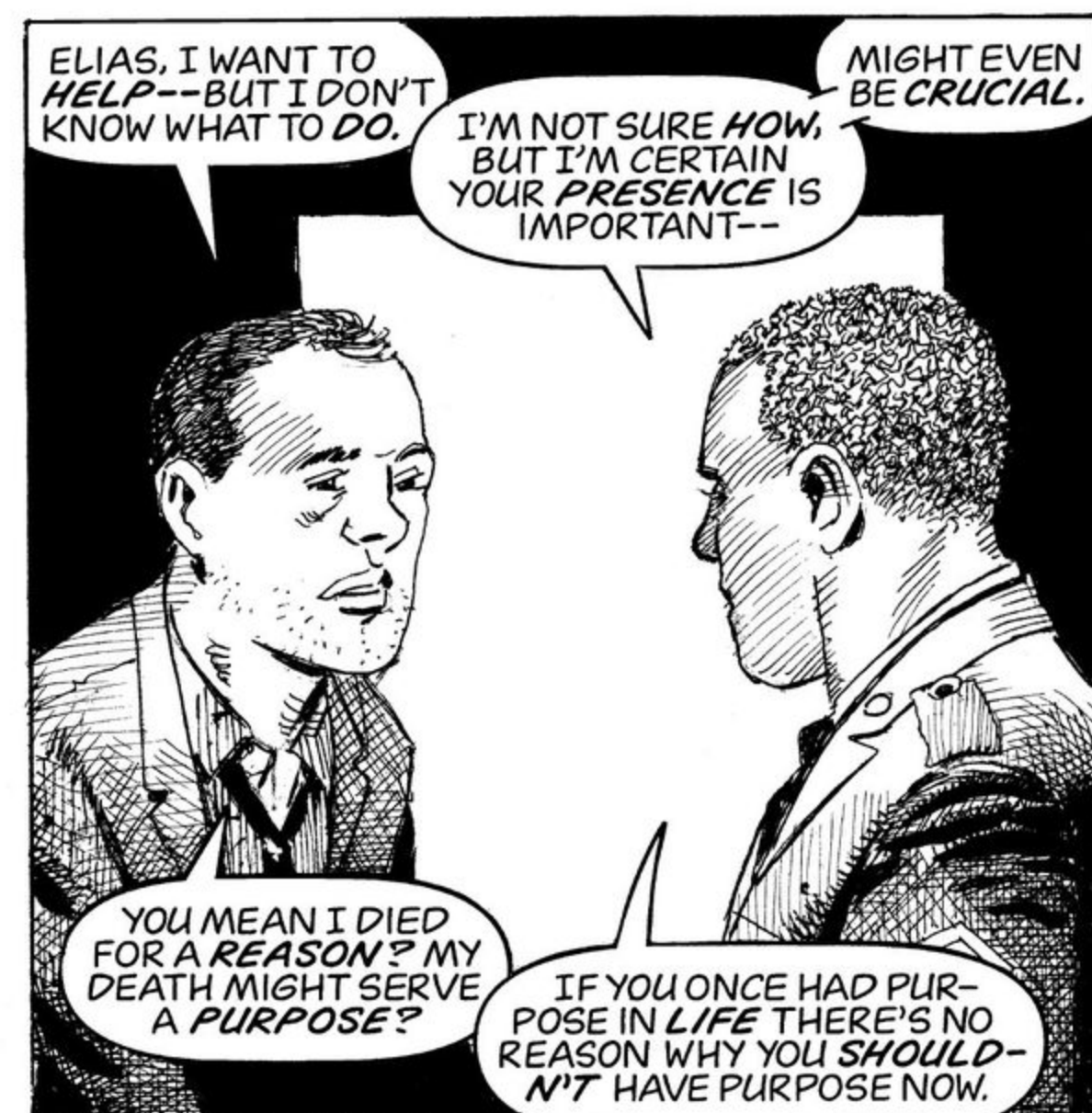














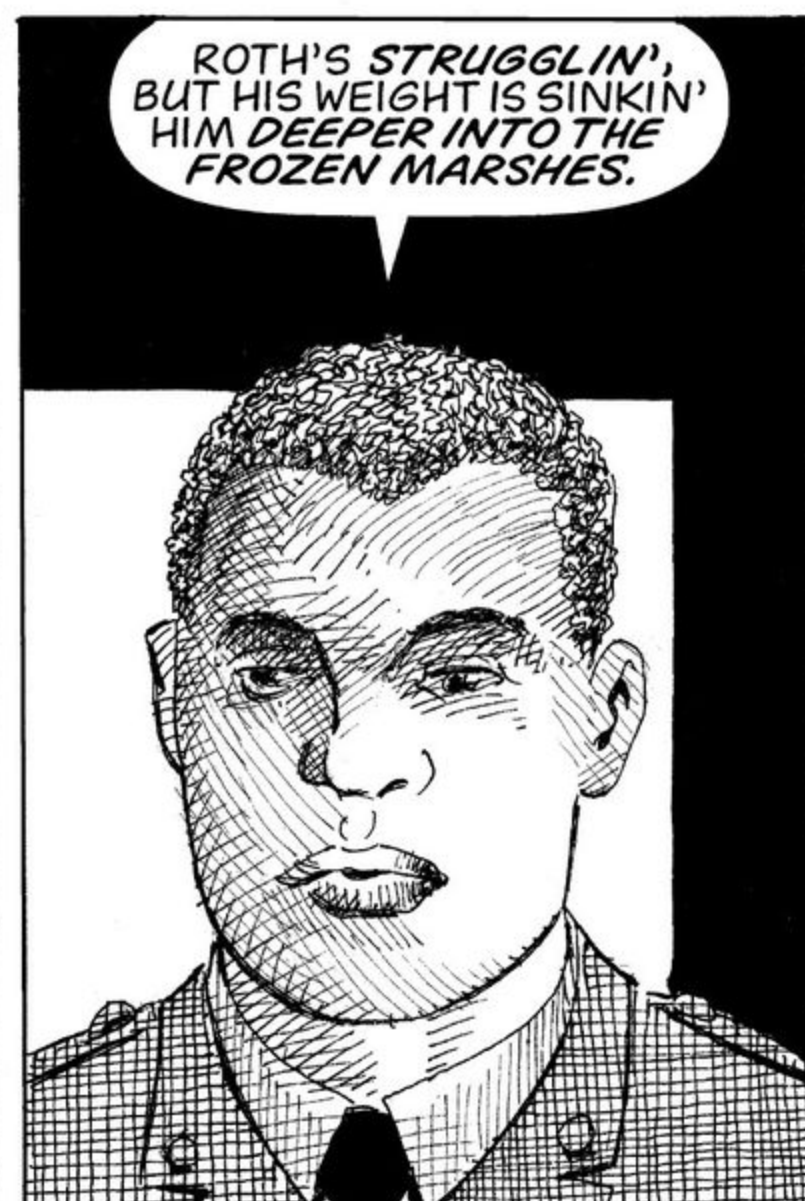




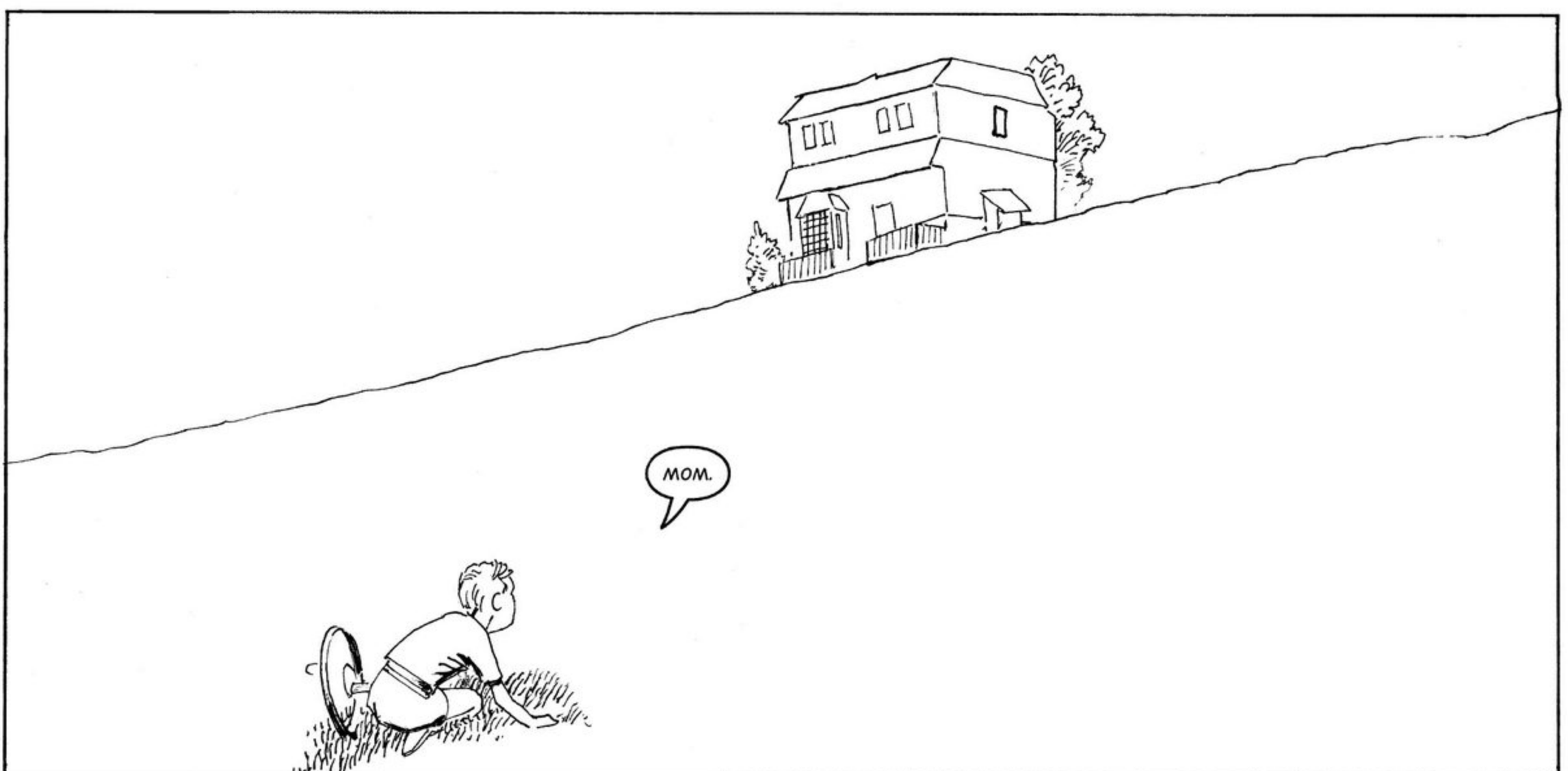
NOW, LIKE I
SAID, IF YOU'VE GOT
A HANKERING TO PUT
THINGS TO RIGHT
IN THIS WORLD--

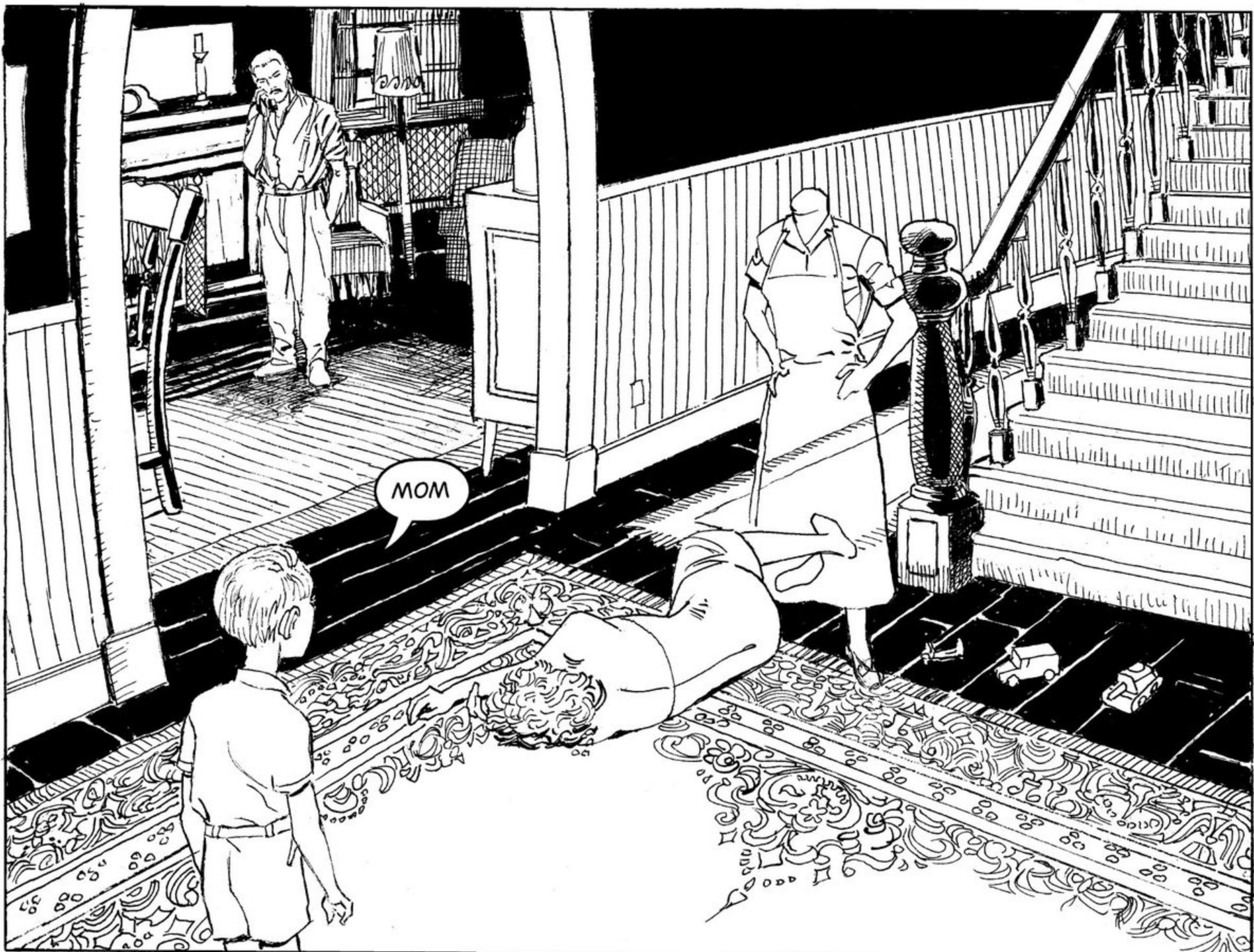
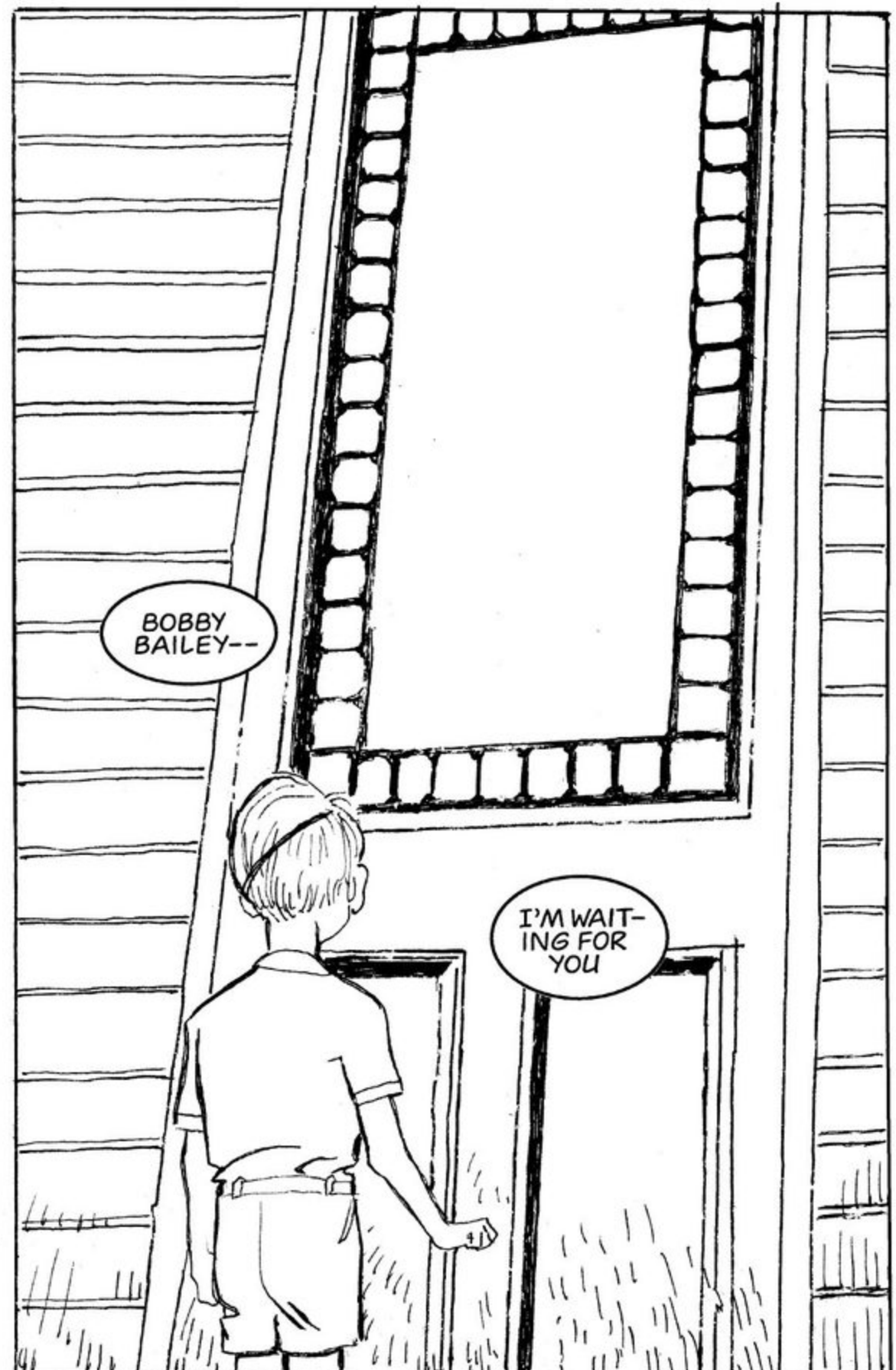
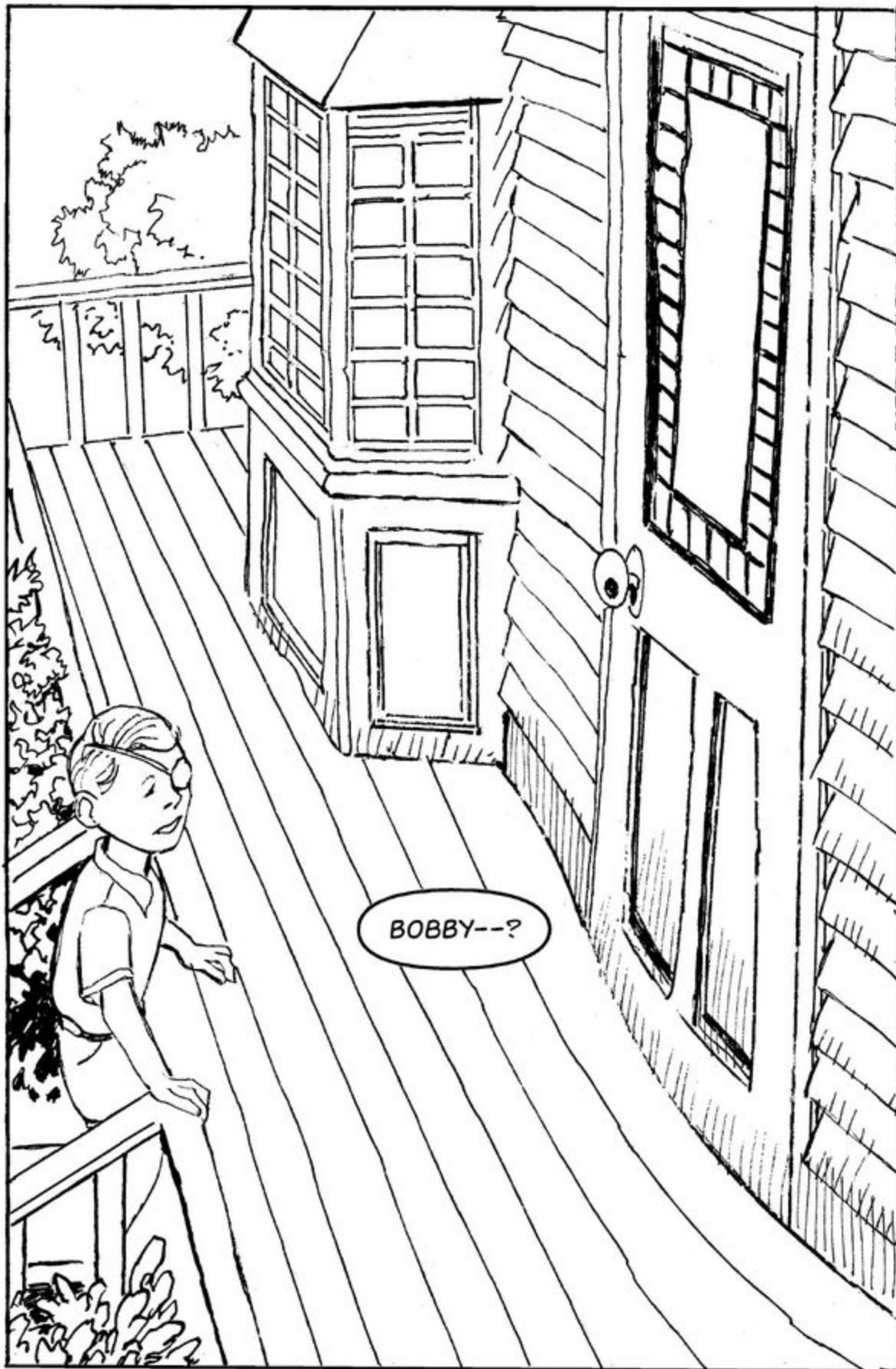
AND IF THE FATE
OF LITTLE BOBBY BAILEY
STEAMS YOUR BRITCHES
FIT TO BOIL--

THEN SADDLE-UP AND
DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS
MENACE INVADING THESE,
OUR GOD-GIVEN
HEARTLANDS.







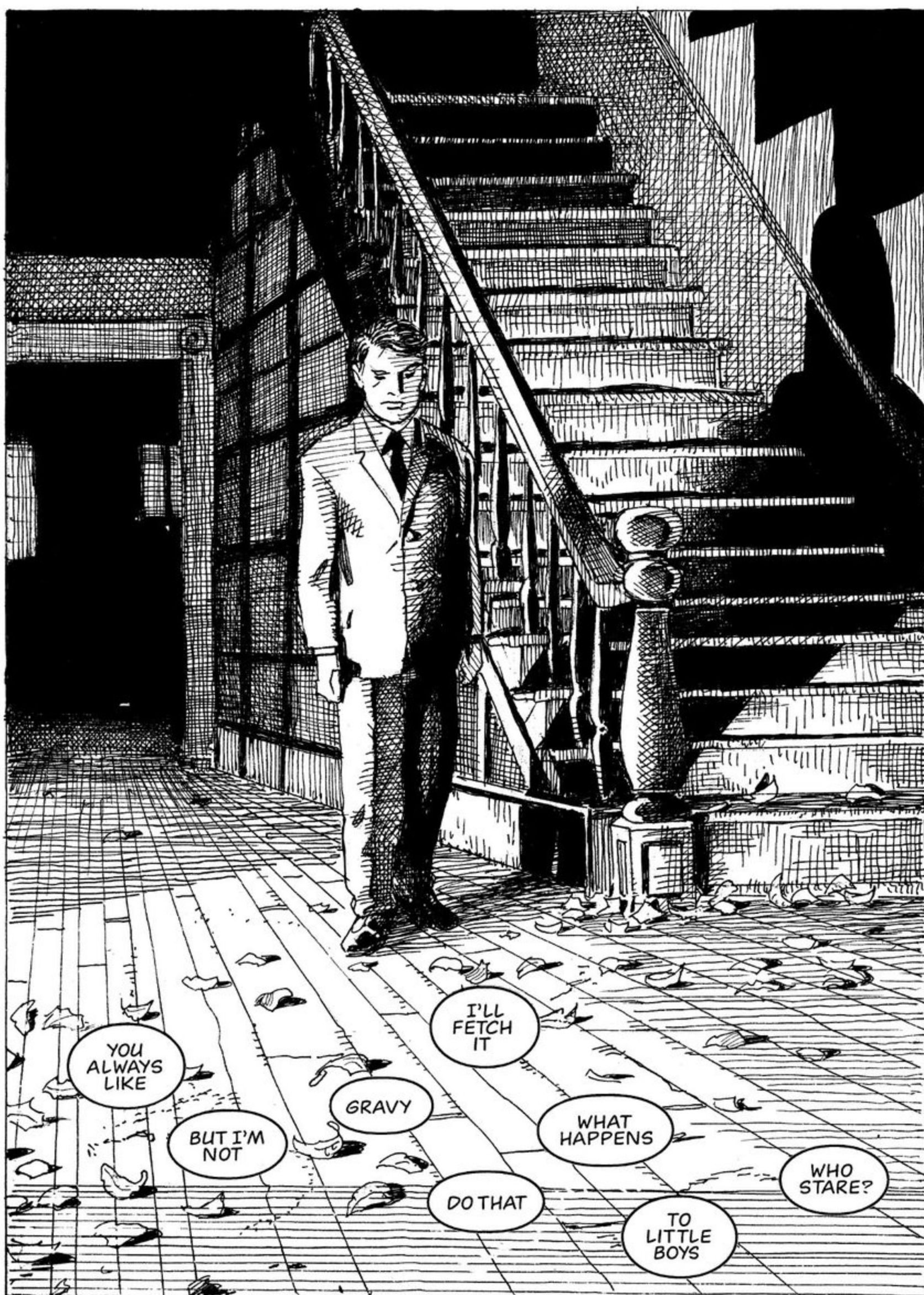
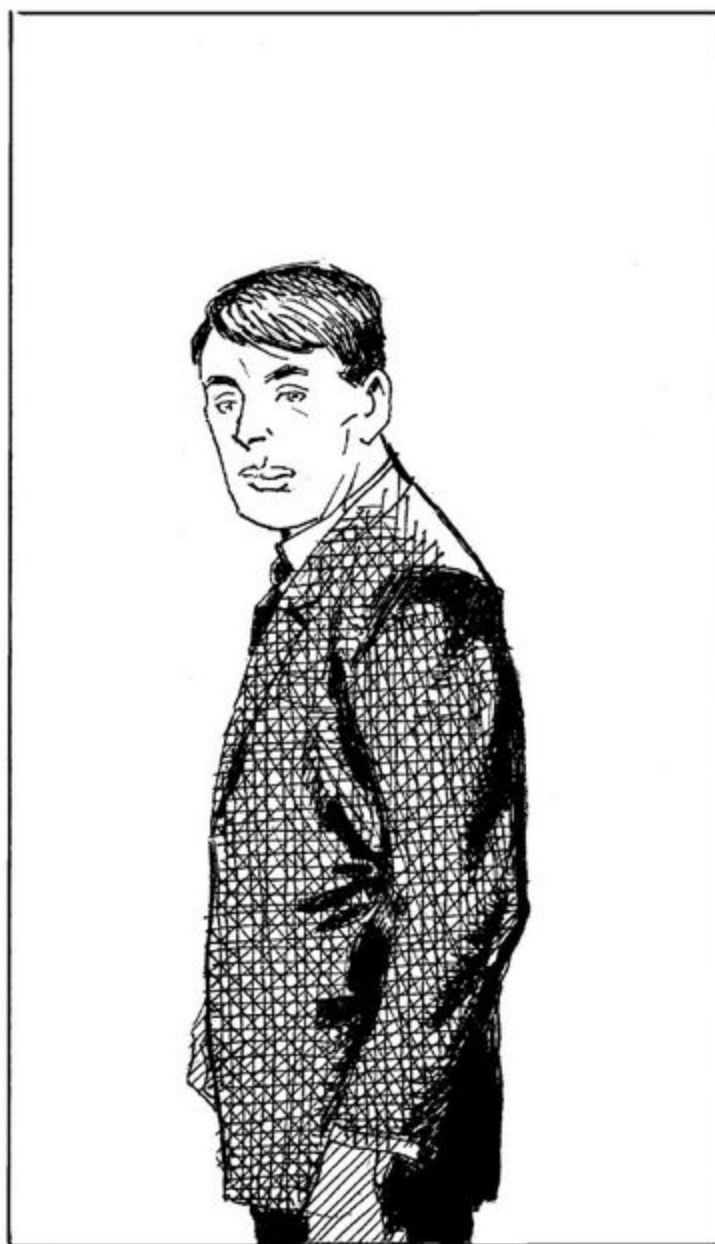








ELIAS?



I'LL SAY
GRACE,
SHALL I?





BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH began his career as a young comics fan drawing mainstay Marvel characters such as the X-Men and Daredevil in 1969 in the traditional Marvel style. However, in 1971 he broke from the Marvel formula when he started drawing the *Conan* series, turning heads with a fresh and controversial stylistic approach, eventually winning the hearts and minds of fellow comics professions, fans, and numerous industry awards. Part of a young generation of artists that included compatriots Berni Wrightson, Mike Kaluta, and Jeff Jones, Windsor-Smith proceeded to carve an independent path for himself. In the '90s, he conceived, wrote, and drew three independent comics series, *The Freebooters*, *Young Gods*, and *The Paradox-Man*. In 1999 and 2001 Fantagraphics published two autobiographical coffee table art books *Opus* volumes 1 and 2. *Monsters* is his first book in 16 years.

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THE YEAR IS 1964. Bobby Bailey doesn't realize he is about to fulfill his tragic destiny when he walks into a US Army recruitment office. Secretive, damaged, innocent, trying to forget a past and looking for a future, Bobby is the perfect candidate for a secret US government experimental program, an unholy continuation of a genetics program that was discovered in Nazi Germany nearly 20 years earlier in the waning days of World War II. Bailey's only ally and protector, Sergeant McFarland, intervenes, which sets off a chain of cascading events that spin out of everyone's control. As the titular monsters multiply, becoming real and metaphorical, the story reaches a crescendo of moral reckoning.

This exquisitely illustrated epic bursts with emotion, insight, and empathy. Five decades into his already influential career, Windsor-Smith has created his magnum opus. / THE LIBRARY JOURNAL

A 360-page tour de force of visual storytelling, *MONSTERS'* narrative canvas is copious: part familial drama, part thriller, part metaphysical journey, it is an intimate portrait of individuals struggling to reclaim their lives and an epic political odyssey that plays across two generations of American history.

MONSTERS is rendered in Windsor-Smith's impeccable pen-and-ink technique, the visual storytelling, with its sensitivity to gesture and composition, the most sophisticated of the artist's career. There are passages of heartbreaking tenderness, of excruciating pain, of redemption and sacrifice, and devastating violence. *MONSTERS* is surely one of the most intense graphic novels ever drawn.



KEPHEIST

